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## LAWRENCE OF THE HEJAZ

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### I

WE shall have to wait a long time for the truth about Lawrence and his Hejaz expedition. The public edition of his *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* is to appear in 1927; the private edition, limited to a hundred copies, sometime in 1926. In the meanwhile the really zealous pilgrim may consult the original Oxford edition in the Bodleian, of which five copies exist, printed on a hand press. But he had better make haste, for the author's tyrannous and exacting literary conscience has condemned these volumes to an auto-da-fé. I am not sure if the Bodleian copy is to be destroyed with the other four. It is to be hoped not, since the limited edition, which is to appear Phoenix-like out of the ashes, is not to be a complete resurrection. Some twenty per cent of the original text will be omitted. The revision is, I believe, regarded as an improvement from the technical point of view of unity and perspective, but I should be sorry to lose one of those hundred and forty chapters. The public edition will comprise a little more than a third of the Oxford text. Still, as it runs to 120,000 words, nobody will have a right to complain of short measure.

In the original text there are many

books — a history, an intimate human document, a book of travel, a war book much more exciting than a novel, a code of philosophy, a manual of irregular desert-warfare. Which of the many books are going into the public edition I cannot say. I doubt if we find the real Lawrence in it, as we have pieced him together from inferences and confidences in the quarto. He is a quietist, a visionary, a scholar with a passion for the classics, a poet himself in his own medium, but ridden by a demon of self-criticism and self-distrust; and his *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* falls short of his standard.

He hates noise, and does not care a rush what people say or think of him so long as they leave him alone. One of the many legends about the liberator of the Hejaz I can vouch for as true — that for greater privacy and detachment he quitted his fellowship at All Souls to become a private in the Air Force under an assumed name.

Lawrence's flight from the limelight, his refusal of decorations and rewards, his general self-effacement, have been attributed, by people who do not understand his shyness, to vanity — a subtle sort of self-advertisement. I saw him described the other day by the editor

of a reputable London journal as a very vain boy who loved to dress up in Arab clothes. The article speciously discounted his Arabian achievement. Lawrence has been so obstinate in not coming out to receive his ovation — and worse, in locking up his book — that he has made a number of people impatient.

There is also a class of soldier — not Allenby and his Staff — that has misunderstood him. As an amateur and an irregular he was suspect of the professional. He broke all the rules. In appearance he is academic and aloof, not a comfortable or clubbable person. I confess to certain misgivings on my own part when I first saw him among soldiers in his stainless khaki Staff uniform in Mesopotamia. He had come over from Egypt on some chimerical political errand — which, incidentally, he detested. This was before his Hejaz campaign, and it never occurred to me that he could fight. And I doubt if it had occurred to him. He was not born a man of action, but had to cast himself in this clay.

That he was able to put himself into the Arab mould seemed, to all who were merely acquainted with him, a miracle. Physically he had been condemned as unfit for active service, but his body was driven by his spirit, and he became as efficient and enduring in the desert as his Bedouin companions. His habits of the recluse helped him here. He had always made it a rule to avoid rules in food and drink and sleep and rest — 'not to regulate my life by hours and bells.' Thus he was able to go dry between wells.

But this haphazard, unsociable hermit's existence does not qualify one for command. Lawrence shrank from responsibility and action. Men were not his medium; he hated soldiering, and felt himself unfitted for it. True, he had dabbled in theory. As an

undergraduate of catholic interests he had read the usual books — Clausewitz and Jomini, Mahan and Foch; he had played with Napoleon's campaigns, worked at Hannibal's tactics, and followed the wars of Belisarius, 'like other Oxford men,' but without thinking himself into the mind of a commander. However, his studies in strategy and military history must have been more than an academic hobby. After he left Oxford, but before the war, he knew Syria exactly, and had the strategic geography of the Crusaders and the first Arab conquest in his head. Thus during a lull in the fighting, when he made a secret excursion in disguise behind the Turkish lines, he was able to adjust his knowledge of the terrain and its possibilities to the new factors in the game — the railways in Syria and Murray's army in Sinai.

Lawrence probably knew as much about the technique of war as many professional soldiers. But he owed little to Foch or Clausewitz; he was not a book theorist, and he distrusted axioms. One detects a thinly disguised contempt for the text-crammed Staff College officer, not in his own sphere of shock tactics, but in his inability to understand Lawrence's irregular guerrilla activities — a form of warfare which he invented, suitable to his material, reducible to no rules, but informed with an uncanny insight into the Arab's temper and psychology.

An enthusiast was needed who was a specialist in Arabian affairs, and Lawrence alone had the sympathy, vision, imagination, the 'touch' with the Bedou; combined with, as it proved, an entirely unexpected genius for handling men, and, more unexpected still, a practical knack of making his dreams material. Thus he became one in the historical succession of England's emergency men.



## II

Lawrence enters the scene as a Staff captain in Sir Archibald Murray's Intelligence section in Cairo. Here he prepared maps, reported on the distribution of the Turkish army, and edited the Arab Bulletin, the secret weekly record of Middle Eastern politics — an occupation for which he was, no doubt, eminently fitted, but one which he was not likely to endure long. The Arab Revolt was at this early stage discredited. Few of the Headquarters Staff believed in our Shereefian allies; and they had reason, for without Lawrence the Arabs would have continued an ineffectual mob. Lawrence, however, was regarded with equal suspicion. He was too much of a zealot in this Arab business, and marked as a dangerous man. A plot was hatched to get him out of the way, into some sphere other than Arabia, where he might rust harmlessly. But he met stratagem with stratagem.

His stratagem in Cairo was to make himself intolerable to the members of the Staff on the Canal. He irritated them by his literary airs, corrected the split infinitives in their reports, and pointed out their general incompetence for their job. 'In a few days they were bubbling over on my account, and at last determined at no price to endure me longer as a colleague.' When he took this strategic opportunity to apply for ten days' leave to go for a joy ride on the Red Sea it was granted him.

Lawrence did not return from his joy ride. As soon as he had broken bonds he got himself transferred from the Foreign Office to the Arab Bureau, which was not directly under the Egypt command. His task now was to find a leader for the Arab Revolt. He visited the Shereef, Hussein, at Jiddah, and sounded him. He sounded Abdullah, Ali, Zeid, sons of the Shereef —

all of whom, for one reason or another, he found wanting. But in Feisal he discovered the inspired prophet he was looking for, 'the finest instrument which God ever made for the Orient — more than we had hoped for, more than we deserved in our halting course.' Lawrence was drawn to Feisal at first sight. There was a great deal in common in their rich personalities. They were both dreamers, obsessed with one idea — Lawrence the driving power, Feisal the rallying-point. Lawrence was the stronger and more practical. He, now the man of action, seems to have established a complete ascendancy over Feisal, but he does not tell us this.

He found himself in virtual control of the Shereefian army very soon after absconding from his Staff work in Cairo, but for some time his position was undefined — a sort of liaison officer. Later he speaks of himself as Feisal's chief-of-staff. When a British officer was put in command at Akaba, Lawrence served as his subordinate. At twenty-eight he was too young for command, though Akaba was really his private gift to Allenby. He was never nominally the leader of the Arab forces.

On his return to Headquarters Lawrence was surprised to find himself popular. The Staff was afraid that he was going to ask for troops and jibbed at the idea of crippling the main offensive in Palestine for his crazy side-show. But to everyone's relief he declared strongly against the dispatch of a British force to Rabegh. His policy from beginning to end was to make the Arab movement self-supporting as far as practicable, except in material. Incidentally he believed that it would not justify its creation if the enthusiasm it inspired did not carry the Arabs on their own impulse to Damascus. This was his inward faith; but he had

stronger reasons, of course, against landing Allied troops in Arabia. The Shereef could rally his tribesmen only in a national cause, and they would have melted away into the desert at sight of a khaki-clad British regiment.

We had always to take into account the Arab's natural suspicion of foreigners. Even Feisal had his uneasy moments. 'We should be more at ease,' he once remarked to Lawrence, 'if they (the English) were not such a disproportionate ally.' And again: 'Does the ore admire the flame that transforms it? Our race will have a cripple's temper till it has found its feet.' Lawrence gave his orders to the Arab troops through their own chiefs. He won their confidence, hypnotized them, and played on them as on wind instruments. He was indistinguishable from an Arab in his Mecca clothes. Feisal asked him to wear them because khaki would be suspect. The only wearers of khaki the Bedouin knew had been Turkish officers from whom they shrank with instinctive distrust. Until Lawrence adopted Arab dress Feisal had to explain his presence to every stranger. So we have the legend of the very vain boy who loved to dress up in splendid robes and preen himself as a prince of Mecca.

It is astonishing that any of the Staff should have seriously thought of landing British troops at Rabegh for the defense of Mecca—a movement which must have meant the complete shipwreck of the Arabian adventure. Possibly they would have been glad to be quit of it, and, having no great faith in the Arabs, were content to use them opportunely, without admitting them, as an organic and responsible part, into the plan. Or, more probably, they failed through ignorance to understand the Arab's sensitiveness to the invasion of his sacred soil by the foreigners. The French, however, could

not plead ignorance. It was their studied policy to discredit the Shereef by making him appear our puppet. They had no interest in the success of the Arab Revolt—very much the reverse. Thus their advice was dictated by political, not military, motives, with a view to colonial expansion in Syria after the war. They wanted to confine the Arab movement to the Hejaz, and even there to make the Shereef dependent on foreign aid, so that when Turkey was defeated the Allies could confer Medina on Hussein as his reward, leaving Syria to be exploited by France. It did not in the least suit their book that the Hejaz should deliver Damascus.

Naturally Colonel Bremond, the Chief of the French Military Mission, was loud in his insistence on landing an Allied brigade at Rabegh. Happily, however, Lawrence's counsel prevailed, and the project was abandoned. This was the first of many intrigues against the Arab movement which Lawrence countered. He might have been of the prophet's family, so single-minded was he in his determination that the movement should progress on its own feet, impelled by its own spirit; and, above all, that its success should be cumbered by no mortgages. His whole pride in the campaign was embittered by the fear, amounting almost to a conviction, that we were going to break our faith with the Arabs. The tribesmen trusted him, and no doubt believed, if they thought about it at all, that the Government he served had the same standard of honor.

Lawrence felt like a conspirator. One of the reasons why he consistently refused decorations was that he wrote his own dispatches, and so would be rewarded on his own evidence; but the main reason was that he was obsessed with the idea that he was playing a fraudulent part, play-acting, 'exploiting

the Arabs' highest ideals,' leading them on with false pretenses which, if we won the war, would be so much waste paper. But why? He was perfectly frank with Feisal. It touched his honor to disclose the conditions of the Sykes-Picot treaty, an agreement with France inconsistent with Sir Henry M'Mahon's pledge of Arab freedom, and he persuaded him that it could be set aside only if the Arabs redoubled their efforts against the Turks. His hope, and Feisal's, was to establish a *fait accompli* at Damascus, and thus be in a position to extract a fair settlement from the Powers in conference. Lawrence repeatedly urged Feisal to trust in his own performance and strength. The fact of holding would be the justification of his right to hold.

Lawrence had this justifying vision before his eyes through the whole campaign, and in the end was able to secure from Allenby assurance that the Arabs should be the first to enter Damascus and should there set up their own civil government. Lawrence's directness with Feisal and old Nuri Shaalan would have put any other man on easy terms with his conscience. As for the simple unpolitical herd, he gave them their life's desire, abundance of loot, and an opportunity of killing Turks of which they had never dreamed. Nor had they any spiritual cause against their leader. Lawrence himself admits: 'By our swindle they were made heroes. We paid, and they profited by the deepest feeling of their lives.'

Lawrence's part in the 'swindle,' if there ever was one, is not apparent. He kept faith with the Arabs and with his own country. Feisal accepted his advice, and the uncertainty of the settlement, and our possible — no doubt his mentor said 'probable' — ingratitude, with resignation. And Nuri Shaalan, advised always to accept the latest of our contradictory pledges, fought without

illusions. Thus he and Feisal carried on the war in the Hejaz, and, later, on Allenby's flank in Syria, to its honorable conclusion — Feisal 'hidden in his tent, veiled to remain a prophet, to keep alive the fiction of his leadership,' and Lawrence the inspiration. His part was synthetic. He 'combined all these loose sparks into a firm flame.'

Nevertheless the sense of fraud continued to rankle and poison the cup of victory. We had incited the Arabs to fight for us by definite promises of self-government, and they looked to Lawrence for his endorsement of the written promise. Lawrence, of course, could never be sure. Even now he seems to regard himself as a successful trickster because he did not advise them to go home and not risk their lives in such an uncertain cause. So tender was his conscience on this point that he not only refused titles, rank, and decorations, but would not even touch his pay for the period of his service on the Arab front, though, as the event has proved, the promises have been fulfilled in both letter and spirit.

### III

When Lawrence joined Feisal the Arabs had recaptured Mecca from the Turks and were looking toward Medina. But the Turks, reinforced, were again threatening Mecca. Feisal had suffered a reverse; he was for concentrating at Rabegh, the bulwark of Mecca, where there had been a question of sending a brigade, but he was persuaded by Lawrence and the others to move two hundred miles up the coast to Wejh, ignoring the main body of the enemy, to cut in on their communications. It was a bold move, as it risked the loss of Rabegh and Yenbo, and they had to march as a self-contained force with no base behind them and enemy country in front. But the Turks were taken by

surprise, and the diversion justified itself.

The capture of Wejh by threatening the enemy communications with Syria by the Hejaz railway entirely altered the face of the Hejaz campaign. The Turks had to abandon their offensive against Mecca and fall back on an entrenched position covering Medina. There they remained, crippled for lack of transport, and with the one link which connected them with their base very much at the Arabs' mercy, until the end of the war. The Headquarters Staff and all the strategic experts, as well as Feisal, Hussein, and the whole Arab contingent, were for evicting the garrison straightway. Lawrence, after a little reflection, saw that it would serve our purpose better to keep it there. This was entirely contrary to the manual and did not commend itself to his chiefs. Still it was sound strategy, as events proved.

It became Lawrence's habit to return to Cairo with something big in his pocket, and he was the more welcome in that he never asked for troops. His tribesmen had to be armed, of course, and paid. They were not such keen nationalists as to fight for the ideal only; indeed fighting, except in tribal feuds and forays, is not in their nature. And the allegiance of many was doubtful. I think there has been a tendency to idealize the Arab movement as if it were some great permeating wave of enthusiasm like the Italian *risorgimento*. Lawrence undoubtedly idealized his Bedouin; he had to — otherwise he could have made nothing out of them. One feels that his tribute is the loyalty due from every successful leader to the material with which he works. When it comes to action, his sheiks and shereefs — Feisal and Nasir always excepted — seldom live up to the standard. Even old Auda — 'that chivalrous name' —

could traffic with the enemy. Lawrence is scrupulously honest and accurate in the detail of his narrative. This honesty in the particular corrects the tendency to idealize in the general. So we get the balance in the end.

As had been anticipated, the capture of Wejh converted the whole of Western Arabia to the Shereef's cause. The port actually fell to the guns of the Hardinge, which did not wait for the concerted land-attack, fearing that the Turkish garrison would melt away. The triumph, to Feisal, was moral rather than military. It was significant of the new spirit of service among the Bedouin tribes, and without a first-hand acquaintance with the Bedouin it is difficult to appraise it. Lawrence has described the Arab idea of nationality as the independence of clan and village, and the ideal of national union as 'the episodic combined resistance to an intruder.' Feisal's irregulars were drawn from tribes traditionally hostile to one another, who were happiest when they were cutting one another's throats. Now for the first time the Bedouin were falling into coherent units under their sheiks, and could be persuaded to leave their tribal boundaries and to fight in the same cause, often in the same unit, as their blood enemies. As Feisal moved north he could boast that there were no blood-feuds behind him in the districts through which he had passed. This suspension of the normal, if it ever existed, was too good to last. The Bedou never forgot for long his joyous independence, or became a responsible or public-spirited person. The Hejaz and Syrian campaigns seem to have been fought with relays of Bedouin drawn from the changing scene of operations. The beginning of a system and a common ideal, and of at least the surface of unity, was the real triumph of Wejh. Lawrence admits that it was the first

time within memory that the manhood of a tribe, with transport, arms, and food for two hundred miles, had left its district and marched into another's territory without the hope of plunder or stimulus of blood-feud.

The initiative had now passed out of the hands of the Turks, who were confined to the passive defense of Medina and the railway. Obviously the next objective in our enveloping scheme was Akaba, the nearest port to the Hejaz railway, only seventy miles distant, as against the one hundred and fifty miles from Wejh. The great strategic importance of Akaba was that in the hands of the Turks it threatened Sir Archibald Murray's right flank in Palestine. Also it commanded the only road open to wheeled transport between Egypt and the Dead Sea. And, what touched Lawrence more nearly, our holding of the port would mean the joining-up of his Arabs with the British army then in front of Gaza.

To Lawrence and Feisal, Akaba meant a step on the ladder to Damascus, which they must reach at the same time as the rest of the army, or before. If they were not active and tangible in the main battlefield they would certainly lose their share of the rewards of victory.

Indeed, there was very little division of counsel as to the necessity of Akaba as the new base, though there was some diversity of motive. The difficulty was in taking the place. Lawrence, who knew the terrain before the war, speaks of it as a natural defensive position of almost unequalled strength. To summarize his description: There was no covering-position to the beach, which could be shelled always from the hills. The enemy garrison was posted in these hills, in elaborate prepared positions, constructed one behind the other in a series, as far as the mouth of Wadi Itm. The Turks would be quite

secure, for their line of communications with their railway base, seventy miles away, was up this very Wadi Itm, and so they would be able to increase their defending force or to change its disposition at their will.

The British would be able to deliver themselves from attacks only by forcing the twenty-five magnificently defensible miles of this gorge in the teeth of the enemy. The Wadi was from two to five thousand feet in depth, and often less than one hundred yards in width, and ran between fretted hills of granite whose sides were precipices hundreds of feet in height. The hundred-yard width of the bed was so encumbered by rocks that in places camels could pass only two abreast.

Lawrence increased his popularity at G. H. Q. by advising against the dispatch of British troops to Akaba. He saw that the only hope of taking the place was a surprise attack from an Arab irregular force descending the Wadi Itm from the east. The Turkish defensive positions were prepared against an advance from the sea; the idea of an attack from inland appeared to them impossible. And it was essential too to raise all the tribes in the area without letting the Turks know that they were being raised. It should be remembered that, in the case of a British landing, these tribes would have stood by and left the regulars to do the work, or possibly would have attacked them. That was one good reason, apart from the economical one, that raids and doubtful offensives should be left to Lawrence and his 'scallywags.' Regular troops were of little use to him. What counted most in his success was the favor of the sheiks in whose tribal area he was fighting, and this could be secured only by Feisal.

Lawrence thought Akaba was worth trying. Needless to say, he was not



officially charged with the adventure, but slipped off Bedouin-like into the blue, as on the occasion when he applied for ten days' leave for a joy ride on the Red Sea.

#### IV

In the meantime the Staff was preparing to attack Medina. Lawrence had his own ideas about that, and they were entirely opposed to those of the regular soldier. Medina was the enemy's railhead, advance base, headquarters in the Hejaz, and their strongest garrison, and it was hanging on to Damascus by the precarious eight-hundred-mile thread of a single line. Nor must we forget its sentimental and political importance as one of the two Holy Places, second only to Mecca.

The Arabs naturally were with the strategists. To leave Medina in the hands of the Turks was unthinkable to them. To Lawrence, however, nothing could be more undesirable than its surrender — except, of course, its evacuation before attack. In that case the release of the garrison, with all the intermediate posts on the railway, would increase the enemy's strength on the Beersheba front, where it was least desirable, by from twenty-five to forty thousand regulars, mostly Anatolian troops, with guns. It was due to Lawrence's irregulars that they were pinned down in the desert, five hundred miles from anywhere, until the Armistice. For all practical purposes they were our prisoners for two years, but we were spared the cost of guarding and feeding them, while their supply trains fed us. Competition to join a raid was high.

Lawrence thought it all out on his sick bed at Wadi Ais, immobilized with dysentery and fever. What on earth was the good of Medina? Its harmfulness when we had been at Yenbo was

patent. The Turks in it were going to Mecca. But the move on Wejhi had countered all that.

And as he pondered it dawned on him that we had already won the Hejaz war. Out of every one thousand square miles nine hundred and ninety-nine were now free. 'If we held the rest the Turks were welcome to the tiny fraction on which they stood until peace or Doomsday showed them the futility of clinging to our windowpane.' And this 'tiny fraction' was the one spot the holding of which every soldier trained in regular warfare pronounced essential.

He calculated the area the Arabs wished to deliver. A hundred thousand — or, say, a hundred and forty thousand — square miles. 'And how would the Turks defend all that? No doubt by a trench line across the bottom, if we came like an army with banners; but suppose we were (as we might be) an influence, an idea, a thing intangible, invulnerable, without front or back, drifting about like a gas? . . . It seemed a regular soldier might be helpless without a target, owning only on what he sat, and at what he could poke his rifle.'

Then he calculated how many men the Turks would need to sit on all this ground and save it from our attack in depth. A fortified post every four miles was his estimate, and a post could not be less than twenty men. If so they would need 600,000 men to meet the raids of the Bedouin and his irregulars. Lawrence's campaign then would be a war, not of contact, but of detachment. His plan was to liberate the Hejaz by making it untenable for the enemy, at a minimum cost of life to his Arabs. 'Many Turks on our front had no chance all the war to fire at us, and correspondingly we were never on the defensive except accidentally and in error.' It suited his plan exactly to give



the enemy the freedom of Medina for the duration of the war.

Why, one wonders, were the Turks so demented as to stay. The German High Command, seeing the danger of envelopment, repeatedly urged them to evacuate and to abandon the line south of Maan, but Medina was the last remnant of Turkish sovereignty in the Holy Places. To hold it meant that the Caliph was still the guardian of the Prophet's tomb. Happily sentiment won the day.

And one wonders still more why our British military advisers wanted to evict them. Lawrence's strategy appears not only sound but obvious, — after the event, — but we have no record that he ever converted the Staff. One wonders if Lawrence ever opened his heart about Medina to Allenby direct. Probably not. He had great tact, when tact was needed. So he gave the Staff to understand that he and his daredevil Bedouin were too poltroon to cut the line about Maan and keep it cut. In the end, however, deception was unnecessary; his scallywags destroyed so much of the enemy's rolling stock that evacuation became impossible.

Lawrence did not disobey orders. As a matter of fact he had no orders — only options and requests. He just slipped away from the railway scheme to discuss his private plan for the Akaba offensive with Feisal and Auda ibn Tawi. All he withdrew from the Medina operations was his person, but that seems to have been enough.

He brewed a plan with Auda to march to the Howeitat in their spring pastures in the Sirhan, and from there to raise a mobile camel-force with Rualla and Sherarat contingents, and with their help to rush Akaba without guns or machine-guns, which could not be carried on the long and difficult desert-route. Auda was hopeful about raising the tribes. Indeed, he thought that

with money and dynamite all things were possible.

To stimulate keenness they carried a purse of £22,000. Nasir, a shereef of Medina, the pioneer of every precarious advance, was their leader. He and Auda, — an even bigger name, — who went with them to rally the tribes and lead them in battle, are the best of Lawrence's portraits, if we except Feisal. Nasir's mare was bespangled with enemy decorations, the spoils of a raid, a headdress of gaudy clanking Turkish medals, a panache characteristic of the élan and challenge of the modern Saracen. But the richest color in the scene will be associated with Auda, a sort of Arab Rustum — a terrible and ruthless old man, given to uncontrollable impulses and passions, yet jolly and lovable, capable of freakish humors, half savage, half poet.

His coming in to Feisal was a turning-point in the campaign. Lawrence describes how, when they were dining together that night, Auda scrambled to his feet and flung out of the tent with a loud 'God forbid!' They went out to see what was amiss and found him bent over a great rock pounding his false teeth to fragments with a stone. 'I had forgotten,' he said. 'Jemal Pasha had these made for me. I was eating my Lord's (Feisal's) bread with Turkish teeth.' Poor old Auda went about half-nourished after this until we had taken Akaba, when Sir Reginald Wingate sent him a dentist to make him an Allied set.

The astonishing thing is that Lawrence was able to reconcile and control these untamed spirits, and to compel them, without ever letting it appear that he assumed authority, to move according to his suggestion. Constantly it was a matter of life or death to check their follies. Auda and Nasir, reinforced by the tribes, became heady

with enthusiasm, and wanted to leave Akaba, an uncontained enemy-base, in their rear and attack Damascus, which they could not have held for six weeks at this stage, even if they had taken it. And to lose Damascus after capturing it would cost them the support of the tribes. Then Nesib wanted to raise a Syrian rebellion, independent of Feisal, under his own leadership. Lawrence in his dealings with the unstable Syrians showed the wisdom of a Solomon. He headed off Nesib, and he was able to persuade Auda and Nasir that Akaba was the only door by which they could unlock Syria. At the same time he whispered to Auda that in the Damascus objective all the cash and credit would go to Nuri Shaalan.

They started from Wejh in the summer heat. It was a tremendous turning movement on which they were embarking, involving a desert march of six hundred miles to carry a trench line within sight of our ships at Akaba. At the end of three weeks, after long endurance of sun and thirst and hunger, and a plague of snakes, they reached the Howeitat in the Wadi Sirhan. Another fortnight was spent in resting or replacing their camels. Their first essential objective was Aba el Lissan, sixteen miles from Maan, where there was a large spring at the head of the great pass, Naqb el Shtar, down which the road dipped from the Maan plateau. With the Arabs in command of the pass and astride the road between the railway and the sea, the Turkish garrison would be starved out, and the hill tribes, hearing of their success, would come flocking down to wipe out the local posts. But it would have to be done before Turkish reinforcements could come down in strength from Maan to dislodge them.

Lawrence's plans were so well laid that the Turks were still unsuspecting. He bluffed them into thinking he was

going to attack farther up the line and had designs on Aleppo and Damascus. They believed the Shereefian force was in Wadi Sirhan on the road to Jebel Druse, and sent out cavalry to intercept it. They were not anxious about Maan, since they had blown up all the wells on the desert road, leaving the Arabs no camping-ground. The surprise to the Turks was so complete that Maan would have been a negligible threat if it had not been for an accident which might have upset the whole scheme, and which forced Lawrence into one of his few 'imperative' battles. It happened, on the morning when news came through to Maan of an Arab attack on a local post, that a relief battalion of new troops from the Caucasus arrived in the station on its way south. The troops were detrained with their transport, and formed into a punitive force with pack guns and a detachment of cavalry. Thus battle was forced on Lawrence. He could not go forward to Akaba with this battalion in undisputed command of the pass.

While the Turks slept in the valley the Arabs split into sections and, unobserved, crowned the hills round about them. The Bedouin poured lead into the Turks all day, but they could do nothing valid in return. 'We were no targets for their rifles, since we moved with speed eccentrically.' The shells of their little mountain-guns burst behind the Arabs harmlessly. In the evening Auda, with fifty horsemen, charged down the slope into the Turkish infantry, huddled together under the cliff ready to cut their desperate way out to Maan at the first sign of dusk. They began to sway in and out, and finally broke before the charge. Then the camelry plunged down the hill on the flank to cut into the head of the rout, at a terrific uncontrollable pace, four hundred of them, extending

right and left when the ground widened, and shooting into the Turkish brown — Lawrence among them, until his camel fell and hurled him like a stone from a catapult into the middle of the Turks, where happily the carcass of his beast formed an island which diverted the fugitive stream to either side of him. He lay there half-stunned, waiting for the Turks to finish him, but when he came to himself he saw the battle already won, and the Arabs driving together and cutting down the last remnants of the enemy. They took one hundred and sixty prisoners, many of them wounded; and some three hundred dead and dying lay scattered over the valley.

The Arab dead were two. Lawrence deplored these casualties. He aspired to win a campaign without any.

At the cost of two Bedouin killed he won Akaba, which would have taken three divisions of British regular troops to carry from the coast. For Aba el Lissan gave him his objective. The Turkish garrison between Maan and the coast, seeing itself cut off from support and supplies, surrendered with little resistance. Lawrence's Arabs entered one empty post after another. The main defensive position to which the Turks retired at the mouth of Wadi Itm was now hardly tenable, with the hill tribes occupying the peaks all round and firing down into the gorges. The Turks had not considered an attack from the interior; not one of their posts or trenches faced inland.

Lawrence, of course, gives all the praise of Aba el Lissan to Auda, but one may be quite sure that the tribesmen would never have attacked without him. By themselves they were disorganized by victory and looked only to the momentary advantage. Lawrence held them in leash, and loosed them on the essential quarry.

## V

The Hejaz campaign was finished, but there was no rest at Akaba. Five hundred irregulars, seven hundred prisoners, and two thousand allies (as Lawrence courteously terms the Bedouin who rush to the succor of the winning side, and expect their reward) had to be fed, and there was nothing to feed them on except the tough and sinewy camels which had carried them to victory. So, after making dispositions for the defense of the Maan-Akaba line, he started the next morning to ride across the Sinai peninsula, one hundred and fifty miles, waterless save for one well, to Suez. He made the journey in forty-nine hours. Not a bad finish to fourteen hundred miles on a camel in four weeks in the Arabian dogdays. Lawrence felt that he deserved a bath and a change, — his clothes were all sticking to his saddle sores, — and a long drink with ice tinkling in the glass, and something more revivifying to eat than camel sinew. And incidentally, as we have mentioned, he had Akaba in his pocket, which would have taken three divisions of regulars to capture. But he was refused a launch across the Canal by the Inland Water Transport.

That sort of thing was constantly happening to Lawrence. He just escaped being arrested by an Australian private as he was entering his own Damascus, and in the city he received a blow from an Australian officer, but preserved his temper and incognito. Lawrence carries himself obscurely. He does n't explain himself. I believe he liked going about unremarked and feeling that nobody knew who he was or what he had done. If he has a weakness, it is in doing big things and assuring himself and other people that he is indifferent to them, or that they are not big. Lawrence, I think, would deny that he is modest, but what vanity he

possesses is his pride in his modesty, the last infirmity of genius. The dozen or more British officers who contributed to the victory on the Arab flank receive their full share of praise.

Lawrence is not what you might call a hero-worshiper, but in his eyes Allenby is something like a superman. In Cairo, Allenby sent for him. I have omitted to mention that Lawrence has an individual and elfish sense of humor, uncommon in men of such a quixotic and crusading spirit. He watched Allenby weighing him. He could see the problem working behind Allenby's eyes, as the latter sat in his chair looking at him—not straight, as was his custom, but sideways, puzzled. Allenby, 'physically large and confident, and morally so great that the comprehension of our littleness was not easy to him,' was hardly prepared for 'anything so odd as myself, a little barefooted, skirted person, preaching a Willeston strategy of communications, offering to hobble the enemy by preaching, if given stores and arms and a fund of two hundred thousand sovereigns to convince and control the converts.'

When Lawrence had finished explaining, Allenby looked at him, put up his chin, and said, 'Well, I will do what I can.' Men with the slightest experience of the Commander-in-Chief knew that this meant everything.

Lawrence was now a tooth in the big machine, no longer an independent adventurer forcing events, dropping in unexpectedly at Headquarters with chunks of liberated Arabia in his hands.

Akaba was practically the finish of the campaign in the Hejaz. Wejh was closed down. Feisal was transferred from Hussein's command to Allenby's. The Arab forces became Allenby's right flank, only a hundred miles from his centre. Akaba faced north, it must be remembered, to Damascus. Mecca was

left behind; the Turks still hung on to their absurd exposed position at Medina.

The new part Lawrence and his Arabs had to play was in the Dead Sea campaign. Allenby wanted them to march north and link up with the British on the southern shore of the Dead Sea, to prevent the Turks getting round and attacking them in the rear; also to cut off the enemy's food-supplies up the Dead Sea to Jericho. Lawrence's programme was carried out precisely according to plan. Tafileh was isolated by raids on its communications and surrendered to the Arabs, who had no casualties. The Turks then counter-attacked unexpectedly and were routed, losing all their guns and machine-guns, with six hundred killed and two hundred and fifty prisoners; a bare fifty survived. This was Lawrence's second 'imperative' engagement. Then the Arab cavalry, by a surprise attack, destroyed the Turkish flotilla at Kerak on the Dead Sea, one of the few engagements in history between horse and ships. The crews were sleeping unsuspectingly on the beach and in the reed huts near by. The destruction of the Dead Sea transport was Lawrence's second objective; his third, the junction with the British at the mouth of the Jordan, would no doubt have been effected had not Zeid, Feisal's younger brother, in command on this front, diverted to his own uses the gold necessary to pay the tribes through whose country they were fighting. Lawrence resigned in disgust, but Allenby refused to let him go.

The Arabs, whether as a fighting force or as political allies, had their limitations. Lawrence does not emphasize these, but from time to time we are reminded of them incidentally, as when he had to explain to Allenby that they could not attack or defend a place—meaning, I suppose, that they

could not in the dogged, dependable way of troops trained in shock tactics. Nor could they stand overhead risks, or indeed casualties of any kind; with much bombing they would break up and go home. And inaction demoralized them; even Feisal fell to pieces when nothing was happening. A serious reverse would have nipped the Arab movement in the bud, and victory, in its local reactions, often had the same effect. After a successful foray they became no longer an organized raiding party, but 'just a baggage caravan stumbling along loaded to breaking-point with all the household goods needed to make rich an Arab tribe for years.'

Then they were torn by internal dissensions. Feisal could not long keep up his boast of the abatement of blood-feuds. Lawrence reminds us that the conduct of the war in France would have been harder if each division, almost each brigade, had hated every other with a deadly hatred, and fought when they met suddenly.

One feels that what little idealism or national spirit the Arabs had Lawrence himself pumped into them. 'Their minds wore my livery.' He admired their simple virtues, but he knew exactly how far these would carry them. 'We were dealing with one of the shallowest and least patient races of the world.' And he knew how the Arabs owed their strength to being 'geographically beyond temptation.' The shade of a tree or running water is a luxury to the Bedouin, and with too much comfort they become corrupted. They owed their virtues, continences, and endurances to their hard, uncompromising struggle with nature. There were times when Lawrence found it difficult to raise a party for a hazard like the demolition of the Yarmuk bridges. Wealth had spoiled the men and made life too precious.

## VI

Such was the material Lawrence had to work on, and it must be admitted that he made the most of it. The Bedou is a brave, hardy, enduring person, who believes he is the salt of the earth; but he has not learned discipline, and probably never will, and so in mass fighting he is of very little use. But in nobility and endurance he is unequalled. On camels Lawrence's irregulars were independent of supplies for six weeks. They left their base with half a bag of flour, forty-five pounds in weight, strung to their riding-saddles, and half a pint of water only. Some of them never drank between wells. In summer the camels would do about two hundred and fifty miles after a watering. Thus, starting from their base with six months' rationing, they could cover a thousand miles out and home. When their flour failed them they had two hundred pounds of potential meat under each saddle. They halted and killed their worst camel.

They rode light. It was an army independent of labor or communication corps. Every unit served in the line of battle. Through economy of ammunition they were able to move without led camels, though they carried a quantity of high explosives. Most of them were qualified by rule-of-thumb lessons in demolition work. Lawrence evolved methods of his own for rapid destruction under fire. Before the end of the war he had destroyed seventy-nine bridges and culverts, apart from track and rolling stock, with his own hand.

The Arabs' part in this last phase was to keep the Turks busy on the Hejaz railway, to confirm them in their idea that the coming offensive was to be there, to prick and irritate them by continual raids, but not by any premature offensive or cumulative attrition to drive them on to the other flank where



Allenby was preparing to break through. Then, when the final thrust was delivered, to cut the railway behind them at the junctions, isolating them on all three lines from their food and ammunition bases, to seize Deraa and Damascus, and to create a rising of all the tribes in their rear.

To achieve this Lawrence, or Feisal, moved northward step by step, using the newly converted tribes as his ladder, as in the march to Akaba. His aim was to occupy more territory, not to force battle or to kill Turks; and for his purpose he depended on the tribes through whose country he fought. They knew the terrain best; also more might be expected of them, as they were defending their homes and crops. The Bedouin did not fight so well as the Arab regulars, but it was they, and not the troops, who would win the war. Feisal's regulars Lawrence defines as 'our static side, the means of securing the fruits of tribal opportunity.'

One virtue of this system was mobility in pursuit. The ranks were refreshed by the manhood of the new clan through whose territory they were passing. Another advantage was the wide, but economical, distribution of energy. They would be fighting in one district on Monday, in another on Tuesday, and in a third on Wednesday. This fluidity of movement was the virtue of a defect, since it was difficult to combine the tribes in a raiding party on account of their suspicions and jealousies. One could not use the men of one territory in another. Lawrence characteristically discovers advantages in these limitations. 'In a real sense maximum disorder would be our equilibrium,' he remarks, and explains how the absence of any formal system of units must confuse the enemy's intelligence and make it hopeless for him to gauge the Arabs' strength at any point.

Here are a few of Lawrence's axioms,

the equation of his reading with his experience. His fighting-tactics were 'always tip and run, not pushes but strokes, never to maintain or improve an advantage, but to move off to strike again somewhere else, to use the smallest force in the quickest time in the farthest place.' 'If our action continued until the enemy had changed his dispositions to resist it, we should be breaking the spirit of our fundamental rule of denying him targets. If the enemy brought us to action we should be disgraced technically.' 'Our target was the line anywhere. The Turks defended a myriad points to cover it all, for every yard of it mattered to them. To us these points were alternatives. A few of them we wanted to take, but there was not one of them we must take. The ease, the deliberation, the freedom, were ours.'

Lawrence had not pictured himself as a commander in the field, but he became what he had to become—strategist, diplomatist, guerrilla leader, and, among other things, expert camel-master, trained engineer, competent electrician, wise in explosives and the intricacies of demolition. His train-wrecking chapters alone contain enough thrills and hairbreadth escapes to supply a writer of books of adventure with material for a lifetime. There is nothing so intriguing as the bookworm who suddenly puts on chain armor to lead a crusade, unless it is the crusader who rests under the shadow of a rock to study the Logos and the early metaphysicians. And Lawrence was both. His Bedouin, of course, knew nothing about this, but they regarded him as a sort of superman, and they were not far from the mark.

The Turks also learned his value. After the capture of Akaba they put a price on his head—£20,000 alive or £10,000 dead. He strengthened his bodyguard to ninety—free lances from



nearly all the tribes, many of them blood enemies; but feuds were set aside as in a Pathan company of an Indian regiment. This gave him spies, or guides to precede, accompany, or inquire for him wherever his business lay at any point of the compass. They were a loyal and proud crew — outlaws, men with no family ties, ready to engage in any uninsurable occupation. Sixty of them died for him. Lawrence says they developed 'a professionalism almost flamboyant.' He discovered that they had a tribunal of their own, like the prefect system in the English public schools, which flogged offenders and all who flinched. It must have been exhilarating to ride out with his singing Bedouin dressed like a bed of tulips in all imaginable colors except white, which was his own wear and therefore presumption in his bodyguard — a poet on the right and a poet on the left, among the best singers, so that their ride might be musical. 'It hurt them that I would not have a banner like a prince.'

His physical frailty made the achievement the more wonderful. He had to live up to his bodyguard, riding a thousand miles each month on camels, tempering the body, learning to walk barefoot, hardening the feet over sharp, pebbly, burning ground, often near breaking-point with fever and boils and thirst. He learned to lie on his belly in times of enforced fasting, for 'that prevented the inflation of foodlessness.' His weight was less than seven stone after the fatigues and privations of the Akaba march. In the summer the heat stabbed. When they started on a raid in September the temperature was 123° in the shade of the palm gardens of 'cool Akaba.' But it was in his trial of strength with the winter climate of Edom that he excelled his bodyguard. Many of them, and their camels, died of cold and overstrain.

Lawrence obtained his leadership by

being entirely one with his men, conforming even to their excesses and abstinences, drinking too much at wells and too little between them. Men of his school argue that the Bedouin will not understand a stranger or open their hearts to him. The least slip in etiquette, or understanding, or even in dialect, or in the knowledge of social relations between clans, may be fatal to confidence. If one cannot behave like a shereef, one is cut off from esteem. Lawrence was always one of the family. The last thing he wanted, or could afford, was a badge of distinction setting up a barrier between himself and his men.

The Bedouin do not understand distinctions. Lawrence, if he had any consciousness of class or race distinctions, did not show it. He kept a little aloof from his Arabs in manner, never in spirit. A display of even unconscious condescension would have estranged them. Most of the British who had dealings with them were officials. 'The veil of office, as subtle and impermeable as our veil of flesh, lay between them and the people.' Lawrence knew exactly what an Arab felt when confronted with them. The first time he met an Englishman when he was disguised in his Mecca clothes he was chilled by 'that awful blankness in his eye which saw not a fellow man, but landscape or local color.' He endured the beastliness of the fetid and promiscuous life among the Bedouin, gave up his privacy and his books, was bored and vermin-ridden, that he might banish from his eye this very blankness.

As he worked his way north keeping step with Allenby — it was essential that he should not be half a day too early or too late — the tribes flocked in to Feisal's standard. They did not want the Turks, but they were not going to show their hand before they were certain that the offensive was

not a raid merely, but an occupation. The Syrian peasantry are a settled people, not like the Bedouin; they have no desert into which to evaporate after a reverse; their families and properties lie open to reprisals. That is why, earlier in the year, when he might have got into Damascus independently of Allenby amid a general rising, and the sheiks were urging him to move, Lawrence held back. He doubted if he could hold the city until Allenby broke through, and to capture and abandon it would have involved the population in the most ruthless massacres. Lawrence recognized that there could be only one rising, and that that must be decisive.

At the end, when the tribes of Syria entered Damascus in the Arab triumph, people turned to one another and said: 'Here is Feisal's army. They have come in at the finish when all is over' — not knowing that these late comers were the last rung of the ladder of tribes by which Feisal, independently of Allenby, had been climbing for two years from Yenbo to Damascus.

## VII

Lawrence saw his Arabs through, and then returned to his cloister, or hangar. He stayed only a few days in Damascus, just long enough to evolve order out of chaos, counter the intrigues against Feisal, and establish a de facto Arab government and the nucleus of an army. Then he asked Allenby to let him go — the only personal request he ever made of him. It was characteristic, this last slipping-away at the end. And on his return All Souls was not quiet enough for him, and he chose to spend his days in a seclusion less penetrable — a numbered human unit, cleaning aeroplanes for cadets to learn to fly in.

The *Seven Pillars* ought to be a triumphant book, but it is filled with a sense of the futility of achievement. To Lawrence victory is a sort of death; before the fruits of it were in his hands he wanted to reject them. Arabia was a great experiment, but its unimagined success killed the enjoyment of it. His delight was in the race, not in the cup. That old copybook maxim was never better illustrated than in Lawrence's first night with his victorious Arabs in Damascus.

'The Muadhins began to send their call through the warm, moist night over the feasting and the illuminations of the city. From a little mosque quite near there was one who cried into my open window, a man with a ringing voice of special sweetness, and I found myself involuntarily distinguishing his words. "God alone is great. I testify there is no god but God, and Mohammed the Prophet is of God. Come to prayer. Come to security. God alone is great, there is no god but God."

'At the close he dropped his voice two tones, almost to speaking level, and very softly added, "And He is very good to us this day, O people of Damascus." The clamor beneath him hushed suddenly, as one and all seemed to obey the call to prayer for this first night in their lives of perfect freedom; while my fancy showed me in the overwhelming pause my loneliness and lack of reason in their movement, since only for me of the tens of thousands in the city was that phrase meaningless.'

'So all is vanity and disillusion. In the next paragraph he speaks of 'this false liberty drawn down to them by spells and wickedness.' One is never really persuaded that he believes in his Arabs, or in their power to hold the freedom he gave them.

## WHAT IS MORAL SUPPORT?

### AMERICA'S GRATUITY TO EUROPE

BY AGNES REPPLIER

IN the 'News of the Day,' as presented in a moving-picture hall last July, there was shown to the audience a photograph of President Coolidge speaking in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Washington's taking command of the Colonial forces. The caption read: 'President holds out helping hand to Europe.'

Naturally the photographer did not know what was in Mr. Coolidge's outstretched hand; but the reporters for the press were better informed. The headlines of one newspaper, July 4, ran thus: 'Coolidge Bids Europe Frame Security Pacts. Pledges Moral Support of United States But Specifically Excludes Political Participation.' An editorial in another newspaper of the same date emphasized the President's approval of 'mutual covenants for mutual security,' and quoted to this effect from his speech: 'While our country should refrain from making political commitments where it does not have political interests, such covenants would always have the moral support of our Government.'

Words have a meaning. It is all that gives them value. Therefore the two words 'moral support' must have a tangible significance in the minds of those who use them. Henry Adams, who hated mental confusion, and had the prevailing discontent of the clear-sighted, said that morality was a

private and costly luxury. 'Masses of men invariably follow interests in deciding morals.' Yet, while Americans are frankly and reasonably determined to let their own interests dictate their policies, they retain morality as a political weapon, or at least as a political weight. They offer the approbation of the American conscience as something which is directly or indirectly an asset to the nations of Europe. If they are acute, as is President Coolidge, they admit that the financing of foreign enterprise is a matter of policy. If they are blatant, as is the occasional habit of politicians, they intimate that moral support is a species of largess in the gift of moral leadership, and that moral leadership is a recognized attribute of size and numbers, as exemplified by the United States. Like the little girl who was so good that she knew how good she was, we are too well-informed not to be aware of our pre-eminence in this field.

Last May the American Ambassador at the Court of Saint James delivered himself of a speech before the Pilgrims' Dinner in London. In it he defined with great precision the attitude of the United States toward her former allies. His remarks, as reported, read like a sermon preached in a reformatory; but it is possible that they had a more gracious sound when delivered urbanely over the wine glasses, and that the emphasis laid upon 'the

position of the plain people of America toward the reconstruction of Europe' was less contemptuous than it appeared in print.

'The full measure of American helpfulness,' said our representative, 'can be obtained only when the American people are assured that the time for destructive methods and policies has passed, and that the time for peaceful upbuilding has come. They are asking themselves to-day if that time has, in fact, arrived, and they cannot answer the question. The reply must come from the people of Europe, who alone can make the decision. If it be peace, then you may be sure that America will help to her generous utmost. But if the issue shall continue to be confused and doubtful, I fear the helpful processes which are now in motion must inevitably cease. We are not, as a people, interested in making speculative advances. We can undertake to help only those who help themselves.'

I try to imagine these words addressed to an American audience by a British official (presuming conditions were reversed), and I hear the deep-mouthed profanity rising from the heart to the lips of every American who listened to them. If we were taxing ourselves to the utmost in order to repay a debt to Great Britain, profanity would seem to be in order. Yet the American press in general expressed no distaste for such lofty hectoring. Editors reminded us that it 'did no more than state the feeling of the nation'; that it sounded a 'timely warning' to Europeans who counted on our aid; and that it was 'in the nature of an ultimatum from one hundred and ten millions of Americans.'

Our passion for counting heads is occasionally misleading. If one hundred and ten millions of Americans

acquiesced seemingly in this 'timely warning' to our creditors, it was because one hundred million knew little, and cared less, about the matter. The comments of the foreign press were naturally of an ironic order, though the *London Times* took the wind out of our sails by acquiescing cordially in our Ambassador's views, and congratulating the United States on its 'coöperation with Great Britain in the task of reconstructing Europe'; thus robbing us of the lead with a graceful and friendly gesture, and a reminder that England had yet to be paid the first of the debts of her allies. The *Paris Temps*, on the other hand, offered with exaggerated courtesy the suggestion that France was endeavoring to follow America's advice to help herself, and was, at that very moment, engaged in repairing the devastations wrought by an invading army purposed to destroy. She was 'peacefully upbuilding' her shattered towns. As for the Berlin newspapers, they seemed unanimously disposed to consider both the speech and the ensuing discussion a personal affront to von Hindenburg.

The interesting criticisms from my point of view were contributed by the *Cleveland Press*, the *New York Evening Post*, and the *New York Times*. The *Cleveland Press* generously regretted that 'our highly desired and much sought moral helpfulness had been conspicuously withheld from Europe.' The *Post* said with severity: 'The aid we are now giving, whether monetary or moral, will come to an end unless good faith and mutual trust drive out hatred and mistrust.' The *Times*, with the habitual restraint of a vastly influential newspaper, contented itself with observing that 'the Administration seems to believe the time has come for a show-down, and that Europe must display more earnestness in settling her own affairs if she is to keep on

asking for American moral and monetary support.'

Here are three clear-cut recognitions of moral, as apart from financial or political, support, and three clear-cut intimations that moral support is in itself a thing of value which the nations of Europe would be loath to lose. Yet I cannot think that any one of those three journalists seriously believes that England and France covet our esteem any more than they covet the esteem of the rest of the world. Why should they? Every nation must respect itself, and make that self-respect the goal and guerdon of all effort. 'Great tranquillity of heart hath he who careth neither for praise nor blame,' wrote the wise à Kempis; and the single-mindedness of the man who has some better purpose than to please is but a reflex of the single-mindedness of the nation which reveres its own traditions and ideals too deeply to make them interchangeable with the traditions and ideals of other nations.

Suppose Italy were to threaten the United States with the withdrawal of her moral support. How droll the idea would be! Yet Italy is a country civilized to the core. Her ignorance is often less crude than is information elsewhere; her methods of approach have in them the charm of immemorial amenities. She is as seriously religious as we are, and her people are more law-abiding than ours, perhaps because they are given less choice in the matter. There is every reason why Rome and Washington should respect each other, and be as morally helpful to each other as they know how to be; but there is no reason on earth why the moral support of one should be of more value than the moral support of the other, unless we translate morality into terms of strength and wealth.

This is what the Governor of Wisconsin did when he besought President

Coolidge last September to make no terms for the settlement of the French debts until the war in Morocco was ended. He assumed our moral right to dictate the foreign policies of France because France owed us money, and he assumed that America was qualified to decide what was right and what was wrong in Morocco because she was the creditor nation. He earnestly desired that our Government, by refusing negotiations with France, should lend its moral support to the Riffs, who are formidable fighters, and who would have been amazed rather than flattered if they had known how they were being written about in sympathetic American newspapers. 'The murder of helpless, defenseless women and children' was a picturesque, rather than an exact, description of the campaigns of Marshals Lyautey and Pétain in Morocco.

As there is nothing new under the sun, history supplies us with more than one instance of moral support offered in place of material assistance, and always by a nation strong enough to give weight to such an unsubstantial commodity. The great Elizabeth dealt largely in it because it cost her nothing, won the approval of her subjects, indicated her authority, nourished her sense of omniscience, and gave opportunity for the noble wording (she was a past mistress of words) of purposes never destined to be fulfilled.

How superbly, yet how economically, the Queen placed England on record as the champion of the oppressed, when, after the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew, she draped herself and her court in mourning before consenting to receive the importunate French Ambassador! What a magnificent gesture of grief and stern repudiation! It is probable that the unlucky Frenchman felt himself as embarrassed as he was meant to be,



though he knew perfectly well that Elizabeth had never kept her 'fair promises' to Coligny, and that she had no mind to discontinue her international flirtation with the Duke d'Alençon, merely because his royal mother stood responsible for the murder of many thousands of French Protestants. He accepted the rebuff to his country as disagreeable but not dangerous, and created a diversion by producing a letter from d'Alençon — one of the many amorous epistles which passed between these make-believe lovers — which was very graciously received. Notwithstanding the fact that England was filled with 'an extreme indignation and a marvelous hatred,' the Ambassador was able, six weeks after his humiliating reception, to write to Catherine that the English Queen would stand firmly by her alliance with France.

The relations between Elizabeth and Catherine de' Medici form an engaging page of history. Their correspondence is to be recommended as a complete course in duplicity. Both were accomplished liars, and each politely professed to believe the other's lies. Catherine cherished the preposterous hope that the English Queen would marry one of her sons. Elizabeth had no such intention; but she liked — Heaven knows why! — to pretend she would. Her only bond with Catherine was their mutual fear and hatred of Spain. It was a heavy cross to her that she could not weaken France without strengthening Spain. Providence was hard on her in this matter. Providence was hard on her in the matter of the rebellious Netherlands, and in the matter of John Knox. She never wanted to give more than moral support to any cause, and she was constantly being pushed to the fore by virtue of the power she held.

The Protestant insurgents in the Netherlands had the sympathy of

England. William of Nassau was a hero in English eyes, and Burghley stoutly advocated his cause. The London merchants raised a force at their own expense, and shipped it to Rotterdam, with Sir Humphrey Gilbert at its head. But Elizabeth held back her hand. It was not only that she hated to spend the money, and not only that she was by nature incapable of committing herself generously to any principle. It was that in her heart of hearts this daughter of the Tudors disapproved of subjects opposing their sovereigns. She was a sovereign herself, and she knew that fomenting rebellion is like throwing a boomerang. Being at odds with the Pope, she would lend moral support to the French Protestants; and, being at odds with Spain, she would lend moral support to the Dutch insurgents. This was in accord with her own conscience and with the conscience of England. But, like conscientious America a few centuries later, she would 'refrain from making political commitments where she did not have political interests.'

With the same caution, and the same characteristic understanding of her own position, Elizabeth was content that John Knox should harass the Queen Regent, Mary of Guise, and, later, the young Queen of Scots. Such harassments were commendable, as being a species of warfare against the Church of Rome. But as for permitting this firebrand, this arrogant defamer of feminine sovereignty, to set foot on English soil, she would as soon have thought of raising John Stubbs to the peerage. Her cold and vigorous understanding set at naught the protestations of a man who had presumed unwisely on her indulgence. So did the great Tsaritsa Catherine regard the Lutheran and Calvinistic clergymen, to whom she had lent her moral support when they were conveniently



remote, and who, confiding in her good will, actually sought to enter Holy Russia, and build their chapels at her doors.

The interest felt by France in the rebellious American Colonies was called sympathy, an intelligible word with a modest and a friendly sound. The cause of the Colonists was extolled as the sacred cause of liberty. Franklin, like Mrs. Jarley, was 'the delight of the nobility and gentry.' If the French Government delayed sending money and men until the American arms showed some reasonable chance of success, it stood ready to turn that chance into a certainty. Louis the Sixteenth cherished a sentimental regard for principles which eventually conducted him to the scaffold. He gave Franklin six million francs out of his own depleted purse; and the citizens of Franklin's town repaid him by hailing with indecent glee the news of his execution. It is to be noted that the logical French mind never disregarded America's real needs. France took no great risks; but neither did she offer her esteem as an actual asset to the Colonies.

So 'moral support' still defies analysis. The phrase appears and reappears

without significance. Count Karolyi, President of the short-lived Republic of Hungary, a man of many grievances and of many words with which to give them utterance, declared last autumn that he was not permitted to speak to Americans because his unworthy country feared the withdrawal of America's 'moral and financial support.' A writer in *The World's Work* has recently intimated that the United States, being congested with money, stands in need of Europe's 'moral support' — a novel but not a clarifying point of view. The only nation that makes its meaning plain is Russia. Her moral support is always translatable into solid substantialities. Moscow makes no idle boast of wealth; but she can afford the biggest standing army in Europe, and she can afford foreign propaganda on a scale of well-considered lavishness. While America puts on weight and wisdom, Russia puts on speed and dynamic force. America will mend the world in her way, Russia will mend it in hers; and the beautiful, dangerous world, which cannot be 'dry-docked for repairs,' is patched here and there with amazing ingenuity while she whirls on her un-resting way.

## PARTICIPATING IN THE GREAT ADVENTURE

BY ROBERT KEABLE

It was the day after I had received the sentence: I might live six months or six years. I was, I was told politely, like an old automobile tire that sometimes surprises its owner by outlasting a couple of good ones. On the other hand, the owner is sometimes less pleasantly surprised.

So I had learned the night before, and, the doctor having given his verdict, I had gone pretty soon to sleep; because, anyway, there was no use in worrying, and one had to sleep. But in the morning we sat over our breakfast coffee, my friend and I, and talked.

The day was as fair and the scene as beautiful as either the one or the other this side of Paradise. We were on a green lawn beneath the shade of a towering old mango, and breakfast was set before us on small tables. A few feet away and a few yards below, the calm, clear river, which but a few hundred yards higher up had been a rushing torrent emerging from the craggy valley behind the house, flowed gently to the sea. It was possibly fifty yards wide; then came a strip of sand and pebbles; and beyond that strip the mighty Pacific, whose waters, though they reached us from the Pole itself, were merely lapping on the sand. I remember now the cheery group of natives splashing their brown bodies in the shadows. I can see, and I hope I shall see forever, the play of sun and shadow on those green hills, up the coast, that fell sharply, in tropical luxuriance, to the sea.

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We had been talking of trivialities — if they are trivialities. Flowers, and whether one could grow garden peas in the tropical islands. A bit of a silence had fallen; and then I broke it, returning without explanation to the question of that verdict.

'It does not seem to matter much,' I said, 'anyway; but, supposing one was to flick off, what do you suppose one would find?'

Christian Aalborg, the big Dane, whom the natives called Kiriti, smiled. He smiled that slow smile of his which I have learned to know. There is little Kiriti has not read and less upon which he has not thought. Besides, Kiriti's thinking is worth while. He gets into his thinking something of the serenity of his lovely island, and even his words seem to escape the clangor of city folk.

'I don't suppose,' he said, 'in that matter. I only hope.'

I reflected a little. Then I too smiled. 'That is all right,' I rejoined. 'But I know you well enough to be sure that you, Kiriti, do not hope without foundation, whereas I think I am disposed to hope with none.'

"'Hopes may be frail or fond,'" he quoted with mock gravity.

Something in the remark aroused me. 'That is precisely the point,' I said. 'The hopes of immortality one sees expressed in religious articles, or hears on the lips of popular preachers, appear to me to be remarkably frail and sickly fond. I am tired of them. I have been for some time. But under the present

circumstances I should like to know yours.'

'I am not good at lecturing and I cannot write,' said Kiriti. 'Suppose you repeat to me these same frailties and let me see if I can answer them.'

That was how it all began, and I should like to write our talk down before I see the end of the game from my seat in the grandstand.

At the time, I remember, I tossed away the end of my cigarette and took another.

'The doctor said you were not to smoke too much,' said Kiriti.

'Confound the doctor,' said I, holding the match suspended. 'However, the first orthodox argument is one I heard, for instance, eloquently expressed by a doctor the other day — seeing that we are talking of doctors. It runs much as follows. It is as old as the hills, of course, but here goes. In and before the dawn of history, natural man knew that death was not the end of life. He never thought otherwise. He took his immortality for granted. If a chief died, his wives and slaves were killed to bear him company in the other world. The orthodox make a lot of that. Belief in survival is the natural instinct, they say, belonging to the age of man's childhood, when he was not so far from the Kingdom of God. It is only when —'

Kiriti interrupted. 'I know. It is an old argument. The intelligence of the savage, who attributed a "tummy-ache" to the Devil and often propitiated him with human sacrifices, is nevertheless to be our guide in the matter of God. The faith that believed some stone to be a deity who could kill is to assure us in our hope that death does not. Not too little but too much knowledge has proved to be a dangerous thing! But unfortunately even this argument, in the first place, is not true. Quite definitely and simply it is a lie invented to

sustain an argument. The savages we know do not always believe in survival, or believe it only of certain persons, or regard it as only conditional or temporary. I have known a savage who mourned his father with strict obedience to rules, the breaking of which was said to trouble the spirit, for three weeks, only to indulge thereafter in conduct the exact opposite. I expostulated. "Father finish now," he said, grinning all over his black face. And the savages we do not know, the real savages of the dawn of human life on earth, we do *not* know, and that is the end of it, despite all that our friends guess to the contrary.'

'Can't we infer things?' I questioned. 'Stonehenge, for example?'

'Stonehenge? At least savages did not build Stonehenge. Whatever people did do so were far on the road to sophistication, but no one knows, as a matter of fact, who built it or when or how; and, even if it and such monuments express primitive man's faith in survival, they are also connected with sun-worship and human sacrifices. And that brings me to my second point, that this argument, if true, would prove too much. History does not tell us of any savage yet, believing in the survival of the human spirit, who did not believe also in the survival of the spirits of cattle and dogs, food and drink, spears and stone clubs! If the natural man was so much wiser than we, who are we to limit his intuition? If he was right in supposing by intuition that the soul survives, how dare we say he was wrong in supposing, equally by intuition, that a thoroughly good club, if burned at the funeral of a chief, would prove an excellent weapon for him when he came to knock on the gate of Heaven? And perhaps still more, if his spiritual intelligence was so fine, how came it that his moral intelligence was so weak? Why take his faith and refuse his

conscience? The one, we are told, soared to belief in God and the immortality of the soul, but the other, we know for certain, stooped to murder, polygamy, incest, and rape.'

Before he had finished I was getting out another match, for honestly, even I know enough of savages to be aware that Kiriti was right. But I lit my cigarette, forgetful of the doctors. However poor, one plank had gone. So I thought a while, and then said: 'Very well, let us leave ancient faith; let us come to modern knowledge. We know that the very body does not perish. Nothing material that we know perishes. If we accept it as true that nothing of us that is material can be annihilated, is it then not foolish to suppose that the one thing about us which does perish should be the animating principle, the life, the soul, call it what you will?' I even got pretty excited at this point, and, as my foolish habit is, jumped to my feet.

'Why—' I began.

'Sit down!' said Kiriti shortly. 'That's another thing they said you were not to do. And don't talk rubbish. The body does perish, utterly. You have just eaten an excellent dish of bacon and eggs, and, if the boy had brought in some blackened cinders and a nasty smell, would you as cheerfully have eaten your breakfast maintaining that bacon and eggs had not been destroyed? A number of elements, in a strange and mysterious combination, make up what we call the body, the hand we love to touch, the lips we crave to kiss. At death they are released. The elements of what was the body do exist somewhere, but unless they are reassembled the body we know is destroyed forever. There is no reason in the whole of observed science to suppose that on the other side of death the combination is ever renewed. Actually, the kind of immortality that we know

the body possesses is enough to destroy hope in immortality itself. Practically, my parts furnish new bodies for trees and flowers; but thought out the thing is simply horrible. The particles of my body have actually been the particles of someone else's body. Or of worse. If there is any analogy to be drawn from the continuance of the elements that made up the body as to the survival of the soul, it would be that that survival is in a form so unlike what we knew as to be unrecognizable and indescribable. Swinburne is right enough:—

*'The grave's mouth laughs unto derision  
Desire and dread and dream and vision,  
Delight of heaven and sorrow of hell.'*

'That's all right as far as it goes,' I said. 'I admit it. But surely there is more in the argument. Some control—the soul, the ego, what you will—inhabits the body to use it as an instrument. Surely pure Materialism is defunct. It is not the brain that thinks. If, therefore, the brain dies, whatever it was that used the brain as a thinking instrument is, so far as we know, left untouched. In all probability it is provided with some higher instrument on which to play.'

'Humph,' said Kiriti.

'You don't think much of that?' I queried.

'It's the sort of probability that rather bores me,' he said. 'A great musician, let us say, has some slight accident which deranges part of his brain matter. Your deduction would be that he is still a great musician, though he is now a certified lunatic? Your argument is that the essential ego is not changed, eh?'

'That's about it,' I said.

'And if he had been born, by a mischance,' persisted Kiriti, 'with an injured brain, then no one would know that he was a musician?'

'I suppose so,' I assented. 'I don't see that that affects the argument as a whole. Our physical being changes every so many years, yet we are well aware that we are the same individual. The ego of my university days is my ego now, however much wiser — and sadder! So it looks as if something which sat behind my brain did the controlling, and not the brain itself.'

'What is the brain?' asked Kiriti suddenly, as if he were off on a new line of thought.

I stared at him. Then I laughed. 'You mean ultimately?' I queried.

He nodded.

'Well,' I said meditatively, 'I suppose, as with all natural things, it can be reduced to particles of negative or positive electricity.'

'And what is a particle of electricity?' demanded Kiriti.

I laughed again. 'Of course you have me there,' I said. 'I suppose you want me to say that nobody knows.'

'Oh no, I don't,' said Kiriti. 'Or at least not particularly. Electricity is at least energy.'

'I suppose it is,' I said. 'What about it?'

'Well,' said Kiriti, 'consider rationally the whole affair. Begin with your musician. You admit that with a disordered brain there can cease to be any sign of his musical ability, and that if he were born with a disordered brain no one would know him to be a musician. Yet your logic demands the belief that his is the mute soul of an inspired musician. It is thus a *reductio ad absurdum* which gives away the whole show. On that argument the soul of a cannibal may be a very Plato. The last criminal lunatic we electrocuted may be another Christ. Or, in other words, all human standards may be nonsense, and your friend the savage may be justified indeed in supposing some devils to be loose. You must, also,

compensate this musician, who has not given and cannot give any sign of his being a musician, by creating for him, by sheer guesswork, an etherial instrument in an etherial world. And that is precisely what orthodoxy *does* believe and do, constituting a theology of great moral difficulty and practical absurdity.'

'But how get out of the dilemma?' I persisted. 'For it is a dilemma.'

'Well,' said Kiriti, 'I suggested an avenue of escape when I asked you the composition, so far as we know it, of the brain. Can you argue that it is this assumed soul of the theologians that is engaged in driving negative particles of electricity around a positive core in your brain? But if it is not, then the energy which does the driving may well be the energy which produces the musician, and in that case all we know of that energy is that it is apparently impersonal, part of a greater whole, and diffused or transmuted after death into other substances. In a word, dust should go back to dust and energy to energy.'

I sat silent a minute, watching three tropic birds descend the valley and plane to the sea.

'The nuisance is, Kiriti,' I said, 'that your scientific explanations are harder than the religious ones. The material is more difficult to believe than the spiritual.'

'Just exactly so,' said Kiriti, 'and we are beginning to come to what I have called my hope. It has always been the obvious and the so-called spiritual that have been wrong. It was obvious to primitive man that, when his friend was killed by lightning, some devil had done it on purpose. All his priests said so, too. It was obvious to the ancient world that the sun, illumining and sustaining the whole of life, was a god. All the mystics said so, too. It was obvious to the mediæval world,

and plainly supported by Scripture, that the earth was flat. The spiritual Church was prepared to burn the materialist who said otherwise, and saints to preach at the spectacle. It was obvious to Protestant reformers that this earth, the scene of divine interference and revelation, was the centre of the universe, and everything on it predestined. Calvin put Servetus to death for denying that very thing. Up to quite lately, up to Einstein even, it has seemed obvious that matter is not spirit, "that there must have been a beginning," and so on. Why, the poor atheists and materialists (though I hate the words) are still proscribed under the blasphemy laws — in England, anyway — if they preach the contrary! And yet the materialists are proving right again. However seemingly paradoxical to say that that stone is in motion with boundless energy, we know it to be true, and it is equally true to say there never was a beginning.'

'Explain that last,' I said.

'Well, human thought has always had to take refuge in some eternal. Somebody must have started the first hen on the egg-laying process that resulted in our hens, we said, so we said that God made the first hen. The obvious retort there, the retort of all children is, "Who made God, Mummy?" That question is just as rational in reality as "Who made the first hen?" or "Who made the first nebula?" Theologians of all ages answered for us by asserting that God was eternal, and since God was a mysterious entity, neither seen nor heard, nor figured in the advanced religions, the statement stood. It was, and is, of course, simply a phrase. Empty words. You can think of anything being eternal only if that thing is incomprehensible — which is exactly what the Christian creed was forced by the Greek intellects to say of God: "The Father eternal, the Son

eternal, the Holy Ghost eternal; the Father incomprehensible, the Son incomprehensible, the Holy Ghost incomprehensible."

'Now Science has at last found something that is eternal. Radioactivity not only exhausts itself so slowly as to be practically inexhaustible, but in certain processes of apparent change and loss it actually regains and even increases its energy. We just know that the basic stuff of matter is, so far as language is of any use in such metaphysics, eternal. So far as knowledge goes, we know that the whole creation has evolved out of demonstrably eternal energy, and simultaneously Einstein helps us to understand how that might be by showing that time itself is relative. Time is a result of a condition. It is not itself a condition. What with one thing and another, the necessity for God has disappeared.'

We both sat silent for a while.

'You see,' said Kiriti gently, 'what an absurd ass the first man must have seemed who said that the earth was in motion about a stationary sun! We have forgotten that only by a miracle have our brains been drilled to accept a later theory. And I think that our brains will yet be drilled into a wider hope and a more glorious faith than that of your friends the savages.'

I contemplated my friend while my thoughts raced. I wish I could give you an idea of Kiriti. There was never anyone less theatrical, more reasonable, more possessed of what the Greeks — or the Bible, for the matter of that — called 'wisdom.' I think he is the only true philosopher I have ever met — the sort of man who would quite simply and unemotionally rearrange his thoughts from top to bottom if he were faced with some new fact. Moreover, he is the kind of man who would



follow his thought wherever it led him, irrespective of consequences. There is something of the Eastern mystic about Kiriti, but not the Chestertonian type of Eastern mystic. He is neither the emaciated wild-eyed saint of the Gothic churches nor the closed-eyed meditative Buddha. He is more like some bronze sailor who stands on the prow of his ship, with steady eyes that have looked on great spaces, and discerns port. But if that vision proved to be a mirage, Kiriti, undaunted, would still sail on.

I took up his last words. 'Has the necessity for God wholly disappeared?' I queried. 'If He has disappeared as an answer to our question, "Who began it?" does He not remain as an answer to the question, "Who designed it?"'

'You do not say "designs"?' quizzed Kiriti.

I smiled. 'What is the difference?' I said.

'Oh, I only wondered if you were among the sentimentalists who supposed, not only that God arranged the cosmic law of rain, but also that, if petitioned, he would design to make it rain at a given time and place.'

'Not quite that,' I said. 'But surely the universe is designed?'

I thought Kiriti's face grew a shade more grave.

'I wonder,' he said. 'Anyway, the kind of argument that Bishop Butler used to prove design is as inefficient to-day as the cannon of the eighteenth century.'

'Explain,' said I.

It was unusual for Kiriti to be sarcastic, but he was sarcastic now.

"What divine Providence!" cried a hungry lion as he discovered the fat baby which an African mother had allowed to stray from her hut. "How marvelously is the universe designed!" cried a typhus bacillus, as he lighted

upon a healthy young man with a wife and three children dependent upon him. And—a thing about which I cannot joke, however—is it Providence that designs the laws of hereditary cancer, venereal disease, and insanity?'

"The hand then of the Potter shook"?' I quoted interrogatively.

'No,' said Kiriti, even bitterly, 'that is precisely what it does not do. Would God it did! The hand never shakes. The old Persian was neither daring nor blasphemous; he was only foolish. Law is immutable. It is designed, if it be designed, for the well-being of the typhus bacillus, as much as for that of the best of the human species. Even so awful a phenomenon as cretinism is a law. When a child born to healthy God-fearing parents is nevertheless damned from its birth to grow into a bestial condition that does not bear thinking, it is only because a thyroid gland has not been able to develop. No, what we see is a perfectly incredible and conflicting muddle of inevitable laws. The law of the lightning will kill you, however much you pray, if you stand on an ironstone hill; the law of the lightning conductor will save you, if you erect one scientifically. Two plants develop side by side; one is deadly poison, and the other its antidote. Law is forever clashing chaotically with law. And all religions have recognized this.'

'What!' I exclaimed.

'I said that all religions had recognized this, for they have all tried to explain it away. As it was necessary to postulate God, the Designer, so it was necessary to explain the credible fantasy of the actual design by the introduction of some nasty person who had muddled it up. Everything harmful and destructive to man had to be put down to his interference. Hence every religion has its Satan, and the

early Christian theologians were hard put to it even to explain Satan. They have had to invent wild tales of his origin, to give him a reign of a thousand years, to provide him at the end with a bottomless pit. They have, of course, failed to convince us moderns, but the point I want to make is this: the modern thought which rejects the Satan idea as rubbish cannot escape the dilemma which Satan was invented to meet.'

I thought for a while, and the more I thought the less I could see an answer. Then I had a bright idea. 'How about the stars?' I asked. 'Surely they move in regular courses.'

'No better example,' replied Kiriti. 'The stars looked orderly to man until the invention of the modern science of astronomy; until, too, we became aware that man has not been long enough on this planet even to perceive the motion on the whole of the stellar universe. Nevertheless, astronomy is aware that worlds dash into worlds every day like automobiles in the streets of modern cities; that streams of stars are whirling in every direction with the giddiest motion conceivable; that our own tiny solar universe is flying through stellar space, whence and whither no one knows. And even in the solar system every meteor is an example of disorder.'

'All that is rather appalling,' I said.

'Is it?' retorted Kiriti. 'I don't think so. In a universe of conflicting laws so incomprehensible that in one mood one is inclined to attribute them to a brainless fool and in another to a devil, there is one busy designer at work. There is someone regulating the headlong, crazy traffic at least in his own street, tidying and cleaning up his own back yard. He has indeed succeeded so far that chance observers, seeing the result of his work, are

actually inclined to forget that the original property was in a horrid mess!'

'Whom do you mean?' I asked.

Kiriti remarked quietly and very gravely: 'Man.'

'Yes, man,' he said. 'Let's go back to your original savages, before any record, before man was even barbaric. Do you realize what a designless universe he lived in? His life was one perpetual fear, one dim, almost immemorial struggle for existence. He was like a baby left alone in a room with a fire burning in the grate, with razors lying about and dozens of dangerous machines, which looked fascinating to play with if he would. He had to fight for his life, not only with wild beasts stronger and better-armed than he, but with drought and flood, with hail and tempest, with unseen and undreamed-of microbes, ignorances, superstitions, and the dreadful wisdom of his own wise men. If you go back early enough, to a world that had not done with chaotic disturbances on a world-wide plane, he had to fight glacial ages, drying oceans, flooding continents. The very fact that he was man added to his worries, for the laws that ruled his embryo imaginations peopled the heavens with terrors and warred with his own advancement exteriorly and interiorly. Thus in the world about him, and in his own mind, he had to fight his way among a thousand gigantic forces striking one at another and at him. When he emerged into the state of the savage as we first know him, he had already inherited a legacy of inhibitions. I myself knew in East Africa a tribe which had more than two hundred classified and pictured devils. Each devil owed its origin to some law or another which primitive man had noted and had been able to explain only by personification.'

'Out of that chaos man has not only

partially climbed, but he has even created something of a cosmos. He has indeed created enough of a cosmos for good people to talk about Design. He has subdued all of the big beasts and many of the microscopic. He has learned the way to counteract, even sometimes to abolish altogether, the elemental disturbances that used to kill his crops. He has brought it about that great plagues are rare and that he is surprised when he is ill. He has taken elemental powers — such as electricity, from which he used to fly in terror — and bound them to his will. He has conquered laws, such as that of gravitation, to fly in the air and under the sea. He has diverted rivers, divided continents, spanned mountains, almost conquered time. He sees further into space and deeper into matter than his ancestors conceived the very gods could do. He has even begun to get to grips with his most dangerous foe — himself. Human imagination, mentality, psychology, is at least a territory in which he has planted his flag. Yes, if there is a designer in the universe, it is man!

'There is a real sense, then,' I asked quietly, 'in which man is God?'

'God?' queried Kiriti. 'I would rather not talk of God. It would appear as if God wished to remain veiled, and maybe there is something impious in attempting to raise that veil. The wisest of the old faiths said so in as many words, although their followers forgot the ancient wisdom and insisted on picturing him. Do you remember Mr. Gissing? "Somehow he felt that to account for a world of unutterable strangeness they had invented a God far too cheaply simple." Even our knowledge of that is a vast step forward. The ultimate reality is not yet. I think we should rather foster a working religion.'

'Is there one?' I demanded.

Kiriti smiled. 'If one has faith, hope,

and charity, even the Fundamentalists would admit that one has a religion, I suppose,' he said.

'Well,' I queried, 'what is your faith, Kiriti?'

Kiriti stared thoughtfully out at sea, where the sunlight was dancing on the water and where the mountains of a distant island lay so lovely on the horizon that they seemed not of this world.

'My faith,' he said, 'the solid rock beneath my feet, is in the beauty of things, and, as it were, in the unity of that beauty. Have you ever realized that it is only educated man who sees beauty? Your savage does not stop to admire a sunset. Even the barbaric tribes of to-day have, many of them, no name for flowers or even for color other than colors that relate to food. Even when they make beautiful things they see no beauty in them. African tribes that used to make lovely pottery think empty kerosene-cans far more lovely. Most decorative work on the part of savages is the result of boredom, or of ceremonial magic. It mainly achieves the grotesque. No, realization of the beauty of the world is a slowly dawning revelation which the highest among us feel most. And not only the beauty of the physical earth, but the beauty of thought, the beauty of love, the beauty of communion of mind with mind, all belong to civilized man.

'It was this realization which made man first articulate. Once articulate, the tiny span of historic life on earth began. If you represent the life of the globe by one hour, then only for two seconds, proportionately, has man seen beauty! It would be difficult in those two seconds to detect advance, but I think we can. Not only the rare artist and philosopher, but educated men generally are beginning to hate ugliness, and our much more universal love of beauty is becoming detached from the

old superstitions that sometimes aided and sometimes impeded its spirit. Faintly and dimly, but surely, we are beginning to want beauty for beauty's sake, and in that beauty I have faith in the face of death. Personal survival, beyond the dissolution of the grave, of individuals as we knew them presents one with so many more difficulties than it eliminates, and is so plainly a relic of savage and mediæval thinking, that I hold with it scarcely at all. Only this I believe: that, as there is beauty here, there is beauty beyond; as there is love here, there is love beyond; as there is fellowship here, there is fellowship beyond — beyond time perhaps; in some state in which neither time nor place belongs; in some way certainly beyond our limited range of thought; in some relationship that transcends our idea of personal relationship on earth as our idea of Heaven would transcend that in the mind of a dog; but somehow, sometime, somewhere. And I do share in that, here and now,' said Kiriti.

'It is so great a wealth, that in which we share,' he went on dreamily. 'Take one aspect of it. The old faith was so harshly exclusive, but the new — Why, I love Jesus again, as when I was a little boy. I love the great-hearted martyrs, whether Catholic or Protestant. I love rugged old Mohammed, and the emptiness of Saint Sophia. I love the gentle Buddha, and all the wise, simple, quiet Eastern saints. And I love even the impulsive sinners that the old ways did not allow us to love. I think I even love modern scientists! We share a place together in the great adventure.'

In the shallows of the river a fat baby was splashing. Her mother ran and picked her out, laughing and kissing her. Kiriti watched the simple little incident with a smile, and I watched him. Then he said: —

'I believe, too, that what we call Evolution is a first guess at what will prove to be a truth more splendid than that of the first chapter of Genesis, or the teachings of Buddha. It is to me, as it were, a first childish attempt to name a great universal movement in all nature. Every fresh discovery or hope links in with it and deepens it. It is not the physical side of it that matters so much as the spiritual. It is of small moment that man is a cousin, many times removed, of the gorilla, but it is a very big thing that his perception of beauty, his reachings toward the infinite, have evolved from the first consciousness of mere being to the thought of a Tolstoy or an Edison. Moreover, as it has widened, so it has become humble. Not only am I one flesh with beasts and flowers and rocks, and glad of it, but in so far as I can understand spirit I am of the same spirit, too. My energy, my composition, though more highly evolved, are theirs. I do not think Saint Paul knew what he was talking about, but in his own times and in his own way he guessed at a truth. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together," and the goal of the great procession is what man in the days of his ignorance called God.

'More. We see it all as long-drawn-out and painful and irregular. It is my faith that it is no one of these three things, but what I have called an adventure, with a sure end, in which we are participating now. Death does not matter, nor what we call time, nor pain, nor apparent defeat — that is my faith,' said Kiriti.

'And the second of the trinity that poor Saint Paul enumerated?' I questioned, smiling. 'Incidentally, he was again right in declaring they three abide forever!'

'He was,' laughed Kiriti, 'and hope is the practical side of my religion,

which should buoy us up in our dark moments. My hope is that even in our own time and day, even with my own success and folly, I can do something to move things along. I confidently hope that one day disease and poverty and hate will be banished by man's own effort on this earth, and that one day we shall jettison, universally and without heartbreaking, what is still left of the old religious bogies. We shall cease to muddle what is essentially pure with what is dogmatically or legally or socially labeled pure. We shall be honest, not only in the sense that we shall not steal, but in the sense that we shall put an honest value on work and on production. We shall have got rid of false values; and, without every one of us becoming a Diogenes and living in a tub, we shall have seen the truth of that old story. Lastly, I honestly hope that we shall stop talking rubbish about what we do not know; that we shall stop guessing, and making ourselves and other people miserable with our guesses; that we shall banish fear, bred of ignorance, which has been master of the world so long. Then we shall begin to know something definite about something. Ultimately the old

crazy, rickety ladders will be all tumbled down, and on a ladder of truth we shall climb to Heaven. It is of no earthly importance,' said Kiriti, 'but I guess when we get there — ' He broke off abruptly.

'Yes?' I queried.

'Well, that's guessing,' he chuckled. 'I've just said we have got to stop guessing.'

And he got to his feet as if he had finished.

'Here! Hold on a minute,' said I. 'You have forgotten the charity part.'

Kiriti regarded me in silence. Then he said, rather stumbly, 'That's the practical side of religion toward other people, and it's not for me to preach it.'

And as I looked up at Kiriti and thought about him; as I remembered one or two things that I knew of Kiriti in the past; as I told myself that if Kiriti could take upon himself my sentence, or any other greater sentence, he was just the sort of man who would do it unhesitatingly, I am not ashamed to say — perhaps as I was so soon to take my leave — that a mist gathered in my eyes. For 'greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'



## TO A YOUNG MAN BENT ON ENTERING THE PROFESSORIAT

BY GEORGE BOAS

I JUDGE from your last letter that nothing will deter you from this step, that you are determined to become a teacher, and a university teacher at that. My counsel has, I see, like most counsel, been futile.

Well, you ought to make an interesting professor, but you will never make a successful one.

You are too sophisticated. You do not believe that *Marmion* is a great poem; you are bored by Dickens; you do not think that teaching is Service; you cannot edify people; you are not fond of inchoate minds; you do not think that business men are inherently swine; you do not think that professors are inherently intelligent; you are not enthusiastic about social reform; you are skeptical in religion and philosophy; you are epicurean in your enjoyment of ideas; you take nothing seriously; you have no violent prejudices; your written style does not imitate Lamb's, and you do not write of pipe and bowl and the fireside.

With all that sophistication, you naïvely think that you can be happy in an academic chair. What will you find there?

You will find that every step you make is an approach to death. Some day, for instance, you will say something ironic in your lectures. It will be spotted as ironic by one student — who will not see its target — and will be taken as literal by the others. They will repeat what they think you have said, and the people to whom they repeat it

will repeat what they think they have heard. Soon at the Faculty Club one of your colleagues will say, 'So you don't believe in God?' Or you will be dining out — oh, those dinners! — and someone will say, with half-serious jocosity, 'So you're trying to dechristianize our children?' You will look puzzled. It will finally appear that you said in class that God does not exist. You will feel somewhat foolish and will dart a look at your wife — for you will have a wife — to see if she heard. You will spend the rest of the evening trying to discover which of your students could have spread this report, so that you may infer the remark which was its source.

Finally you will remember.

You said one day in class, 'If God existed, there would be no room in the world for men who spend their days trying to prove the obvious.'

Learn above all things never to speak in metaphors or similes, in tropes or other figures of speech. Never be ironical. State facts as literally as possible, and, if you make a joke, be sure that, like the old Greek dramas, its plot is already familiar to your audience.

The penalty of irony is a reputation for cleverness, and, when that reputation is gained, no amount of serious work will balance it. 'Oh, he's a clever fellow, but no scholar.' Or, 'He's a good lecturer, but that's all.' You may make a discovery as important as the atomic structure of matter. The world will say, 'Another of his little jokes.'

You may come to the aid of a noble cause. Your aid will damn it. You will find yourself admired by a few of the less rustic students, feared by the more stupid of your colleagues, shunned by serious scholars lest your name contaminate theirs. Your penetration will be called 'destructive criticism,' as if that phrase answered it. Your most superficial observations will be suspected of having some hidden meaning. People will quote you and you will be accused of seeking a cheap notoriety.

No—above all, be literal.

But, you are thinking, some of the younger men will surely appreciate the comic spirit. The younger men in universities are worse than the older, because only prospective failures go into academic work nowadays—or men like yourself. Many of them will appreciate you. And it is they who will be your ruination. For you are doomed to be the man about whom they will cluster. There is in every university a number of *révoltés*. Some of them are genuine individuals moving in an orbit of their own. They will do you no harm. The others are just waiting for some larger and more luminous body to attract them, and, when it appears, will spin round it like electrons round the atomic nucleus. You are clever, but not clever enough to select your admirers judiciously. You are somewhat like an actor in your secret love of applause. There is in every artist, however modest, that impulse to show his works to his fellow men, that love of seeing the eye light up and the mouth broaden in a smile of satisfaction. I should not be ashamed of it—it is healthy and sane. But it will lead you to forget that your admirers are no more intelligent than your detractors. Many of them will be simply lazy-minded folk who pick up the latest style in ideas as others pick up the latest style in clothes. You are inexperienced and you won't be able to

distinguish between the people who admire you intelligently and those who admire you stupidly. At the end of a few years you will wake up to the fact that you are a fad, like Mah Jongg, crossword puzzles, or radio.

Worst of all, you will find that you cannot keep up the pace with civilization. You will be stopping occasionally to think—and civilization will have moved on. I give you five years in which to begin intellectual atrophy. After that you will grow more and more like your colleagues, except that, whereas they have been putting in their time building up a reputation for scholarship, you will have put in yours entertaining friends and students. You will find that these magazines which welcome your articles, now that they are gay and insouciant and cynical, will find them somewhat less pleasing when they become thoughtful and perplexed and bitter. Editors who formerly asked you to write for them will now regret that their readers should not share their own keen taste. This stage of receiving polite but regretful letters will last two or three more years, and you will be back at the stage of printed slips—the primordial slime from which your literary career first arose. Then you will pick up a magazine and see three or four of your old classmates on the title-page, and you will understand that you are behind the times—you, the leader of the advance guard! However intelligent you may be now, will you be intelligent enough then to understand why you are not on that title-page? Or will you make excuses for yourself?

Your wife will tell you that it is because you are too good for the magazines, that you are over the heads of the readers. But she, poor thing, will be wrong. The reason will be that your articles are tiresome. They will dwell on some little point which seems important to you because it is of fundamental

philosophic importance. But who cares for philosophy in this merry world? They will be, moreover, written in a vocabulary vitiated by scholastic associations. Their style will be just too burdened — the sentences heavy with qualifiers, the rhythm slow and monotonous, the meaning so nice as to be finicky. Your wife will not see that. She will see only your intent and will hate the editors.

In cold fact the trouble may be worse than that. That bite of yours, which sinks its white teeth into its victim and kills it without a struggle, will grow dull. Your aim will falter. Sometimes the intended victim will escape. Why? Because there is nothing more deadly to a living spirit than the collegiate air. It is poisoned by use; it has been already breathed hundreds of times. You will fight against the suffocation at first with all the vigor of youth. You will rely on your power of stirring the carbon dioxide by your thrashing arms and legs, and thus making it fit to breathe. But you will give in at length and lie down conquered.

Remember that in your formative years your contact will be only with the immature. You will never see or talk with a man of your own capacities. If your associates are not your students,

they will be your colleagues, who will be found to be even more immature than your students, for they will have attained that state of arrested development which I predict for you after what your Latin professor would call your first lustrum. There is something which appeals to one's parental instinct in a child. But there is only horror in the sight of mutilation. These stunted minds will gratify your sense of superiority at first, but soon you will awake to the horror that is in them, to the travesty which they are of the human intellect. They are no longer human beings — they are Philology, Literature, Natural Science, characters in a masque. Between them and the students, you are caught between those who have as yet learned nothing and those who can learn no more. What chance will you have for your own education?

Why go on? I have only just begun. I was told all this years ago — as soon as I showed that I wanted to be a teacher. The man who told it to me had heard it all from another. You will be writing this letter in ten or fifteen years yourself. To no end. Your correspondent will smile, as you are smiling, and say, 'Poor old codger, he certainly is bitter.'

ON LOOKING AT A COPY OF ALICE MEYNELL'S POEMS  
GIVEN ME, YEARS AGO, BY A FRIEND

BY AMY LOWELL

UPON this graying page you wrote  
A whispered greeting, long ago.  
Faint pencil-marks run to and fro  
Scoring the lines I loved to quote.

A seashore of white, shoaling sand,  
Blue creeks zigzagging through marsh-grasses,  
Sandpipers, and a wind which passes  
Cloudily silent up the land.

Upon the high edge of the sea  
A great four-master sleeps; three hours  
Her bowsprit has not cleared those flowers.  
I read and look alternately.

It all comes back again, but dim  
As pictures on a winking wall,  
Hidden save when the dark clouds fall  
Or crack to show the moon's bright rim.

I well remember what I was,  
And what I wanted. You, unwise  
With sore unwisdom, had no eyes  
For what was patently the cause.

## ALICE MEYNELL'S POEMS

So are we sport of others' blindness,  
We who could see right well alone.  
What were you made of — wood or stone?  
Yet I remember you with kindness.

You gave this book to me to ease  
The smart in me you could not heal.  
Your gift a mirror — woe or weal.  
We sat beneath the apple trees.

And I remember how they rang,  
These words, like bronze cathedral bells  
Down ancient lawns, or citadels  
Thundering with gongs where choirs sang.

Silent the sea, the earth, the sky,  
And in my heart a silent weeping.  
Who has not sown can know no reaping!  
Bitter conclusion and no lie.

O heart that sorrows, heart that bleeds,  
Heart that was never mine, your words  
Were like the pecking autumn birds  
Stealing away my garnered seeds.

No future where there is no past!  
O cherishing grief which laid me bare,  
I wrapped you like a wintry air  
About me. Poor enthusiast!

How strange that tumult, looking back.  
The ink is pale, the letters fade.  
The verses seem to be well made,  
But I have lived the almanac.



And you are dead these drifted years,  
How many I forget. And she  
Who wrote the book, her tragedy  
Long since dried up its scalding tears.

I read of her death yesterday,  
Frail lady whom I never knew  
And knew so well. Would I could strew  
Her grave with pansies, blue and gray.

Would I could stand a little space  
Under a blowing, brightening sky,  
And watch the sad leaves fall and lie  
Gently upon that lonely place.

So cried her heart, a feverish thing.  
But clay is still, and clay is cold,  
And I was young, and I am old,  
And in December what birds sing!

Go, wistful book, go back again  
Upon your shelf and gather dust.  
I've seen the glitter through the rust  
Of old, long years, I've known the pain.

I've recollected both of you,  
But I shall recollect no more.  
Between us I must shut the door.  
The living have so much to do.

## THE CHRISTIAN BITE

BY MANUEL KOMROFF

'I HATE this Christian world we live in. I hate its cheap morals, I hate its mean standards, I hate everything about it! It is all small and petty! Narrow, tight, two-by-four lives watered with a stuff called goodness and pressed into a mould hardened by tradition. The Romans were right. They cast the Christians into an arena. They fed them to lions and enjoyed every minute of it. They paid admission to see the spectacle and I'd gladly pay a good deal to see — Well, I hate them, anyway.'

These were the earnest words of Charles Adams Scott, born in Boston, the son of a clergyman. He banged his fist on the table as he raged about the narrowness of this Christian world; and little did we expect at the time that these words would start a whole series of incidents. In fact, that is how the trouble started. It began in anger and it ended almost in tears. And between the anger and the tears ran a current of unbelievable and ridiculous events.

At first I paid no attention to Scott's anger. There was one year when he hated the Germans; then he hated the French and worked himself into a frenzy about them. Only recently he opposed the rich and blamed them for a good share of the world's miseries; and now it was Christianity. Well, I did n't think it meant very much, and when I went home that evening I thought of Daniel in the lions' den and smiled at the idea. 'He's an odd fellow,' I said to myself, and went to bed to sleep through a restful night.

But I must admit that I have not had a peaceful night since.

He drove over the next morning and tooted the horn of the car. When I came to the front of the house he yelled: 'Get your hat and come to town with me. I want a witness.' He drove over to the office of a friend, an attorney.

'I want to ask you some problems in law.'

'Fire away,' said the lawyer.

'Can a man sell away his life?'

'Yes and no,' replied the lawyer.

'In the eyes of the law a man's life belongs to God alone. That is, with exceptions. But —'

'Leave out this Christian business. What are the exceptions?'

'Well, they may be numerous. In the case of a criminal the law has a right to take away his life. But there may be other exceptions also.'

'Has the law any objections to people witnessing the death of a man?'

'In the South,' replied the attorney, 'people attend hangings in great numbers.'

'That is all I want to know.' And with that we left the office.

I was too dazed to speak. I looked at Scott.

'I am not so crazy as you think,' he said. 'What is in the back of my mind is a plan that will knock this narrow Christian world into a cocked hat. I am going to stage a Roman sacrifice on a grand scale. I will hire a big place like the Yale Bowl and get a couple of lions from a menagerie and then throw in a Christian.'

'You are mad,' I cried.

'Not so mad as you think. It will be a great gesture and attract attention. It will shake the very foundations of our society.'

'You will have the world against you!'

'No, not at all. We don't have to sacrifice a good Christian — we can get hold of a bad one. And nobody can object to that. Even on their own standards they could not object.'

'What standards?'

'Christian standards!' Scott yelled.

'In the Christian world that we live in, only the good have any right of existence.'

'Surely you're not serious,' I protested. 'And where will you find this Christian for the mad gesture that you think will rock foundations?'

'Wait and see!'

That evening he showed me a copy of a letter he had typewritten to the State's Prison. He explained his plan at length and requested that he be given the next criminal who was about to be executed. He relieved the prison authorities of any trouble in the matter, and said that the criminal's death would be witnessed by thousands and any money made by the venture would be donated toward the improvement of prison conditions.

Having had no answer to his letter, at the end of a week he wrote again. In reply to his second letter he was visited by two detectives who came to find out if he was a dangerous character. His session with them lasted two and a half hours and when they left they hardly knew what he was, and they came to seek information from me. I assured them at once that it was only a sort of joke and that there was nothing seriously wrong with Scott, excepting, perhaps, his sense of humor.

'Now you have had your lesson.

Live and let live,' I said when I saw him again.

'I knew you would say something of the sort,' he replied. 'You sum it up and dispose of it with one of your tubercular proverbs. You're a cheap sport!'

It did me no good to try to point out that I had done my best to stand by him, and that while I was not wholly in sympathy with his project I still understood his motives and remained loyal. It did me little good to tell all this, for what Scott wanted to know was regarding the future. He wanted to know if I would see him through 'to the bitter end'; and if I had only known at the time what this would imply I think I should have risked our friendship rather than the mad adventure. It was mad, indeed, from start to finish. But the bark of it was worse than the bite.

Before I knew it, we were off for New York in his old, dilapidated car. 'New York,' he said, 'is the right place for such a gesture. It's the place where people will pay admission to see a real live martyr thrown to the lions.' He abandoned the idea of the Yale Bowl in favor of the City College Stadium in upper New York. This was the best neighborhood, he said, for the 'pageant.' At one time he called it a 'gesture,' at another a 'pageant,' and once he even went so far as to call it 'the lion's bite.' At all times he was in deadly earnest.

At Bridgeport came our first disappointment. We visited the winter home of the big circus and were told it was off touring in the Middle West. We were also told, however, of an old German animal-trainer who might be able to put us in the path of a lion. With a little difficulty we found the place.

'What kind of animals have you got what needs training?' asked our host.

'We came to inquire about a lion.'

'How old is it?'

'No. We want to rent one.'

'Oh,' said the German, a bit disappointed, 'you want to get one? Oh, I see.'

For a moment a heavy silence hung in the room. 'Would a couple of baby leopards do? I got first-class leopards what can eat out of your hands.'

Scott explained that only lions would be eligible, and then he added cautiously that he did not need them very highly trained, but preferred to have them hungry and ferocious.

'My animals eat the best,' protested the trainer. 'They eat the same as I eat. Many a man would be glad to get such good food.'

Scott did not disclose his venture for fear that the trainer would feel that the lions were endangered by this Christian bite. The German seemed very cautious and wanted to know again if his pair of leopards would not do.

In the yard, along the wall of which grew sunflowers, stood a row of box-like cages, mostly empty. In one of these the keeper had a lioness, but I cannot say I should have recognized the beast as such. She was far removed from my picture-book and menagerie experiences. But the keeper insisted that she was of first-class parentage, though I must say that her looks would hardly have gained her admission to the cartoon pages of *Punch*.

'What you want, Scott,' I said, 'is a regular British lion. One with a good dark mane and a wide, flat nose.'

'When we brush her up,' said the keeper, 'you will not recognize her. She is beautiful. When I lend her out for motion pictures — Did you see the picture, "The Man Who Is Slapped"? Well, she photographs like a million dollars. When I brush her up I give her a little hair dye in the collar and bring it all up high — big all around. She is beautiful. My wife loves her.'

'What is her name?' asked Scott.

'Fanny. My wife calls her Fanny.'

'Is she the only one you have?'

'That's the only baby in Bridgeport; the rest is traveling.'

Scott bit his lips. He was vexed. He mumbled something to me — something about making the best of a bad business. Then he spoke privately to the trainer and they walked to the back of the yard and stood among the sunflowers. At length I heard that the deal had been made, and Fanny, box and all, was lifted out of the yard and put into the back of our car. We covered the box with a rug, and off we started.

'Take my advice,' I said, 'and avoid the Boston Road.'

'You are too darned cautious,' Scott replied. He drove on. Evening was approaching and I began to get worried.

All this time Fanny had been very well behaved, and I feared that now she might kick up and begin to protest. But nothing happened. I could hear her tail knocking against the boards of her box. I kept trying to persuade Scott that the venture was an impossible one and that no good could come of it. But he only pointed his finger at me and said: 'Remember your promise. On to New York!'

Once I even said to him: 'Look at Ingersoll. With all his eloquence he was unable to make any noticeable impression on Christianity. Then what will you do with your fleabite?'

'That's the trouble,' he replied. 'Ingersoll tried to reason with them. You can't reason with a religion — you can only ridicule it or show it up. We will show it up. Then you will hear them holler. You will see! Remember your promise! You will see!'

'Shall we rent an apartment for Fanny or will she live à la carte in a hotel?' I asked in a sarcastic voice.

He stopped the car. He needed time to think. At length he decided that

we would make our headquarters in a roadhouse not far from White Plains. This would be near enough to New York to allow us to visit the city daily.

The plan was not a bad one. We secured two rooms in this country hotel and parked Fanny in a little garage in the back yard. They gave us a key to the padlock on the door of the garage, and all seemed well. The only funny part about it was the name of the hotel. It was called the Blue Mouse, and I tried to invent all kinds of puns about the lion and the mouse. But Scott would stop me and say: 'Cut it out. Can't you be serious about anything?' As a matter of fact the puns were like trying to whistle to keep up courage. Then Scott would say, pointing his finger: 'Remember your promise. Now where do you think we shall find our Christian?'

At first he was going to ask the girls in the Blue Mouse, but I protested. I told him they would never understand—they were only country girls, innocent in all things, excepting perhaps sex matters, which they learn in detail from the movies. I said that I was wholly against complicating our problems with the fair sex. 'We should look for a man—a Christian man in New York,' I said. It would be difficult, but I thought he could be found.

'Ah!' exclaimed Scott. 'A woman in the arena, eaten by a lion! That's what would make the sensation. That's the gesture to give them.'

But I insisted on a man. 'Suppose you make this deal with a woman,' I argued, 'and we bring her here to the hotel for the rehearsals and —'

'Rehearsals!' he cried.

'Yes, rehearsals. How else are you going to manage? Can you dare risk it without pumping up her courage? Suppose we are already in the arena, and the wild beast is let loose, and the woman jumps up into the lower boxes

— what are you going to do? Who will throw her back to the beast? Will you? And suppose the night before the performance she begins to weaken and tears roll from her eyes and she sobs about her mother and reminds you that she was once a little girl and— Well, who will comfort her? Will you? No—we must have a man. A man who understands. A man of courage.'

The task was not an easy one, but after several days we found a hobo in a Bowery mission who was willing, for five hundred dollars, to go through with this deal. Of course he wanted to know if there was n't anything else he could do for the same money. But at last he consented.

'What is your name?' I asked, as he got into the back of the car.

'Evans—Billy Evans,' he mumbled in his toothless mouth.

'Evans is a good old name,' I remarked. 'You won't fail us?'

'I give you my word as a gentleman,' he replied, and put forward his knotty hand for me to shake. Then he shook hands with Scott, too, for at that time he did not know which of us was going to pay out the money.

When we got him to the Blue Mouse we explained the plan in detail. He listened; but when we asked him if he knew anything about the old Christian martyrs he said in his deep, whiskeyed voice, 'Do they serve any sandwiches here?'

'The poor man is hungry,' I cried, and rang for the waiter.

'What kind would you like?' said the waiter, as he named half a dozen.

'Bring one of each,' said Scott, who did not fancy the interruption.

While the hungry man ate and drank near-beer Scott continued with the plan. 'Now of course the five hundred dollars goes to any person you desire to leave it to. The whole business is for the benefit of humanity. Your name



will live in history.' The hungry man munched the sandwiches and drank the beer. When he was through he wanted to know if he could have a cup of coffee.

While he drank the coffee and wiped his unshaved chin Scott went on. 'The main reason for going to all this trouble and doing this is to show the world that there are some people who have a great contempt for Christianity, who feel that on the whole Christianity has been a force for evil and bad. The world has refused to listen to reason, but a spectacle of this kind will demand attention and give courage to those who feel as we do but have been too weak to say so.' When the coffee was finished a bell announced that dinner was ready.

'I feel now,' said Scott, 'that we have made great strides. To-morrow you run down and engage the City College Stadium for an afternoon about two weeks from now.'

'You insist on the City College Stadium?' I said.

'There are many reasons. I have given the matter a good deal of thought. In the first place it resembles a Roman arena, and has a large seating-capacity. Then one side is closed with a high iron fence, so that Fanny could not escape. Besides, it is situated in a desirable part of the city. Nobody in that section could really object to the sacrifice of a Christian — in fact, most of them would enjoy it. It is the most desirable place. You arrange for it, and I will continue instructing the main actor and settle with a printer for tickets and posters.—By the way,' he added, 'I think you feed Fanny too much.'

That night we had turtle soup and broiled chicken for supper, after which we sat on the porch and smoked cigars — and so did the hobo.

Then I called Scott aside. 'There is just this that came into my mind. We know very little about this fellow. Are

you sure he is a Christian? The mere fact that we found him at a mission means nothing. We certainly cannot go any further unless we find out. It would be a great joke on us if it were discovered when it was over that he was n't a Christian after all.'

'What is the test of a Christian?'

I had to admit that I did not know.

'Well, now, let's see,' Scott reasoned. 'He is not a Chinaman or an Eskimo. He is not a Buddhist from India or a Mohammedan from Turkey. He is certainly not a Zionist. Then what else can he be?' My fears were pacified.

In the morning we had a long talk with Billy Evans. He was a Christian all right, though he admitted he never practised at it very regularly. He said: 'Me and my missus parted company in Chicago ten year back. Our little girl was confirmed in church. Church is for the womenfolk, says I. It's no place for a fellow who feels his independence.'

'Then how did you happen to come to the mission?' I asked.

'Coffee and buns,' he answered. 'All you do is confess something and the rest is easy.'

'You see!' said Scott indignantly. 'We will teach them a lesson. To take starving men and force ethics into them before they can get a cup of coffee!'

'Without sugar,' added the tramp. 'I wonder if they got any more of them sandwiches left.' Between meals he ate sandwiches and drank near-beer. In fact, he ate all day long, and I soon feared that indigestion might take him from us. At the same time I starved Fanny — I gave her nothing to eat for two whole days. She rolled her eyes and flopped her heavy tail against the side of the box. It was a plan to make her ferocious, so that when the time came she would not fail us.

All this while I avoided going down to New York to arrange for the Stadium. I found first one excuse, then

another; how much longer I could postpone it I did not know. Surely something must happen, I thought, that would put an end to this mad adventure. Then Evans announced, 'I decided to leave the money to the missus.'

'How will you locate her?'

'I will send her a letter. Her brother in New York has a plumber business on Third Avenue.'

'All right,' I said. 'Write your letter at once.'

'I will,' he said, 'but how about five dollars now for myself?'

I called Scott, who gave him five dollars on the promise that he would not run away.

'I only want to get a haircut and a shave,' he added. And sure enough he came back to the Blue Mouse — in time for lunch.

While he was out Scott said to me, 'I guess it's time to start the rehearsals.' I had no idea, of course, how an affair of this kind could be rehearsed, and could offer no suggestions. But Scott now had definite notions about the matter, and asked me to secure for him a lady's nightgown. That is exactly what he said. He did not say, 'Steal a nightgown for me'; he did not say, 'Borrow a nightgown,' and he did not say, 'Buy a nightgown.' All he said was 'Secure a nightgown.' He left it all to me — and it was most embarrassing.

You can well imagine the mood I was in. I went out into the back yard, unlocked the little garage, sat down on the running-board of the car, and looked at Fanny. 'Poor Fanny,' I mumbled. 'Poor Fanny. Here we brought you away from home, and separated you from your trainer's wife, who loves you, on a darn fool mission that was never any good from the start and will end the same way. And now we have starved you for two days so that the pangs of hunger will force you to eat this Christian

hobo — and that's no kind of diet for a lady. Yes, my dear, you will have a nice Christian bite, but it's more than likely that it will give you indigestion. Poor Fanny — you are a beast and I am a beast too. Forgive me, Fanny. My heart was never set on this adventure — I was humbugged into it.' Fanny pricked up her ears, rolled her big watery eyes, and flopped her tail against the box.

'Yes, my dear, you will have a Christian bite,' I continued, forgetting all about the nightgown. 'A nice Christian bite; but what would you do, Fanny, if I opened your box and let you loose? You great big overgrown cat, what would you do? Could you find your way home to Bridgeport?'

Just as I was saying this the colored porter passed the open garage door with a garbage can that he had emptied.

'Morning, boss,' he called. 'How is your zoo behaving?'

'Fine and dandy,' I replied.

He stuck his head in. 'Still sleeping,' he remarked.

'No, she's just kind of lazy,' I said.

'How would she like a nice cup of coffee to brace her up?'

'As far as I am concerned, you can give her iodine,' I said.

In a minute he returned with a big pot of coffee. I poured it into Fanny's pan and locked the garage. While giving the colored man his tip I reminded myself of the nightgown. He was just the right person to ask, and it seemed a stroke of genius, for in less than half an hour he delivered to my room a lacy-silk orchid-colored affair.

In the evening of that day I heard a great commotion. Scott rushed into my room, the nightgown in his hand. He was boiling with rage.

'Is this what you got?' he thundered. 'Are you trying to make a fool of me? Did you ever hear of a Christian martyr in a pink nightgown?'

'It's not pink,' I murmured.

The rehearsal was postponed until the next day. In the morning I returned the silken gown to the porter, who wanted to know if I would not like another pot of coffee for the zoo. As Fanny had not had any food for days I thought a little stimulant might do no harm, and we gave her the coffee. Then I went in search of a department store to buy a white-cotton regulation Christian martyr nightgown.

When I returned I was met by the colored porter, who cried, 'Hurry up, boss! Your zoo is kicking up a big holler!'

Sure enough, Fanny was letting loose her wild jungle cries. 'There is nothing to be done,' I said. 'If she wants to holler, let her holler.'

While we were eating lunch we heard her again. Scott remarked that he did not know she had it in her. But the poor hobo was as pale as the cotton nightgown I had bought. The color he had taken on during the week had all vanished in a moment. 'Now I wish I had n't written that letter,' he remarked, as he passed his plate for another helping of pie.

Fanny was quiet all afternoon. I paid her two visits and finally came to Scott to announce that the poor beast was sick. I told him she was so weak that if the performance were to take place that day the Christian would probably eat the lion; her condition was such that she would n't mind who bit her.

'What made her sick?' he asked.

'Starvation,' I thought. But I also mentioned the coffee as a possibility.

Scott directed me to go at once to a first-class butcher shop and buy a good sirloin steak. 'That will fix her up,' he said. And while I was gone they would begin rehearsing.

Little did I suspect, when I set out in search of the butcher, what was

waiting for me on my return. For that matter, little did I suspect, when we left Boston, what madness and folly I was to be led into. I wandered about aimlessly, looking for a butcher shop in streets where I was certain none could be. It was what psychologists call an escape mechanism. I was trying to escape. I was like Fanny in her box. I did not dare to face reality. It was all so impossible, so incredible, so unbelievable, so insane. I did not want to find a butcher and return with a sirloin steak. I made all kinds of wishes as I walked. I wished a policeman would come up to me and arrest me; I wished a passing automobile would run over me; I wished Fanny would break loose and run home; I wished all kinds of things, until I found myself actually in a plain, matter-of-fact butcher shop.

When I got back to Fanny she was lying on her side, jerking her legs, in the grip of a violent hiccough. 'Here's a nice little steak for you, Fanny,' I said, as I worked the five-pound sirloin through the bars. But she could not be tempted. I waited a moment and then pushed the steak up to her nose, but she would not have it. In fact, we might have found this out before if we had n't been such fools. Then I ran to the house to give the news. It was good news for me, and I made up my mind how to say it. I was going to run up the stairs, burst open the door, and cry, 'It's all off! She don't eat meat!' I repeated the words as I ran.

Just then a limousine drove up to the front door and I could hear a slight commotion, but I did not stop. I ran up the stairs and threw open the door, but I was speechless.

In the middle of the room stood the hobo smoking a cigar; over his clothes hung the white nightgown, which draped around his big shoes. Scott

was under the table pretending he was the raging lion.

'When I growl,' he said, 'you roll your eyes and look spiritual.'

People had followed me up the stairs, and before I had time to cry, 'She don't eat meat!' a crowd was already in the room. Scott stuck his head out from under the table as a woman cried: 'Billy! Billy!' and flung herself into the arms of the hobo. 'It's not too late, Billy. It's not too late,' she sobbed, and tears rolled down her cheeks.

In the meantime her young companion was dragging Scott out from under the table and shouting, 'I'll teach you how to take advantage of a poor old man! I'll teach you all right! I'll teach you!'

Then the woman turned on me, but the hobo pacified them by saying: 'The boys is all right. They're a bunch of nuts, but they mean right.' Then he turned to us and said by way of explanation, 'That's my missus.'

'I have a good mind to turn you over to the police!' shouted the 'missus.' Her head and neck were covered with artificial jewels of great size, and as she spoke they clanked.

It was impossible to explain. There was nothing to say. When the night-gown was torn off our Christian he stood looking about as though in a daze.

'Our car is downstairs, Billy. Maggie will be home when we get there. She is working to-night in the Fox studio. She doubles for the star.' Then, turning to us, she said proudly: 'That's my daughter, and it's mother's love what did it. Mother's love,' she repeated. 'It's good we are not too late. It's good he wrote me. We don't want your old money!' she cried, and drew a letter from her large beaded bag and threw it on the table. Tears came to her eyes. 'What mother's love did for my daughter it can also do for my Billy-Boy.' She kissed him again.

In another moment they were gone. Oh, what a sense of relief! Then I whispered to Scott: 'Well, it's good they are gone. Fanny don't eat meat anyway. We might have found it out before, but we did n't. She is terribly sick, and if she dies on our hands — and we have a dead cat to bring back to Bridgeport — what can we tell Mr. Kraus, the keeper, and his wife who loves her? What can we say?' We were just in the mood for a long tale of woe, and I went on and on.

At length Scott could stand it no longer. He jumped to his feet and cried, 'Come, pack your bag!' This was the happiest moment in my life.

That very night we returned Fanny to her old home — her sunflowered back yard in Bridgeport. We deposited the box in its place, and Scott went into the house to settle with the keeper while I remained in the yard to say good-bye to Fanny. I walked up and down in front of the cage. 'Good-bye, Fanny,' I said. 'It's all for the best. Here is where you belong instead of that old stuffy garage in back of the Blue Mouse. You have been a good girl, Fanny. You are a perfect lady even though you don't eat meat. I hope you will forgive us, Fanny. This whole scheme was hardly right from the start. You were roped in and I was roped in. It was a lot of noise and nothing more. You were the only one who acted with any dignity. I guess you understand a good deal more than people think. Yes, you're a good old girl, Fanny; you have more brains than we and I hope you'll forgive us. We live in a civilized world, and martyrs are different now. You know what I mean by civilized; by civilized I mean half-and-half. Scott's idea is not a bad one, — you know you must give the Devil his due, — but the way he goes about it is all wrong. He should write a book instead of going in for arena affairs that threaten to be

messy and land him in jail. If he feels the way he does about Christianity he should at least be a gentleman about it. That is what I have tried to tell him, but he would not listen to reason. I wish you could speak to him. I wish you could only say you forgive us. Good-bye, Fanny. You are a perfect lady, and I will always love you. Good-bye.' As we went out of the gate I could again hear the dull knock of her tail against the hollow sides of her box, and I felt she understood.

We remained in a Bridgeport hotel overnight. The next day was Sunday, and to avoid the heavy traffic of the Boston Road we started at daybreak and ran on full speed. At last we were returning home, and my gladness burst out into a tuneful whistle. But Scott jerked at the wheel and the clutch of the car, and I could tell he was angry.

We reached Boston before noon. The trees along the avenue seemed black against the sky. At last we were hardly a mile from home, when suddenly, as though it were all staged for our arrival, the church bells began ringing. First one church, then another, and in the distance we heard a third. With every stroke Scott winced. Now he could stand it no longer, and suddenly stopped the car in front of the next church. The large doors were open and we could hear the slow, beating, low notes of the organ. Little girls in white dresses hurried up the stone steps.

'I won't give it up!' Scott cried. 'I am not going to lie down so easily. I will face them in their own den. I will preach them the kind of sermon they need. Narrow, tight, bigoted fools! I will show them what they are. You just wait until the music stops and see what happens. I won't be cowed by a lot of cheap sentiments! I won't be beaten by ragtime moralists! Peddlers in

secondhand ideals! Cowards — that's what they are! They are afraid to face the world as it is. They run away from it every Sunday. But they won't run away from me! Wait till their spiritual band stops playing. And when I run in, you close the doors! Don't fail!' He clutched me by the collar.

'You will be arrested!' I stammered.

'So much the better! Then the whole world will know.'

He loosened his hold, and I thrust my hands into my coat pockets as I waited for the organ to stop playing. Suddenly I discovered a letter in one of my pockets. I pulled it out and looked at it.

'What are you reading?' growled Scott.

'It's the letter the hobo wrote to his "missus."'

We both read: —

DEAR TILLY: —

By the time you get this I will be ate by a hungry lion. Go and get 500 bucks from the boys in the Blue Mouse hotel. Love to Maggie.

Yours all eaten up,  
BILLY

It was hard to believe, but there it was. And to make sure that my eyes did not fool me I read it again, this time aloud. I wanted to laugh, but I did not dare. At length, after a long and painful silence, we left the church. Suddenly Scott stopped the car and pointed to an old house opposite.

'There is where Henry Adams lived,' he said, and took off his hat. 'He knew it was useless. He knew it was hopeless. He knew that it was all wrong. He was a man. He was a thorn in the side of society. He was a democratic aristocrat. He showed them what they were — narrow, tight, two-by-four, cheap peddlers in worn-out ideals! Sentimental bigots! But what use was it? Here we are — and it's Sunday!'



## CREATION

BY FREDERICK J. E. WOODBRIDGE

### I

IT is not the aim of this article to add to a popular controversy. It is rather to consider a doctrine which, whether it is sound or not, is worth respectful attention. The doctrine is not new. It has commanded respectful attention repeatedly in the past because its foundation is an obvious fact of experience which, when followed far, has the power to provoke the consciousness of things spiritual. Creating itself the sense that something has been said which is both significant and profound, it may affect the mind as a revelation, calling for hearty acceptance and averse to doubting criticism. It has had that effect. There is about it a simple yet subtle beauty, which the imaginative are quick to appreciate and which even the dull may feel with a vague sense of a mystery too high for them. It is thus an accessible doctrine. It requires little learning to feel its force and may admit much learning with no diminution of its power. Its aesthetic quality is so high that a connoisseur in doctrines might wish to keep it a precious possession even when he did not embrace it as his faith.

As I have said, the foundation of the doctrine is an obvious fact of experience. Its expressions, consequently, have not necessarily been confined to any particular time, place, or people. One might be led to it independently, through reflection, without the bias of dogma or tradition. Scholars have traced its ramifications far. Yet for

most of us, on account of our history and education, the most popular expression of the doctrine is found in the Bible and particularly in the first chapter of Genesis. 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.'

Few of those to whom these words have been familiar since childhood will recall any doubt or difficulty connected with their first hearing. I cannot trust my own memory of them. When I attempt to recover their first impression, I am acutely conscious that I am reading them in the light of subsequent study and reflection. Yet I venture to believe that I believed them, not because there was lacking in my knowledge and experience the ground for a competing belief, but because my experience supported them. It is, however, probably improper to speak of believing them at all, for speaking of them in that way seems to imply that they were subjected to scrutiny, made a matter of reflection, and then accepted because they seemed warranted. This, it is reasonably certain, did not happen. When I speak, as I just now did, of believing them, — not because there was no experience against them, but because experience was on their side, — I am speaking as a man

trying to recover an impression of childhood and find a natural motivation for it. Very likely if I had been told with the competent authority of my parents something else about the beginning of things, I should have accepted it with a similar absence of questionings. Their business was, among other things, to instruct me. They were a living encyclopædia for children, lacking in patience at times and at times amused over questions asked in no sense of humor, but they were never inadequate in knowledge. They knew enough to name the animals when asked, so that a child could hardly be surprised at Adam's similar skill. Their speech was creative. At their command things appeared and disappeared, doors were opened and shut, lights were lit and put out. They said, Let there be dinner: and there was dinner. Let us go for a walk: and we went for a walk. Let us make a house of these cards: and of these cards a house was made. They could do whatever they were willing to say they would do, and answer any question they were willing to answer. So while I might readily have accepted any answer they might have given to a question about the beginning of things, it could have been no surprise to learn that God spake and things were made. The creative power of speech has warrant in the experience of a child.

Whether this is a correct rendering of an experience of my own childhood — its reasonable psychology, so to speak — I do not know. But this I know, that repeated readings of the first chapter of Genesis in later years have progressively exalted its doctrine about God's voice, so that when I now try to recover the impression which the first attentive hearing of it may have made upon me I find myself wondering at its doctrine, undisturbed by problems of natural history. Indeed,

in this respect I must confess to what may be considered a prejudice, for I can neither hear nor read a controversy between Genesis and science without feeling that it is a perversion of something essentially sublime. In saying this, I would not be misunderstood. I cannot take the chapter as an equivalent or substitute for science. I can understand how the unintelligent might, finding a story instead of a doctrine. And I can understand how the unimaginative might, tying the doctrine to the literal details of the story. But I must confess again, and this time doubtless with a show of intellectual egotism, that for me a controversy between Genesis and science is one in which only the unintelligent or the unimaginative will engage. I could rejoice in all the trouble and perturbations of mind they will enjoy, were it not for the conviction that they are engaging in something trivial and absurd, and needlessly defacing something beautiful. The doctrine that speech is creative, that existence is evoked with words, that chaos commanded is order, is a doctrine so engaging that the first chapter of Genesis impresses me, not with puerilities in natural history, but with sublimity in spiritual insight.

## II

Under the power of this impression, I can readily believe that, if we are to entertain a doctrine of creation at all seriously, it will be to the doctrine of Genesis that we are ultimately led. For we seek the adequate expression of existence. Like children bringing animals to parents to see what they would call them, we bring the items of existence to the wise to see how these items are most appropriately voiced. We would be told what they are. And the wise are supposed to be

competent for the telling. Their voice brings light. This is an experience so familiar and useful that we may ask questions, go to school, read books, write them, and spend a lifetime in inquiry with little wonder at the simple fact that all this enterprise of learning is an attempt to get existence into words — a faith that things are what they are ultimately said to be. They have names — such an astonishing variety of them when we consider the diversity of human speech, and such a preposterous jumble of them when their makers become extravagant, that we can easily assent to the opinion that names are conventional marks, 'wise men's counters,' but 'the money of fools,' and yet, when we ask the astronomer what that bright star in the zenith is and he says it is Vega, the most intelligent among us enjoys the illusion that he has learned something. He has felt the evoking power of the voice. Even when words are so arranged that they mean nothing or are contradictory, it is hard to escape the impression that something has been said. Philosophers have invented subsistence for the round square, believing that, since the thing can be named, it must somehow be. The power of words is great.

We may deny them omnipotence. They are easily stilled, like Hamlet's voice, by a scratch from poisoned steel. But Hamlet's last words are the thrilling commentary on the fact — 'the rest is silence.' Rob existence of the voice, let there be no expression, no utterance anywhere, let nothing ever be said in the beginning; then the rest — is it even silence? The voice has to be evoked to name its absence. In a dumb world there may be power, brute and inarticulate. We have the habit of saying so even when it passes all our wit to tell what that power is, to name it otherwise than in terms of

its expressions or in terms like 'the unknowable,' which imply no more than the obvious fact that without expression it is unexpressed. The 'unknowable,' the 'infinite,' the 'absolute,' 'God,' are all imposing words like 'the rest is silence.' They create in us the vast sense, ushering us into the presence of immensity. Unless, however, they carry with them the implication of possible expression and possible utterance, they are empty sounds, or leave us, like the Ancient Mariner, desperately aloof.

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been  
Alone on a wide, wide sea:  
So lonely 't was, that God Himself  
Scarce seem'd there to be.

We may deny words omnipotence, yet without them omnipotence means nothing at all. Nor does anything else. The fact is obvious, as obvious as the questioning child who takes a dog to his father to see what he will call it. The power of words is evocation, and this power boasts omnipotence when it claims to tell in a book what heaven and earth are.

Perhaps the writer of the first chapter of Genesis did not have all this in mind, but the reader of it may. I like to think that he did. I like to think of him pondering over what happened in the beginning and being driven to say: 'A Voice.' That would make him a poet at least. He would then write a beautiful story of creation, telling how, in the beginning, God spoke and there was light, enough for evening and morning, enough for the first day; enough too, we may say, for God to see by to do what remained to be done as evening and morning came round again — a week's work, naturally, with the last day to rest in and think it over. Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. The last deed was man, made in God's

image, after His likeness, a second voice which would tell again and again to children how heaven and earth are made, and which will never be content with the telling until this vast scheme of things is adequately voiced in human speech. And God saw, by the light He had first created, everything that He had made, and it was very good. It is a story which children and poets can understand.

And I can imagine the poet's consternation when somebody asked him, in earnest or in scorn, if he seriously thought that God had a voice-box with vocal cords in it. Did God speak to chaos in English? Evidently the poet had not thought of that difficulty. Forced to think of it, I can imagine that he became a little afraid for his story, foreseeing times when some men in fear and even in reverence would nickname the story itself God's Word, while others would set it down as an interesting contribution to the mythology of the race. But, being a very great poet, he was willing to let it go its way. He knew it would be read, at least by children and poets, and that was a fairly large audience. He knew too that, as a doctrine of creation, it was sound.

Of course these are my imaginings, literary devices to win the attention of a reader. But, dear reader, I have no desire to deceive you or trick you with pretty phrases. I would share my enthusiasm for a doctrine of creation which is the profoundest that I know, but I will satisfy no man's curiosity as to whether I believe it or not. That is not an important matter. And I am not sure that any doctrine of creation is an important matter. What things become in the end is much more interesting and probably much more important than what they were in the beginning, as it is better to die well than to be well born. Perhaps heaven

and earth were never created, but if they were — if there was once brought into being this solid and substantial scheme of things which all our science is now trying to render intelligible in human speech, fondly believing that, by saying what existence is, darkness gives place to light and chaos to order — by what name shall we call that omnipotence which wrought so great a work? Saint Thomas says: 'This is what men call God.' But how did God create? 'He spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.' Otherwise how could it ever happen that, by man's speech, what God had created would be called into the light of knowledge? Creation is response to a call. This is the doctrine of saints and poets and philosophers.

### III

If one will not have a doctrine of creation, one need not therefore hastily dismiss the doctrine of the voice. For, whatever else the first chapter of Genesis may be believed to be, it is man's speaking glorified. That is a matter worth attention. The greatest of all miracles is human speech, and he who is convinced of this one will rarely be tempted to ask for another. But we are so familiar with it that contempt is bred, leading us to say that silence is golden, while for speech we use the metaphor of the baser metal. The vain babblings of men, their silly talk, their absurd opinions absurdly expressed, their sentimental blessings and profane cursings, and the shrieking discord of unmusical voices ragtimed with the gear of eating, may drive us to take refuge in a silence which is really golden. But it is their silence, not ours. We escape to talk with more congenial souls or best of all, possibly, with ourselves. And who can fully confess this latter intimate

conversation? I would not suggest that it is unprintable. At times it may be, but enough has already been printed by confessors to make further publication of that kind superfluous. I speak of a golden silence. The noises of the world are stilled. We are alone with ourselves. We speak. We listen. Beauty, truth, goodness, joy, terror, evil, anguish, despair, hope — desperately trying to say what it is to be, and this in a world where atoms combine by law — it is the miracle of the voice. I do not mean by this that we must set it down as an infraction of what we call the laws of nature. It is sheer wonder that from the world in which we are born and shall die, and in which we are such little bodies, we may escape into that private communion with ourselves in which we sense the limitless reaches of what might be said. It is our voice that speaks. It speaks with an egotism ridiculous, pathetic, and sublime — *my* wife, *my* children, *my* home, *my* neighbor, *my* doctor, *my* banker, *my* minister, *my* publisher, *my* country, *my* world, *my* life, *my* fate, *my* God! The privacy of our own voice is the possession of what it utters.

I talk with my neighbor. There is public conversation in which good taste would suppress egotism by translating the personal pronoun into the more objective article even when we distractedly say that *the* world is too much with *us*. But we would speak to our neighbor objectively. We would tell him the truth, or at least have him believe that the truth had been told; not *my* truth, but *the* truth unshadowed by any personal slant. That is what I am doing here. Dear reader, you are not at all at liberty to suppose that the words I have here set down are but the record of my own babblings. They are my words only because I am the agent of their utterance. The

meaning they convey is not mine, but something quite independent of me. I discovered it and I am expecting you to discover it similarly. You are expected to understand what I am saying from the fact that I am saying it. If you do not, the fault may be mine because I am not clear, or yours because you are stupid. But neither you nor I believe that the truth of what I am saying is ultimately determined by your authority or mine, or, if you will forgive me, that your understanding has anything to do with the matter. Neither has mine. Both you and I may not understand what Professor Einstein has to say. Sometimes I am tempted to think he himself does not understand. But you and he and I are at least under the illusion that he has said something which we might understand and which may be true. Impersonal conversation, objective speech, makes its own startling claim. The writer of Genesis did not say, 'It seems to me.'

We may test the effect of objective speech by the simplest experiments. 'My heart leaps up when I behold a rainbow in the sky.' Wordsworth's heart, yes — but how about yours and mine? Change 'my' to 'the' and 'I' to 'anybody' with the appropriate verb to follow — the line then loses in poetic form, but it gains a power it did not have before, the logical power of objective speech. It is unimportant who said it. It is important only if true. If true, its truth may be enhanced by the personal form, winning thereby a lyric outburst, but if it is not true the personal form expresses only an idiosyncrasy. Here, then, is the miracle of the voice a second time. Changing Aaron's rod into a serpent pales before changing 'my' into 'the.' The former smacks of magic, for the Egyptians could work a similar miracle; and, although Aaron's serpent

swallowed theirs, the change from 'my' to 'the' swallows his and forces us to look for truth. It does not matter what our tests of truth may be. Let us be as pragmatic as we will, the fact still stands that the objective world is called to our attention by the voice. By simply dropping personal forms of speech we find ourselves transported into a world which we dare no longer call our own. It is *The World*. It possesses us. From it we came and to it we shall return. It holds our family, our doctor, our country, our fate, our God, in the hollow of its hand. I speak truthfully with my neighbor, and he becomes no longer mine and what we say is no longer ours.

I speak to the world; in questions, to be sure, but in the confident belief that, if these questions are properly framed rightly to guide my eye and hand and thought, the world will answer in its own way and with singleness of meaning. It is the common belief of men. They seem never to have been taught it and never to have acquired it. It is simply the voice operating. They evidently acquired, during their natural history, the human sounds and particular words they use, as we acquired the speech of our ancestors or learn a foreign tongue; but the power to make a noise is not the expectation of an answer to a question. It is not the interrogative mood. Inquisition is as natural to the voice as oxidation is to the air. Our first words and even our first inarticulate cries are explorations calling for something quite different from their own echoes. Answers will come to them either as yes or no. And the answers that have come to man's questions — his science, his literature, his art, his institutions, his religion — have eventually determined his excellence and his power. Through them he comes into and justifies his dominion. This is a platitude of his pride, but it

suggests again the miracle of the voice.

But that he should believe it! Although that belief is natural, untaught, and unacquired, although it is simply the voice's operation and effect which we habitually accept without scrutiny or surprise, it is the belief that the whole of existence might be rendered in words, that there is possible an adequate utterance of what all things are. The change of 'my' into 'the' is perhaps far less wonderful than the change of things into words and of words back again into things. Or if we will have it that words themselves are things, since they are either sounds in the air or the equivalents of these in our bodies, we still face the fact that, among all the sorts of things there are, there is one sort which presumes to dictate to all the rest, to tell them what they are. Adam's success in naming the animals was a trivial achievement compared with that which he would come to believe was in his power. He would name everything else — the flowers of the field, the stars in the sky, the minerals in the earth, elements, ions, protons, complexes. His chief interest, however, would continue to be in the animals. Brooding over the chaos of living forms, he would speak, expecting light and order. He would put into words a story of how these forms came to be and call it '*The Origin of Species*' or '*The Descent of Man*.'

#### IV

It would seem, therefore, that words deserve metaphysical as well as literary and rhetorical cultivation. At least they deserve moral respect. I gladly give them that because, as the president of the Canadian Pacific once reminded me, I have made my living by them. They have economic value. The vendor of them, he who sells this food of the soul, usually enjoys a much



higher social recognition than he who sells the food of the body. Writers have always been more preciously esteemed than farmers, butchers, or grocers, in spite of the fact that without these latter the former could not live. And yet an immortal butcher is a contradiction in terms. This might very well be cited as another illustration of the miracle of the voice. The wonder of it grows. But I am now trying, as a scientist ought, to strip the voice of its wonder, explain the miracle, and reduce it to the simple fact that it is. We are done with poetry and are coming to sense. So we stress the economic value of words as a first step in the direction of sanity.

We must rate it high, but high now as a matter of economics and not as a matter of morals or social estimation. The exact computation of it has, so far as I know, never been made, but it is clear that it would run into billions and exceed that of any other commodity. Writers have the false impression that publishers get most of it because publishers are able to pay writers and still have a good deal left for their own consumption. But it is bankers and financiers generally who profit most. That is why there is so much popular criticism of them. They eventually get the money. And it is natural that they should. For all this dealing with words, this buying and selling of them, this asking and paying for a loaf of bread at the baker's, is in the last analysis a dealing in promises. It is a mistake to suppose that the banker makes money by dealing in money. He often has very little of that commodity. He deals in promises, and promises sometimes come very high and can be negotiated with only a promise to secure them. We are wont to say that a man's word is as good as his bond, forgetting that proverbs so often reverse the order of experience.

A bond is only as good as a word somewhere. If a man has command of that word, only then does he have a bond. This is a natural fact by which bankers profit. They profit by it so enormously — winning, apparently, command of both industry and civilization — that it is not surprising that the rest of us should so often look at them in envy or in fear.

A promise is a promise either to pay or to do. Unless the something promised is either paid or done, or unless there is belief that it will be paid or done, the promise is worthless. This fact, however, should not make us blind. It should not lead us so to exalt the things promised that we forget that their viability, their passing from hand to hand, their going here and going there, their proximate and ultimate exchange, are all effected through an elaborate machinery which would crumble to pieces if promises were not kept. It does crumble in part at times, so that men may suffer panic and disaster although nothing whatever may have happened to the material riches of the earth. Men may starve in the presence of plenty simply because a promise has not been kept. The reason is that words are the prime medium of exchange. Economists have a habit of saying that money is that, although they know well enough that a dollar may be printed as well as coined. They ought not to be surprised at the childlike faith of the buncoed rustic who, believing that he has bought from his swindler a genuine plate from the Bureau of Engraving, believes also that bills printed from it are not counterfeit, but genuine currency, so that his own moral fault is negligible compared with the benefits he can confer without really harming anybody. Governments in their despair often fall back on this faith as their last financial resource. And it is quite clear

that if promises were always kept we should need no other money than recorded words, so evidently are they the medium of exchange.

Their economic value is but one instance of their logical power. When they are literally bought and sold, like commercial notes, or even this article, they are more than ink and paper. They effect first of all an exchange of ideas. There is no need of deep philosophical insight to see that this power of them is behind and fundamental to their economic value. It carries us out of the market place into metaphysics. All things are exchanged for words and words for all things, as goods for gold and gold for goods. Old Heraclitus said it long ago. He spoke of fire, using that element as the glowing symbol of the word, so convinced was he that existence is consumed in speech. We seem unable to get away from the miracle after all. But we should try. Our spiritual business, the enterprise which we put on top of our buying and selling in the market, on top of our producing things to be bought and sold there, and on top even of our loving beauty and fearing God, is to render the world intelligible. But how can the world be rendered intelligible if it is not intelligible in the beginning? Who simply by speaking can create the logic which so holds his words together that his neighbor can understand them and translate them back into their powerful intent? Who

creates the intelligibility of the world by talking to it? Surely neither you, dear reader, nor I. Neither you nor I made understanding, even if both you and I are egotistical enough to believe that we can promote it.

There seems to be but one conclusion. This exchange of things for words and words for things is a very real exchange. The world is evidently composed in a manner congenial to it. It is put together on the principle of exchange: oxygen and hydrogen for water and water for oxygen and hydrogen, goods for money and money for goods, food for growth and growth for food, life for death and death for life, things for words and words for things. In this exchange we speaking things are caught. We are examples of it — fleeting examples, to be sure, but in that fleeting moment darkness gives place to light and chaos to order through the power of articulate speech. Only then can it be said with any sense that heaven and earth *are*. In the language of metaphysics, being is a predication. To be is to be something, to be something is to be expressed, and to be expressed is to be exchanged, one thing for another, with the one intelligible and illuminating medium of exchange, the voice. Heaven and earth may never have been created. That may be left as it was. But this remains. Whether or not they were once evoked by speech in the beginning, in the end and always they are evoked by nothing else.

## WHEN CHICAGO WAS VERY YOUNG. II

BY LOUISE DE KOVEN BOWEN

### I

WHEN I was about twelve years old I had a cousin visiting me from New York. She apparently lived in a round of fashion, and she was quite scornful of the fact that in Chicago the coachmen wore no livery and all the vehicles and horses were lacking in style. She told me of Fifth Avenue, with its rows of beautiful houses, its streets full of prancing horses and fine vehicles, with a footman and a coachman on every box, and of the pleasure of living amid such grandeur. I rose to the occasion and felt that I too must put on some style, but how to do it was the question.

At that time we owned, as a family, an old, rather battered-looking vehicle which was called a barouche; we had two horses, one rather larger than the other, and both somewhat down in the mouth. Their tails, their one glory, swept the ground, and their manes had not known a comb since they were colts. I particularly remember the barouche because, when I was five years old, I was taken for a drive in it; the horses became frightened and ran away, and my grandmother, with great presence of mind, determined to drop me out of the little window in the back. This did not appeal to me, and I struggled so violently that the horses were finally brought to a standstill before the plan was consummated. Thereafter the barouche always gave me a most uncomfortable feeling.

The most prominent object about our turnout was the coachman; he was

a little Irishman named Barney, not over five feet tall — as ugly a man as I have ever seen, although kindly in disposition. He wore, as a general rule, a suit of light-brown tweed with a dash of red in it. His necktie was almost always red, although I am sure he had never heard of an anarchist. He wore a soft felt hat, and as a crowning touch he was almost always smoking a short pipe held deftly in one side of his mouth, but looking as if it might fall out at any moment. Being of a curious and literary turn of mind, he always read the newspaper when the trap was not moving.

On the whole, our equipage was as good as any in town. I should have been satisfied with it for years to come but for the ideas put into my head by the New York cousin. Spurred on by her scornful remarks, I decided to be stylish, and obtained permission from my father to spend my own money for a livery.

I first interviewed Barney and told him that the corner stone of such stylishness would have to be laid by a change of name for him: 'Barney' sounded so very plebeian that in the future I should call him 'Bernard.' I also told him that thereafter he must call me 'Miss Louise.' He objected only slightly to his own change of name, but decidedly and positively refused to call me anything but 'Lulu': that was my name, and he was not going to call me anything else. So 'Lulu' it had to be,

but I hoped that the New York cousin would never hear him.

I told Bernard that it was our duty to raise the standard for vehicles in Chicago, and I finally roused his enthusiasm to such a pitch that he departed to look for a livery, although he hated the word—he said it reminded him of slavery.

At that time a clothing firm in Chicago named Harvey advertised liveries for sale, and Bernard was told to get the nicest and not to spare expense—we were going to dazzle the people of Chicago with our turnout. I could hardly wait for his return. He came into the barn—a curious, comical little figure of an Irishman, simply snowed under with bundles—and said: 'Lulu, when I seen them liveries with all the colors of the rainbow, I could n't make up my mind which one you would like the best, and so I got two—one red and one blue.' He then displayed the fruits of his labor, and the liveries were lovely. One was bright blue with silver buttons, and the other dark red with gold buttons. We decided to keep both liveries, using the blue one on week days and the red one on Sundays and holidays. The hat was a regulation stovepipe, but crowned with the largest cockade I have ever seen. We did not know at the time that cockades were used only by officials who were in the Navy. We were also uncertain about collar and necktie, but decided that the red necktie should be kept for the red livery and a blue one should be worn with the blue.

It was almost a weeping matter to cut the horses' tails. Bernard said they would die of the flies in the summertime, and he added, 'I don't know how I can look them horses in the face again if I cut off their fly-swatters.' But he did it, keeping the hair from one flowing tail to be used as a switch in case of an emergency. Months later, when we

were driving, I exclaimed, 'Why, Bernard, that horse is losing his tail!' But Bernard replied, 'Don't fret, Lulu—it's only an extra switch I put on him to make his tail look bushier.' Whereupon he calmly removed the tail and put it in his pocket.

We plaited the horses' manes and tied them with red ribbon. There was no way of finding out (because my cousin had gone back to New York) whether this was stylish or not, but it seemed gay and appropriate, and I was so excited the first day the horses and carriage were ordered around to the front door that I could hardly wait to see them. Bernard was a magnificent figure. As soon as he arrived at the front of the house, attired in his blue livery and his cockade, he arose slowly from his seat and extracted from underneath it his pipe and a newspaper, with which he proceeded to amuse himself. When I explained to him about making a smart appearance in front of the shops and told him that the pipe and newspaper would have to be relegated to the past, he became so cross and whipped the horses so unmercifully that I was compelled to remonstrate.

I felt that on my first drive down Michigan Avenue in such splendor I wanted to try not to look above any acquaintance I might meet, and I was reminded of a story my grandmother had told me about a friend of hers who, in the early days, owned a victoria and a pair of horses, and at the same time had a new green-silk dress. The first time she went out attired in the dress and sitting in the victoria, in order not to have her townsfolk feel that she was proud and 'stuck-up' she purchased a bag of peanuts and ate them as she passed through the streets, carelessly throwing the shells right and left, to show that she could still enjoy common things.

## II

About this time came the great Chicago fire. I was spending the winter in New York, and our first knowledge of it was a telegram from my father saying: 'Chicago a mass of ruins; everything gone; I am safe.' On Fifth Avenue that day I saw large wagons driving up and down the street with signs saying, 'Give us clothes for the fire sufferers.' I can remember how doors opened and people ran out, throwing clothing of all kinds into the wagons. Later, when I returned to Chicago, my father met me at the station. I did not know him, for he was unshaven and had a fairly long beard; he wore no overcoat, but had an old shawl over his shoulders. As we neared Chicago we passed large coal-yards where great piles of coal were still burning. When we entered the city what struck me particularly was that we could see all over it — there was nothing to obstruct the view except an occasional chimney rising amid the ruins. There was not a house standing on the South Side north of Harrison Street, and not one on the North Side from the River to the Lake, until Lincoln Park was reached, with the exception of Mahlon Ogden's house, where the Newberry Library now stands.

Our own house on Michigan Avenue was not burned, but it was full of people who had come to us for shelter. They were sleeping forty or fifty on the floor. The city was under martial law, General Sheridan in command. Most of the people in the city had not had their clothes off for a long time; some of them were patrolling the streets and alleys looking for incendiaries, of whom there were many about. The people at my house were eating up my pet bantams and cheerfully saying they did not mind their toughness. Our horses and my pony were doing good service in

taking the people out to the country.

My father told us his story of the fire: how he was asleep in the house of a friend on the North Side; but, hearing the fire bells, he got up and saw that there was a great conflagration on the Southwest Side. The wind was blowing a gale, and even then the sparks were falling all about the house. He dressed, woke some of the neighbors, and told them to watch out for their roofs; then he went over town with his host, the president of the bank of which he was cashier. They reached Washington Street and started on a run for the bank, which was at the corner of Washington and LaSalle Streets. Flakes of fire were falling on the street, the courthouse opposite was in flames, and the building in the rear of the bank was a burning mass. My father rushed into the building and found the two bank watchmen at their posts; with revolvers in their hands they rushed to the vaults and tried to open them. The combination was set on the word 'Oats,' and the president of the bank said in a grim way, 'If my horse were here he could find this combination quicker than I.' It seemed to them an age before the lock was set and the vault door opened. My father stepped inside, threw open the door of the safe, took from it all the currency, which was in packages, and removed several boxes of valuable securities; they then locked the vault and rushed for the street, where there had been a tremendous change in the few moments they had been in the bank. The fire was all over their heads, the air full of burning brands, the heat intense. With their hats crushed down over their faces, their coat collars turned up, and boxes containing hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of securities in each hand, they rushed up the street, a watchman with a revolver keeping close to each one.

A hackman stood on the corner of Dearborn Street. He was told his hack was wanted. He refused; a hundred dollars and then two hundred were offered, and he could not resist the bribe. The men jumped in and were soon at the house of a friend on Michigan Avenue near Twenty-second Street, where they deposited their valuables. Then it dawned upon them that they must at once get to the North Side if they would save the women and children in the house where my father was visiting. The hackman had gone; they ran down Michigan Avenue from Twenty-second Street to Sixteenth Street, woke up a livery-stable man, secured another hack, and started down Michigan Avenue. It was an exciting ride. The driver was told to run his horses, that life and death were struggling together and that everything the president of the bank held most dear was at stake. My father said that, with his head out of the window, he cried, swore, and entreated in the same breath. When the hack reached Van Buren Street it looked impossible to go down Michigan Avenue, but there proved to be more smoke than flame. The horses did not want to go on, but they were whipped through, and finally came in sight of Rush Street's wooden bridge, still standing but just beginning to burn. The other bridges had already gone, the great elevators on the North Side were in flames, and, during the time my father had been to the bank and down to Twenty-second Street, the fire had burned from the South Side far over to the North Side.

They finally reached the house of the bank president, hurried to the stable, got out the horses, which they turned loose, and then went into the house and got the women and children. The fire was almost upon them; the wind was blowing a tremendous gale; great burning brands were falling every-

where, even on the horses and carriage. Into the one hack in front of the door were put children and grown people, eleven in all; the driver, the bank president, and my father went on the box. After going a short distance they stopped to pick up an old woman who had rheumatism and was unable to walk. They finally went west on North Avenue to the West Side, then to the extreme South Side. It was a frightful night and my father was as black as a chimney-sweep, his eyes scorched by the heat and his clothing burned in many places.

A little later General Sheridan caused some buildings on Michigan Avenue to be blown up and the flames were stopped. The timely aid sent by the surrounding cities prevented any suffering for food. St. Louis had seven carloads of provisions in Chicago before the fire ceased burning. The depression which existed a day or two following the fire was intense. No one knew whether bank vaults were burned or not; everyone felt that he was ruined; but after a day or two confidence gradually increased, and by the time I returned to Chicago people were hopeful and cheerful, looking forward to the time when the city would arise from its ashes and be greater than ever before.

### III

Everything was very simple after the fire. I was quite satisfied with the stylish appearance of our turnout during the next five or six years, until my New York cousin visited me again. She had now become a very elegant young lady and said she never went out in New York without a footman on the box to open the door and to take her card in when she called. I felt that I must have a footman. My father told me to go ahead and get one if



I wanted him, so I advertised. Unfortunately I did not call him a 'footman,' but a 'groom.' The first gentleman who appeared was a long, lanky youth from Southern Illinois, who said he had long wanted to be a groom and have a wife, and he offered his services. I was much embarrassed and tried to explain that the groom I wanted was not a husband; he departed much disappointed. I eventually hired a pale and anæmic youth, with a long golden moustache, whose name was Cornelius. To me this name sounded stylish and elegant. I did not want to go to the expense of a new livery, so I had him wear the red one (bought for Bernard before the fire, but still preserving its pristine freshness), and the two men presented a pleasantly variegated appearance on the box, one in red and one in blue. I could n't find a cockade for Cornelius's hat as large as the one Bernard had, but thought this was of no importance.

The first day they drove around together I invited my mother to go for a drive and make some calls. It was a hot day in summer and I said to her: 'It will be nice to have Cornelius ring the bell and take in our cards, and when we come out he can find our carriage for us.' When we left the front door our turnout was a marvelous sight. The horses, with their manes tied up in red ribbons, seemed to have taken on an added splendor. Cornelius and Bernard in red and blue were quite startling, and my mother and I, attired in our best clothes, felt that we looked very smart.

We called at a house and found the lady at home. When we came out I looked for Cornelius; he was not to be found. I walked half a block in the hot sun one way — no Cornelius; half a block in the sun another way — no Cornelius. Finally, on my third trip, I espied the carriage a block away under

a tree, both men on the box, Bernard smoking a pipe and reading a newspaper, Cornelius smoking a cigar and reading a novel. I had to poke him in the back with my parasol before I could attract his attention. I felt then that I had a great work of reform to accomplish.

Later on I bought myself a two-wheeled cart where the driver and groom sat dos-à-dos. By this time my groom was wearing top boots, and I had great difficulty in getting men willing to wear what they called 'only their underdrawers' with boots over them. On one occasion I was delighted to engage a little German, and when I told him he would have to wear top boots he said he always wore them and had a pair of his own. I was much pleased, but the first time he brought the trap around to the door I found to my horror that he had on a pair of Hessian boots which came up to his waist.

Another time my groom told me he would have to have a pair of trees to put his breeches on to dry after they had been washed, because they shrank so badly. I was quite indignant at the idea of this expenditure, and asked him why he could not let them dry on him. He was so provoked at my asking him thus to 'catch his death of cold' that he gave notice at once.

My dogcart attracted much attention — so much, indeed, that every little boy who saw it threw something at it to show his appreciation. Stones and rotten eggs were not at all uncommon, and at one time I was two days in bed from being struck in the ear by a stone. Naturally I found it rather difficult to get a man who was willing to risk his life as my footman. On one occasion when my man was driving with me across the Rush Street Bridge, he asked, 'Are you going over town, Miss?' I haughtily replied, 'I certainly

am,' whereupon he said, 'I am not going with you; you may take my livery, but you cannot take me.' With that he got off the cart (on the bridge), pulled off his coat, flung it into the back of the cart, took off his hat and pitched it after the coat, removed each glove, then collar and necktie, and left me driving away with the empty husk — the livery but not the man. It was a humiliating experience. I was greeted with jeers from those who witnessed the incident, and there were cheers for the groom 'who would not be made a slave.'

It seemed almost a necessity to have a second person on the box in these early days, because when you gave an entertainment it was not considered stylish, or even civil, to send an invitation through the mails. It had to be delivered in person, not merely sent by a messenger; moreover it was not considered the thing to have the invitations engraved, printed, or typed — they had to be written by hand. Before giving a party whole days were spent in writing invitations and stacking them up in boxes by streets; then the hostess drove around with the invitations, and they were delivered by a footman or messenger who sat on the box with the coachman.

It was quite an undertaking to entertain when I was young. The invitations having been sent out, the next thing to do was to clean the house very thoroughly. No matter how clean it *had* been, it must be cleaned because you were going to have company. First the large Nottingham lace curtains were taken down and carefully washed. As we did not have any curtain-stretchers, they were pinned down to the carpets in every hall and bedroom in the house. The curtains had points and each point had three pins, which were an endless chore to put in; my knees were sore and my hands ached from pressing

them, and there was an odor of starch and general cleanliness throughout the house.

In every room where curtains were pinned to the floor it was possible to walk only by putting one foot in front of the other down little aisles between the curtains. I used to pretend that the curtains were the water and the little aisles the land; occasionally I slipped and a dirty shoe went into the curtain, when the spot had to be washed out and the curtain stretched down again.

Then the crystal chandeliers had to be washed. Mounted on a stepladder, I carefully took down every little dangle (amounting in my estimation to several million) and handed it to my mother. She washed it in hot suds, carefully breathed upon it and polished it with a chamois, then handed it back to me. I received each one in turn, breathed on it, polished it with a chamois, and hung it on the chandelier. This was a great undertaking and took more patience than I possessed. When I was told I could have a party I sometimes wondered if the pleasure I got out of it was worth the washing of the crystal chandeliers.

Finally came the day of the party. We arose at six o'clock, because all the food had to be prepared at home — caterers' food was not then considered either good or stylish. The oysters were carefully looked over to be sure there were no shells; the chicken and celery for the salad were cut in little squares — it was almost a heinous offense to have one piece larger than another. A large, perfectly new wash-tub was bought for the mixing of the salad. Bernard, grown quite fat and puffing from exercise, froze freezer after freezer of ice cream; we made rolls and sponge cake, and as we toiled in the kitchen Cornelius struggled with heavy canvas which he tacked down over the carpets, afterward donning his livery

and, with white gloves on his hands, opening the door for the expected guests.

During the afternoon there were many inquiries such as, 'Is this a large enough party to wear a dress suit?' or 'Shall girls wear party dresses?' or 'Shall we arrive promptly at eight o'clock?' Finally, when eight o'clock came and the guests began to arrive, those of us who had worked to get the house clean and the supper ready were so tired we could hardly stand up.

#### IV

Chicago was a delightful summer watering-place. When hot weather came the drawing-room was moved to the front steps. It was a poverty-stricken family that did not have its stoop rug put out every evening at dark, on which the younger members of the family sat and talked while the elders occupied rocking-chairs in the vestibule.

About this time there was a craze for archery. It was said to be a noble sport which came down to us from Merrie England, and I was enraptured with it. I bought myself a very large bow, so large I could hardly manage it; a quiver full of dangerous-looking arrows; an arm guard, to prevent my skinning my arm; a finger and a thumb guard; a rakish little cap which made me think I looked like Robin Hood; and a tartan skirt, which I thought the proper costume. And I decided to give an archery party. There was a place at the north of the house suitable for a target, and space enough to shoot a long distance. One sultry afternoon guests began to arrive; I led them forth to the side yard where the target was set up. They tried to pull my bow, but their aim went very wild, and finally, as I had had a good deal of practice, I modestly took the bow to show what I could do. I had three arrows, two of

which missed the target; one managed to hit the end of it. A little girl who was acting as my factotum kindly ran toward the target to bring back the arrows, but one was not to be found. The target was just in front of a small yard where the family cow was taking her siesta. Imagine my dismay when the factotum, after looking over the fence, came back screaming, 'The other arrow is in the cow!' After that I did not take so much interest in archery, which seemed to me to be a very old-fashioned sport.

One of the great social events of the year was the celebration of New Year's Day. Every man, young or old, from the callow youth to the aged beau, made calls on that day. Hacks were pressed into service, and these rickety vehicles would disgorge often as many as eight callers. It was the custom for four or five girls to receive together, but the day began early. There was only one hairdresser on the North Side at that time, so it was difficult to secure her. I remember rising at 5 A. M. to have my hair dressed with a mass of puffs, feeling very sleepy, and trying to get another nap before breakfast. Then there was the making of chicken salad, the roasting of turkeys, the mixing of eggnog, the setting of the table, and the getting everything ready for the visitors. They began to arrive at 10 A. M. and continued until 10 P. M., a steady stream ascending the steps of almost every house in town. Each girl kept a list of her visitors and brought it forth in triumph the following day, to show how many calls she had received. If there was a death in the family a small basket tied with white ribbon hung on the bell-knob, and into this basket cards were dropped by the callers.

Sleigh-rides were very popular at this time — not the 'twosing' cutter, but long, low, racy-looking sleighs filled

with hay and a mass of buffalo robes. They were packed with people to an almost unbelievable extent. We sat on the seats, on the sides, on the hay, on each other's laps, and we usually drove north to the house of a friend for a supper and a dance. The following invitation lingers in my memory: —

If on Friday the Third there is snow on the ground,

And no meteorological obstacles found,

Miss de Koven requests you will give her the pleasure —

A pleasure, believe her, words cannot measure —  
Of your company then at a small sleighing party  
Where friends you will meet and a welcome quite hearty.

She asks you to come at a half after eight,

When a sleigh with four horses will wait at her gate.

The party goes northward, to sup and to dance,  
With sleigh bells that ring and horses that prance,  
To be fed from the cupboard of kind Mrs. Hubbard.

Please send a reply and be sure to appear

With frolic and sleigh bells to greet the New Year.

The Mrs. Hubbard referred to in the above invitation was Mrs. Elijah K. Hubbard, who lived just northwest of the Park on Diversey Avenue. This was considered a long sleigh-ride; so long, in fact, that it was necessary to stop for a time in order to rest the horses.

In spite of all the fatigue in getting up entertainments of this kind, I am sure that everyone had a better time than at modern entertainments where

the only trouble involved is interviewing musicians and caterers, and I am convinced that the most fashionable parties given in Chicago now do not compare for pure enjoyment with the parties given after the fire by the most fashionable club of Chicago, called 'The Cinders.' This club met in Martine's Hall on Chicago Avenue, and everyone who was fortunate enough to secure an invitation to it had a most delightful time. We were, perhaps, rather countrified in those days, but we prided ourselves on knowing how to do the correct thing, and we were all a bit shocked at one big private supper-party to have quill toothpicks passed with the coffee, each toothpick bearing the inscription 'Presented by Kingsley,' the caterer who had furnished the entertainment.

After all, if we *were* countrified, we had certain standards and ideals which we all tried to live up to and which certainly made for sterling character and sound citizenship. There was no liquor served at any of the parties given in Chicago in these early days, and a young man seen under the influence of it was never invited anywhere again.

Perhaps if, in the midst of our present wild rush after pleasure, we gave a thought to those early days and adopted some of the standards then in vogue, we might have just as good a time, and some of the tragedies in our social life might be averted.

## NATURE'S SOFT NURSE

BY HARVEY WICKHAM

A FAMOUS psychologist, finding himself confronted in the course of a lecture with the necessity of explaining sleep, had the happy idea of describing it as the natural state, from which only the higher forms of life ever emerge, and they but at intervals and with difficulty. Therefore it was wakefulness, he said, which demanded elucidation. And, his argument not being concerned with wakefulness, he passed on to other matters, with the air of having left everything settled behind him.

An ungracious herring, this, to drag across the trail; for who cares to discover the inner nature of being awake? We are of necessity awake, more or less, all the time we are thinking about it. Could we regard wakefulness with the eyes of sleep as we can regard sleep with the eyes of wakefulness, then no doubt we should see something romantic and strange. But, to a waking man, a waking man is generally no more remarkable than is a Hottentot to a Hottentot. Wakefulness, too, is such a useful, busy citizen that one hardly feels at liberty to trouble him with nonsensical and impertinent questions. But sleep, the idle and vagabond brother, owes some account of himself if only because of his vagrancy.

Let us not turn the beggar from the door. I hate overbusy and wide-awake people, like those clubmen in Trieste who inaugurated a vigilance contest and succeeded — some of them — in remaining *bien éveillé* for more than ninety hours. Was all this extra time needed to contain their good works?

I have my doubts. It is but lost labor that ye haste to rise up early and go so late to take rest; for lo, He giveth His beloved sleep — and this in spite of the saying that five hours sufficeth a man, six a woman, and seven a fool.

'Je ferme les yeux pour mieux voir ton image au dedans de moi,' says the gentle Nichaldi to Krishna.

Have you never, as you were sinking into slumber, felt like a sea-creature that had been dragged to land and kept panting there for an almost unendurable time, but was now at last released and permitted to swim back into its own cool and blessed element? Of course you have. And it is pleasant to think that our psychologist may have been right after all in claiming that this nightly period of repose reproduces the habitual status of more humble creatures. We are helped to understand; to fancy ourselves brothers — if not to the insensible rock, at least to the sensitive and sensible dog that lies at the foot of the bed.

Rover, let us say, has at his brightest and best about the same amount of consciousness, the same vagueness of comprehension, which is ours when locked in what used poetically to be termed the arms of Morpheus. Truly, a fine and comradely sort of theory, helping to bridge the regretted, speechless gulf between man and quadruped. But — look at Rover, will you?

Our wakefulness has roused him, and he comes toward us, extending his cold nose and licking the hand that lies outside the coverlet. According to the

hypothesis, he is now asleep. Not from a dog's standpoint, of course, for he has just come out of a sleep of his own. But asleep comparatively speaking. We can imagine —

But some stray scent too delicate for our nostrils comes creeping in at the window, or some sound which we cannot hear is trembling its way into the moonlit room. Rover's head jerks to one side as if moved by a suddenly released spring. His nose quivers, his muscles grow taut, his coat bristles, a soft whimper stirs in his throat, and his whole being seems to vibrate with a restrained, tense, electric excitement. Asleep, is he? Yes — asleep like a dynamo. But asleep like us when we have closed the lids against the sandman?

Why, it seems rather as if we were never half so wide-awake as this kindly, tamed wolf who condescends so often to follow at our heels. When are our senses as acute, our nerves as ready, our muscles as quick? Is it possible that a torpid brain, clouded as with opiates, lies behind all these dynamic phenomena? No one can believe it for a moment while looking down into Rover's eyes. Dumb he may be — though only to unfortunate scientists who never have had the luck to be loved by a dog. But sleepy? No more than is a steel trap.

Even if we get up and go with Rover to investigate this alarming sound, or odor, or ghost, or whatever it is, our theory of somnolent nature shall not fare much better. In the garden the flowers are mainly asleep, it is true; but this is their slumber hour, and we suddenly begin to remember how bright and aware they looked before bedtime. The pansies even now are open-eyed, and pansies are for thoughts — dreamy ones, perhaps, but not such sleepy ones as we might have fancied from the distance of the house. In this night-

enchanted garden, which looks so drowsy, the spirit that reigns, if we stay to watch it, is one of intense alertness. And lurking everywhere is a readiness to enter at a moment's notice upon a struggle for life or death.

No, there must be something wrong with the psychologist's passing notion — which is to be regretted. It promised so much, and was such an advance upon that old scientific wheeze that sleep is a 'function of the brain,' a sort of bile secreted by the — God save us — medulla oblongata.

But if sleep be not a retracing in inverse direction of the hard, evolutionary path up which we are said to have climbed from the anteater and the sloth, what then? If we do not relapse into the bosom of matter, to become the protoplasmic babe we were before the beginning of that none-too-agreeable experiment which bade us change, and survive or perish according to our proved fitness at every turn, what do we do?

'I close mine eyes the better to see thine image within me,' Nichaldi repeats. And one begins to feel that she may have meant something deeper than an idle compliment. But let us consult experience and not the books.

I am one of those sedentary persons whose bodies, unexercised, develop no 'fatigue hypnotics.' In other words, I am prone, as the saying is, to suffer from insomnia. The physicians whom one consults in such contingencies invariably draw long faces and prognosticate evil. One takes their suggestions along with their drugs, and slowly and surely becomes neurasthenic.

It does no good to count imaginary sheep, to go over the magic table of nine-times-this-is-that, or to remember what Freud has said — that the primary cause of sleep is a general lack of interest in one's environment. I tried the



method with all possible variations, losing, I am certain, every atom of interest either in conjured-up rams or in the products of paradoxically barren multiplications. Sleep regarded me disapprovingly from a distance, or approached only to plunge me into a horrible gulf which was not sleep but a stupor, until I was sometimes minded to imitate Kipling's hero who sat up in bed with cactus plants upon the pillow between himself and the possibility of nightmare.

Then I began to discover that I rather enjoyed lying open-eyed, so long as I did not worry about it. Stretched out at ease between the blankets, sometimes beneath the stars or on a sleeping-porch, but more often in a common city bedroom, I made the acquaintance of Night. And so, as the poor learn the value of money, I learned the value of sleep, and something of its nature, perhaps — by dint of doing without it.

Galsworthy, in a chapter in *The Inn of Tranquillity*, says that 'what is grievous, dompting, grim about our lives is that we are shut up within ourselves.' There is the secret. It is to self, not to environment, that, wakeful, we are enchained. Day makes too much of us. Day is small. We move, consciously conspicuous, as in a spotlight, beyond which the whole universe seems like a shadowy theatre with pit and galleries filled with admiring spectators. At night we may, if we will, escape beyond the footlights and 'be stolen away from ourselves.' This is what was the trouble with our sheep-counting and our mental arithmetic. They kept alive the fanciful importance of our workaday pursuits.

Yet it was not Galsworthy, but a very different writer, Marie Corelli, who first taught me how to steep my senses in forgetfulness. No doubt I was in a crude, undeveloped stage when

I read her *Romance of Two Worlds* (I think it was), and came upon her description of God as a luminous circle of light or fire — a circle of enormous circumference, self-suspended in the midst of space; rather cold, as I remember it, from its sheer intensity; a blinding white thing, like a revolving wheel so truly balanced that it seems not to stir.

Somehow the picture took hold of my imagination, and I fell to contemplating this glorious ring upon going to bed. There, in the presence of that blazing marvel, what mattered it if I did lose a few head of mutton? What mattered it whether I slept or continued to be a victim to insomnia? What mattered it even whether I lived or died?

Within the last fifty years a change has come over the minds of men. Thus our famous psychologist can imagine no 'natural state' except that from which the higher forms of life have struggled up. We think of ourselves as atolls, even though it be atolls of the sun — rocky, wave-swept surfaces built from the depths of the ooze, proudly resting upon the dead bodies of less fortunate ancestors. The one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin is now the memory of a common degradation.

Yet, as I have said, until about fifty years ago almost everybody believed it quite possible that we were less like atolls than like peoples who have migrated from far, delectable mountains. Isis found the broken body of Osiris scattered along the valley — but it had once been whole upon the heavenly hills. All the ancients spoke continually of a lost paradise, of a Golden Age that had gone before. It needed the nineteenth century to make it quite certain that the only possible Eden lies ahead, a sort of socialistic residence-park, where every citizen

shall have his automobile and his radio. Insistent as we are upon the law of causation, we have made believe to believe in an evolution unaccompanied by any devolution; in an uncreated creation which lifts itself from height to height by pulling lustily at its bootstraps.

Astronomers never tire of describing the far-flung star-dust as it collects, revolves, grows warm, forms nuclei, a sun, planets, and all the inhabitants thereof. But this is only half even of the nebular hypothesis. The other half implies a bursting sun, the scattering of the dust. That sense of home-going which is so often ours as we drift off into slumber — could Nichaldi have meant as much as that?

'I close mine eyes the better to see thine image within me!'

Growth, then, were a remembering, a groping back; sleep a little death; and, as Brunhild was driven from Valhalla into a sleep, so might her sons and daughters in sleep dream it back again.

But let us not send our souls into the invisible too far — not yet. Back to the comfortable sleepy hollow. Remember, though, that Nature's soft nurse is no anaesthetist, ready to dull our pains merely because they become intolerable; and that Macbeth hath murdered sleep from the moment he begins to demand her as a refuge from the troubles he has created for himself. Peace is better found this side of the gulf — for of what use is sleep to him who carries into the Land of Nod the burdens of the day? Will not his mind continue to buy and to sell, to plot, to gain and to suffer loss?

The best preparation has something ritualistic about it — something akin to the burning of a grain or two of olibanum in a jeweled thurible. Breathe this blessed anodyne gently. Think of

the innumerable reasons for felicity that you have, as you yield your weight to the support of the spring-mattress, the hemlock boughs, the hammock, or whatever it is that you have chosen, or been driven to choose, as your couch. You no longer need to move, to keep up appearances, to find reasons and excuses. No world stands by, ready to call you to account. Gradually the necessities of life relax their grip. Gravity, checked, gives over trying to trip you to a fall. Thought, left free, begins to roam. It is the hour of magic, of telepathy, of what we fondly call the subconscious.

And as you approach the required state of indifference you discover that it is no boredom, but a species of liberation, of reconciliation, of harmony with some mysterious essence of law not yet included in the newer orthodoxy, in which you float as a midge in the ether. You are released from the tyrannous ego which is the torturing 'wheel of things.'

There comes, I find, a sense of kinship, beginning with kinship with the darkness and the night. Then we, myself and I, float out upon the universe, real brothers of the rock at last, but in an altogether new sense of the word. The trees, the animals, Rover and all the others, go with us, as well as the whole world of minerals with their curious powers of crystal choice. We blend with something which is not ourselves and yet which we are. We have no care as to whither we go or what is done to us. The hostility of the universe has been disarmed by this, our unconditional surrender; and with a feeling of bliss indescribable, because so remote from the plane of words, we reach Nirvana and beyond. The soft nurse that is Nature's as well as ours has taken us into its care.

## MRS. MORLEY AND MRS. FREEMAN

BY E. BARRINGTON

### I

'Is she coming?' asked the Queen, in a frightened whisper.

She sat in a great chair in her private rooms at Kensington Palace, her feet propped on a rest, her full but not uncomely face flushed crimson with agitation. Beside her, quaking, stood Abigail Masham, pale with the sickly sallowness of ill health, with a face so unattractive that very few would care to study it for the sake of comprehending what lay beneath the homely features and air of dejected spinsterhood which belied her married state. Even her dress had a mortified appearance, and it was clear that Mrs. Masham, in her comparatively lowly position of Queen's chamberwoman, stood studiously aside from any rivalries with the gayer, greater officeholders with whom her work must bring her in contact. Nothing could be humbler than her appearance and manner. The world let it go at that.

She had been preferred to her appointment, such as it was, by that haughty termagant, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, her own cousin, who had preceded her in it in long-ago days she wished forgotten. The Queen and the Duchess were still Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman to each other — those delightfully intimate names, chosen in the gushing, flushing time of youth when the two ladies could scarcely draw a breath apart. The Princess Anne had not felt it to be a condescension then. No, 't was a blessed

privilege; and her friend accepted it with the frankness which suited her character.

But now that Mrs. Morley was comfortably settled in what her Mrs. Freeman irreverently called her 'post' as Queen of England, the long slow ease of the Palace days and the dull slow ease of Mrs. Morley palled on Mrs. Freeman's fiery adventurous spirit and fretted it almost to madness. The great appointments and emoluments of herself and her Churchill, averaging over £90,000 a year of public money, not to mention lands and houses to swell their gains, were well and very well, and it was pleasant to look back and reflect upon her own ability and genius for intrigue, backed by her husband's. It had raised her 'from poverty and from the dust,' as she owned. But yet, now that all was won, the Queen her crowned slave forevermore, the reins of the kingdom securely in her hands and those of dependent ministers, she could look back sometimes with a sigh to the days of clashing danger, when they had plotted with Anne and Mary and William of Orange to oust James the Second from the throne, to stigmatize his heir as spurious and a mere pretender; and later, infuriated by his harsh ingratitude for services bought and paid for, to fight the astute Oranger himself with his own weapons, holding on, dodging, lying, intriguing for and against the man until a blessed asthma slew him, and the

crown was safely fixed on the head of Anne, their tool.

It was very difficult, nay, impossible for the adventurous Duchess to settle down to the long yawning games of basset which her supervision of the royal lady demanded, and the dull slow tittle-tattle which solaced the royal leisure between the businesses of basset and eating.

But it was necessary. A queen is a bird for the plucking, and there were others about the court who loved the warmth and downiness of those feathers as well as she of Marlborough. Suppose the crowned slave were supported and encouraged to slip her hands from the handcuffs! The red-haired Duchess of Somerset was ever on the watch.

But one happy day a happy thought illumined the Marlborough mind. Why not place the servile and downtrodden Abigail Hill, her cousin and nursery maid, about the Queen as general observer and listener on the Marlborough behalf, while she herself took a little leisure, married her daughters, counted her money, surveyed her demesnes, and so forth?

Mrs. Freeman, when her mind was thoroughly made up, and not till then, consulted her Duke's placid good sense.

'I see not how you could do better!' says the military genius who won battles for the Queen at his Sarah's behest, and would have sold them at the same to King James in France with equal celerity — in such awe and tenderness did he hold the lady who blessed his arms.

'Well, but it needs consideration,' says Madam, tossing. 'T is the last thing I would risk with a woman of any attractions or ambitions. But sure, the most Mrs. Abigail could hope would be a snug little pension to comfort her old age, and 't will ensure that; whereas, did she remain in our service (and now

the girls are wed and to be wed I have no use for her), we could not turn her on the world with nothing when she gets past her work — 't would be remarked.'

'You say very true, my dear,' replies the Duke.

'She has no attractions,' pursues the Duchess, 'either of mind or person. With that red nose in her lemon face the creature is human, but no more, and as to ability — her parts are beneath contempt. But she hath just the creeping intelligence would make her a good listener and reporter. She is contrived by nature for the place I design.'

'Indeed, you describe her to the life, my heart,' says the Duke, beholding his mate with admiration.

He had been a gay man in his youth. His first step on the ladder had been with the aid of King Charles the Second's infamous Duchess of Cleveland, and he took his full share of the riotous living of the times. But no saint, no martyr, could be more faithful to his principles than the great Marlborough to his Duchess. Not only did he love her, but he was truly sensible of her energy of resentment, and, having so much battle abroad, perhaps set too much store on peace at home, having early learnt the lesson that the road to peace was unconditional surrender.

'I could wish,' says the Duchess, wielding an angry fan, 'that you would counsel me, instead of perpetually agreeing! Do you or don't you perceive any danger in appointing Abigail to be about that woman?'

The Duke composed his clear, handsome features to a very serious air.

'Why, as to that, my dear, we don't in war time appoint a man to spy upon the enemy until we have made trial of his honesty. And even then 't is the devil to the ace of trumps that he betrays you. 'T is the maxim of my life to trust no one — excepting, indeed, your beloved self. And you know

nothing of Abigail but her slavish curtsy when she gets her wages. I fear 't is dangerous at best.'

'Lord, was ever a woman so used!' cries she, gathering fury. 'You treat me like a fool, first agreeing, as if you gave comfits to a child, and then imposing your notions on a woman that made you what you are. What do you know of Anne and what suits her? Let me tell you, you would have been dismissed from your command twenty times over but for your despised, forgotten wife, toiling day in and out to endure the dullest woman God ever created (and that 's saying much) while you pranced about at the head of the army. Oh yes — Lord, don't I know it! — the parade and show for men, the drudgery for women. And now I propose to take a little ease —'

She walked the room violently, her blue eyes darting fire. A daughter came and peeped in at the door with something to say, but fled precipitate on hearing the rattle of hail and thunder. The Duke sat looking with melancholy sweetness at his raging wife. 'T was the poor man's only weapon and his best stroke of conjugal wisdom.

'But I shall take my way,' cries the Duchess, 'and set a fool to guard a fool, while I have the respite you grudge me. And if —'

'My dear, I kiss your hands and defer entirely to your judgment. 'T is a woman's matter —'

'T is n't! 'T is an affair of State, else why do I take your opinion?'

'T is indeed an affair of State,' says the Duke gravely, 'and who so fit as yourself to deal with it? You see me entirely convinced. You are in the right of it.'

Thus Abigail Hill, later Abigail Masham, was appointed to be about Her Majesty in a menial capacity. A trifle, but to shake the kingdom later, in the amazing decrees of fate.

## II

We return to the Queen in her ante-room and Abigail behind her watching the door.

'You're sure 't is she?' says the Queen, clutching the arms of her chair.

'Why, Madam, Mrs. Abrahall saw her coach come down by the orangery from the Gravel Pits.'

But before the Queen could reply there was a rushing noise in the ante-chamber, the page's timid knock, the door flung wide, and there entered Her Majesty's Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess of Marlborough.

Handsome still in middle life, still golden-locked and blue-eyed, the Duchess was a sight to see. She wore a gown of rich brocaded silk, distended to its utmost by a vast hoop, and on her hair, drest very high, a fly-cap of rich lace. And in the wind of her flouncing the hoop swayed tempestuous, the wings of the cap flew backward, and the low-cut stiff bodice disclosed a finely shaped bosom tinged with scarlet from haste and rage. The page shrank back from the menace of her fan as she billowed past him on her hurricane way, and left the lady unannounced.

The Duchess dropped the most abbreviated curtsy ever seen in the presence of royalty and plumped herself into a chair (a long-accorded right), fanning furiously. Abigail stood mute behind the Queen, with eyes dropped, not daring to retire without signal given.

'T was my privilege, in days I could name, to be private with Mrs. Morley whenever I desired it, Madam, and though I don't give myself a parcel of airs like some that have less right, I think I may claim it still.'

The Queen over her shoulder threw a glance at Abigail, which said, 'For pity's sake, go!' and the woman, with the lowliest of curtseys to either lady, glided stealthily away.

'Will not my Mrs. Freeman be persuaded to a little refreshment? A cup of chocolate?'

'Nothing, Madam. The business I have come for can't be muddled with chocolate and follies. I don't think at this time of day you need proof of the sincerity of my heart, and so what I shall say may be taken for truth. Is that creature gone?' She threw an angry glance about her.

The Queen, uncertain from what quarter the storm was to burst, sat mute as a fish.

'I have it from a sure hand, Madam, that you've degraded yourself to receiving a miniature of your reputed brother, the Pretender, from France, and you was observed to shed tears over it. And I have to say that, if so, 't is a very strange business and most ungrateful to your friends that set the crown on your head and keep it there, and can only be attributed to some backstairs influence I've suspected for a long time but was far from willing to credit.'

She tossed her head like a war horse in concluding her oration, and paused for the usual obsequious reply.

Dead silence.

'I should scarce suppose it necessary to recall to Mrs. Morley the pains that was took by Mr. and Mrs. Freeman and others, too devoted for all the gratitude they ever got, to prove the fraud that was put upon the nation at his birth, for sure 't is plain that, had n't the people believed themselves deceived, he had been took from his ill-judging father and brought up a Protestant and set on the throne when the old King was driven out, in which case 't is plain Mrs. Morley had never been Queen of England. And now, at this time of day to be crying over his picture! I can assure Mrs. Morley 't is very ill-taken by those that have a right to feel it most.'

The expression of dull suffering on the Queen's face had no appeal to the furious Sarah, whose words were winged by many other wraths beside the portrait. The very sight of Abigail Masham drove her frantic, so strongly did she suspect that under the stealthy quiet was something stirring that as yet all her bitter suspicions could not capture.

'Won't Your Majesty favour me with a reply? 'T is sure the least I've a right to expect after my long years of sincere service.'

It was always extremely difficult for the Queen to collect her ideas, and her power of expression was limited, but in the working of her face it could be read that speech was near. When it came, 't was extremely surprising. She fixed dull eyes on the Duchess.

'Do you believe in the judgments of God?' said she.

It took a moment for the Duchess to digest this astonishing question. So long a moment passed that it was repeated, and she then flung up her head and charged with all her spears. Attack was always her strategy while the foe was developing his plans and the issue doubtful.

'Why, I hope I've done nothing to cause my principles to be suspected, Madam. I've been a churchwoman all my days and may flatter myself with having done the Church some service in the bishops I've assisted Your Majesty to appoint, not to mention the livings. So I own myself at a loss when questioned in such a surprising manner. I fear I've forgot my Catechism, however,' flinging up her head, 'if that's your meaning.'

The slow Queen pursued her way as slowly as if she had not heard.

'Did you believe the Prince was spurious? The warming-pan story was for the people. Did you believe it? Did I?'



Her voice was sunk to a whisper and her furtive eye glanced apprehensively about the room, now darkening with the snow outside. A fire flickered shadows into all the corners of the immensely high room. The snow had drifted in soft white billows on the window sills. Something in the scene, the voice, the face scarce distinct in the firelight, struck the Duchess with a kind of dread very new to her.

'You wished me and others to believe it; you wished to believe it yourself: and what then, Madam?'

There was silence, broken only by the soft crackling of the fire, like a living presence in the room. Was the strange ferment in the Queen's stagnant mind settling down? No, she spoke again.

'When that miniature came and Masham unwrapt it —'

'Masham!' almost screamed the Duchess. 'What business —'

'And Masham unwrapt it, do you know what I thought? I thought 't was a portrait of my own lost son — my Gloucester. So great was the likeness.'

Another silence.

'Do you wonder my tears fell on it?' added the Queen.

The silence continued. 'T was an extraordinary hush. The room was far removed from the world's noises and might have been a brooding-place of quiet. Two large tears gathered in the Queen's eyes and spilt down her cheeks, gleaming in the firelight. She did not dry them. The Duchess's face was like flint.

At last the Queen spoke.

'Who can comprehend the world? 'T is so strange; 't is beyond me. While you struggle for a thing 'tis worth heaven and earth: when you get it — Lord help us!'

'Mrs. Morley's philosophies are no doubt very high and mighty, but for my part I prefer common-sense,'

retorted Mrs. Freeman. 'You designed the good of the nation, which was not to be served by a Catholic King, and you have it. And if you wanted your own with it — 't was lucky the two went hand in hand.'

Suddenly the Queen said, in a voice most strangely moved and shaken, 'If there was only in the world one good man, one honest man I could open my soul to and have his counsel —'

'There's Dr. Swift,' interrupted the Duchess, with a grin ill concealed in the firelight.

The Queen never heeded.

'But they lie and flatter, and would sell their souls — as we sold ours.'

'Sold my soul, Madam? I know nothing of yours and am not answerable; but give me leave to say I took what you told me of your observations on the late Queen Mary Beatrice's condition as true, and a mother like yourself should be able to be easy on such points. You told me she was expecting no child, and if you were right the boy was spurious and introduced to defraud the nation, as was said at the time. If fault there was, I disown it and —'

But the Queen never heeded. It was not her habit to argue with the Duchess nor any. She had not the brain, nor yet the tongue. But, dominated by a single idea, she must speak after her own fashion.

'First, when my sister Mary had no children, I was glad, for if she had borne children to the Prince of Orange I and mine were cut off from the throne, and I had my boy, my Gloucester, though all my others were dead — so many of them, and dead!'

'T was a fortunate circumstance indeed Queen Mary had no children,' says Mrs. Freeman pertly, 'and one we knew how to be thankful for.'

'And then, after her death, my Gloucester died. My only child. And

't was then first I began to see and to be frightened.'

'Frightened at what, Madam, and how? Sure this is mere midsummer madness, and is far abroad from what I wished to say — that if the Cabinet hears of Your Majesty weeping and lamenting over the Pretender's portrait 't is enough to make a serious disaffection. Sure things are ticklish enough in the country without folly to make them worse!'

She could not see the Queen's face now, the snow and the coming night had so darkened the windows. The dull slow voice continued without either let or animation.

'And then *your* son died. Your only one.'

'T was a very great affliction, but one I flatter myself I knew how to support sensibly. And what then, Madam?'

The voice dropped, almost whispered.

'Must it not have a meaning that my sister Mary, a young healthy woman once or twice in a situation to have children, bore no child, and I — of all mine, not one left — not one, God help me! And your only boy laid in the dust also —'

'We are all liable to these accidents of Providence, Madam,' says the Duchess tartly. 'And why it pleases you to scratch them up, God only knows, but —'

'And the boy we ruined lives and is the idol of all that know him. I ask you again, do you believe in the judgments of God?'

The Duchess rose.

'For my part, Madam, I see no good in mixing sentiment with business, nor never did, and since you choose to dwell on a subject so displeasing I take leave to go. But I would have you remember that, what with all the Jacks [Jacobites] in the country, 't is a most unsuitable time to be hankering and

slobbering over the Pretender's picture. 'T is but yesterday, I'm told, a set of verses was slipped into Lord Treasurer's portfolio — I brought a couple to read you, and sure 't is well seen in them what suspicion gains ground. Will you hear?'

She unfolded a paper and read aloud to the Queen: —

"'Strange news, strange news, the Jacks of the city Have got,'" cried Joan, "but we mind not tales: That our good Queen, through marvellous pity, Will leave her Crown to the Prince of Wales."

'You see, Madam. Sure, no further need to insist on common-sense' when the rabble takes to such ballad-mongering as this. If it comes to be believed you favour the Pretender, your crown is not worth a puff of thistledown. You would be in the Tower in a month and dead in three. Ask the Duke else. "The Prince of Wales," they call him. Lord save us!'

The Queen had sunk her face in her hand, her elbow resting on her armed chair. She did not raise it, but answered heavily.

'God knows you're right. 'T is a part of the doom that nothing can be undone. A woman must sit by and see her work unroll itself, and the faults she thought so little cover heaven and darken earth like thunderclouds. I've no more to say. You can go.'

'But I've more to say, and of consequence, or I'm not like to trouble Mrs. Morley with it,' says the Duchess, standing boldly before her mistress. 'I would have Mrs. Morley, for her own good, know that the Cabinet is secretly far from easy at the creeping false upstart Masham, and her influence on Your Majesty's opinions. 'T is known that Mr. Harley's Jacobite correspondence and interest at court is managed by this woman, which sure must appear the blackest treachery to your Ministers, and talk of the Queen's intrigues runs far and wide.'

Silence, the Queen cowering into her visibly shaking hand. The Duchess judged best to soften her tone a little.

'T is known Harley and Masham are in the Prince of Wales's interest, and, naturally, any that associates with them is blamed. But I know Mrs. Morley's intentions are good, whatever her errors, and to let her run on in so many mistakes that must draw her into great misfortunes at last is just as if one should see a friend's house afire and let them be burnt in their beds without waking them only because they don't desire to be disturbed. This is the very case of Mrs. Morley — nothing seems agreeable to her now but what comes from the artifices of one reported to have a great talent that way. And there's another thing I would say — I'm aware that that person is trespassing on my rights and has ordered a bottle of wine sent daily to Mrs. Abrahall the laundress because she's sick, forsooth! What right has Your Majesty to give my rights to a fawning worm like Masham?' And so forth, shrill with fury, storming until the lacqueys outside pricked their ears, laughing.

The Queen struggled to her feet, trembling, to leave the room. The Duchess set her back to the door.

'You shall hear me out, for that's the least favour you can do me for having set the crown on your head and kept it there. And when I have said my say I care not if I never see you again, Madam.'

For an hour she raged; then silence, a sweep, a rustle, a door flung open and shut, and the Fury was gone, leaving a dead silence behind her.

### III

It was indeed very true that Abigail's influence was now supreme, and the greatest in the kingdom must humour

her exactly as they once had humoured Mrs. Freeman, her kinswoman. But this the Queen dreaded above all things to be known.

She sat alone in the dusk, thinking slow, bitter thoughts. Her fear of the Duchess haunted her night and day. And there was a deeper fear. Her father, King James, had from his deathbed written her a letter of which every word was fixed on the tablets of her memory, commanding her to repair the sin committed and to restore the crown to her half-brother, the Prince of Wales, or, if that were impossible, to make him her heir. And it was very true that, encouraged by Mrs. Masham, who was the mouthpiece of the friends of the exiled family, the unfortunate Queen was dallying with the thought of atonement in a way that should cost her as little as possible.

But her fear of God was less than her fear of the terrible Duchess. Therefore she did not long give way to sorrow, but wiped the tears from her eyes, rang for candles, and with a trembling hand, much enfeebled by the ailments which had reduced her, a woman in her forties, to the infirmities of old age, penned the following: —

My dear Mrs. Freeman, I cannot go to bed without renewing the request I have often made that you would banish all unkind and unjust thoughts of your poor, unfortunate, faithful Morley. I saw by the glimpse I had of you that you were full of 'em. Indeed, I do not deserve 'em, and if you could see my heart you would find it as sincere, as tender and passionately fond of you as ever, and as truly sensible of your kindness in telling me your mind freely upon all occasions. Nothing shall ever alter me. Though we have the misfortune to differ in some things, I will ever be the same to my dear, dear Mrs. Freeman, whom I do assure once more I am more tenderly and sincerely hers than it is possible ever to express.

She sat awhile, reading this over slowly, and then, ringing, desired Mrs. Masham's attendance.

As the famous Abigail came gliding in with her fawning curtsy, the first impression was the extreme gentleness of voice and manner which had made her society such a refuge to the Queen from the coarse, screaming tyrannies of the Duchess. Her tones were a melting music.

'Your Majesty appears exhausted. A cup of broth — indeed, I am certain you need sustenance.'

Kneeling, she offered it, coaxing her mistress with little strips of toasted bread, delicately dipped in the cup. Her presence was infinitely restful and grateful, and a heavy sigh or two disburdened the Queen's overcharged bosom.

'She was like a tigress let loose!' she said at last. 'What I ever saw in her! An awful woman! But I believed she loved me. I think, in spite of all her fury, she loves me still. 'T is that makes me stomach her insolences.'

Abigail shook her head gently.

'I wish I could think it, Madam. Her Grace is my kinswoman, and to her I owe my first happy relief from misery. But Your Majesty is a better reader of character than your humble servant: there's an incident, long in my heart — if I had the courage to relate it. And perhaps 't is time I laid it before you. I could wish Your Majesty's opinion upon it. Still — I hesitate. I would not wrong Her Grace.'

The Queen raised her heavy person languidly in her chair.

'What is it? If the Duchess differs with me in every point under the sun, 't is no news, though I had best hear. Lord, how should any man or woman desire the crown! It passes my comprehension. Trouble and care and fear for daily and nightly attendants. What

is it, Masham? Is it the bishopric of Carlisle?'

Mrs. Masham laid aside the cup and touched her fingers delicately with her handkerchief.

'No, Madam, a private affair. But, on second thoughts, perhaps best forgotten. God knows, I would not injure Her Grace, for all her haughtiness to me.'

'Speak!' said Her Majesty, in the peremptory tone she never dared use to her tyrant. 'Be seated, and speak.'

Abigail drew a stool near the royal feet and settled down upon it, noiseless, looking down modestly upon the hands, now gloved, folded in her lap.

'T was some months since, Madam, at St. James's, I was in attendance upon your toilet, when Your Majesty observed you had no gloves on and desired me to fetch them from the next room, where you remembered you had left them on the table. I hurried to the place, and there found Her Grace sitting reading a letter, but the gloves were not in sight, for she had picked them up by accident and put them on. I curtsied with all my duty and submissively mentioned that she had by mistake put on Your Majesty's gloves. "Ah," cries she, "have I put on anything that has touched the odious hands of that disagreeable woman!" And, pulling the gloves off, she threw them violently on the ground for me to pick up, crying, "Take them away!" Madam, I would not have dared report such an insult, but if Your Majesty commands me —'

The demure voice ceased, with an apology in the fall of it, and she never lifted her lashes to see the Queen go pale as death.

'That story is true, for a part I heard through the door, but not all. Merciful God, the dupe I have been! And see how she has feathered her nest, she and her worthless husband — and all wrung

from my foolish tenderness. Political differences one might forgive, but such loathsome vile blackness of heart — never.'

'T would make a crocodile sick,' said Mrs. Masham, wiping a tear. 'I thought so before, and scarce dared think it, but Your Majesty confirms me.'

'And to think,' cries the Queen, for once almost eloquent, 'that I opened my heart to her but now [Mrs. Masham started], declaring to her my remorse for — for — but no matter, for what can and shall be undone — and she mocked me, with a heart of marble and a face of brass! And I writ this letter to placate her, but I destroy it here and now —'

She made as if to grasp it for destruction, but Masham clasped her hands.

'Madam, how just, how noble is Your Majesty's wrath! My humble ignorance may guess the subject of your discourse, but sure, to offend the Duchess now, while her Cabinet is so powerful — what does Your Majesty's wisdom judge?'

'Read the letter,' says the Queen, pushing it toward her. 'But sure it turns my stomach that ever I could write it.'

On her knees Masham read the letter. Her opaque eyes brightened as she looked upward.

'Sure none but Your Majesty's wisdom could have wrote what will so perfectly lull and deceive the Duchess, while our preparations go forward for the act of justice to her victim that will set your name forever among the stars as a great and generous princess. 'T is perfection's self, I protest, and the sooner in her hands the better.'

'Then despatch it!' cries the angry Queen. 'And may it deceive her as she has so grossly and long deceived her indulgent mistress.'

The letter reassured the Duchess,

who despised the 'godly praying idiot,' as she was at that moment becalling Her Majesty, with all her might. The Duke, with his usual solid calm, reviewing the conversation as she described it, was less confident.

'The letter is sealed, but not wafered,' says His Grace. 'T is therefore certain that it has been through other hands than the Queen's — we may well suppose Mrs. Abigail's. Was I you, my love, I would not wholly trust to its obsequious tone, but would moderate my own to the Queen. 'T is Abigail's submissiveness wins her, whereas now she never speaks to you freely and you gain no ground. A moderation of tone —'

'And am I to be tutored at this time of day as to how to control that fool? And by you, that benefits all through by my management? Manage the godly praying idiot yourself, if you know better. Fear or flattery is the only weapon to control her, and it shall never be said I bended my pride to flatter a fool, though for the good of the country and your own [furiously] I consented to drive her. Anyway, this letter shows I have her still where she should be — at my feet.'

'My dear, you have done so well for the nation and ourselves, as dictator, that I have no more to say,' replies the Duke with his good-humoured smile. 'Therefore, have it your own way, and blame not me if Masham worsts you. After all, we can make our own peace with the exiled family any time we will. I have always kept an iron warm in the fire at St. Germain's, and your own sister's in their ragged court. And I have not judged it politic to offend the Hanoverian family neither, for who can say how the balance may dip? But keep well with the Queen.'

For all answer, his consort sprang on him in a transport of fury and boxed His Grace's ears with such fine ringing



boxes as proved her sincerely in earnest. He endured with perfect patience for a moment, his periwig perhaps protecting his ears somewhat, then captured the hands and kissed her.

'My dear, is this the way to treat your lover?' says he tenderly. 'My body you are welcome to injure, but would you wound my heart?'

Clasping the hands in one of his, he pulled open the bosom of his fine worked shirt and disclosed a small case she knew well — its contents a lovely tress of spun gold from her own head.

'T is my talisman,' says he, 'for all the wounds your little tongue has given me, or even the little hand I love. But spare the heart it guards, for indeed 't is true to my wife.'

She dragged her hands away and, covering her face, burst into a raging flood of tears. Indeed she knew well he loved her, though even of that she sometimes made a grievance.

#### IV

Henceforward, like a coral insect toiling beneath the ocean, Masham built, aided by the unseen hands and intellects of many who fain would see the Stuarts restored, and flattered Queen Anne's hopes of atonement at such small cost to herself as the rich man's legacy to charities passed over in life. Thus her mind fastened on the hope to leave the crown to her half-brother at her death and away from the Electoral family of Hanover, whom she hated. And 't was bound up with her own soul's salvation in her remorse, for she knew, none better, that the story of the infant introduced into Queen Mary Beatrice's bedchamber in a warming-pan was false as Hell. Too late she saw that though it was needful to exile the King and Prince for their religious opinions, if so the nation would have it, to brand them as the

liars, perjurers, cheats they were not was a devil's weapon used politically. It stung — it stung. And now, to repair it, she would do another wrong — restore the lad, with his religion the British people would have none of, to heal the hurt in her own soul. She would plunge the three kingdoms into civil war lest she should burn in Hell.

O God, the weariness unspeakable of such thoughts as these night and day, and the weary crown to crush a woman into the very dust of humiliation! The quarrels of her Cabinet and the Marlboroughs, the intrigues, the base, sly plotting and buying and selling. Better a squire's lady in the quiet villages she had seen long ago when she fled from meeting her ruined father. Better death itself, so only it would bring quiet.

Meanwhile, very slowly and with extreme caution, the Marlborough family were undermined, with the aid of the ancient nobility of England, to whom these upstarts were abhorrent. Their Cabinet was ousted. Place after place melted from their grasp.

The Duke modestly desired to remain General for life of the Queen's Armies. 'T was denied with such tenderness as might become an assent. The Duchess was compelled to relinquish her position as Mistress of the Robes — and of the Queen who wore them. But all done with extremest care and courtesy until it came to the last pinch.

Lord save us! With what inward joy and scarce-concealed chuckles did all but the Marlborough junta watch this gradual disintegration of an influence that heretofore wholly overshadowed the Queen and the world!

The Duke, trembling, well aware that Masham was delicately fanning the spark of the Queen's courage, dared to beseech moderation from his Duchess, but in vain. Meet gentleness



with gentleness, he softly entreated his lady. Gentleness! Can the Ethiopian change his skin? Could the Duchess believe the day possible when she could not terrify Mrs. Morley into servile submission?

She flew to Kensington Palace in such a blaze as might have scattered flames in her train, only to find the sovereign heavy, obstinate, tutored into perfect immobility, intractable as a marble image. 'T is said that against stupidity the gods themselves fight in vain. 'T is indeed a panoply of proof, and baffled the charging Duchess at least.

'I think there is nothing you can have to say but you may write it,' says the Queen.

'Won't Your Majesty [no longer Mrs. Morley!] give me leave to tell it you?'

'Whatever you have to say, you may write it.'

'I believe Your Majesty never did so hard a thing to anybody as refuse to hear them speak — even the meanest person that ever desired it!'

'Yes, I do bid people put what they have to say in writing when I have a mind to it.'

'I have nothing to say, Madam, on the subject that is so uneasy to you. That person, Masham, is not concerned in the account I would give you, which I can't be quiet till I have told you.'

'You may put it into writing.'

The mere threat of disquietude had driven the Queen before to cringing; now the Duchess surged against rock.

Suddenly she broke loose. She forgot her husband's counsel. She screamed, she raged, she taunted. Bitternesses, cruelties, flowed torrential from her lips.

'I will leave the room,' said the Queen, and put her hand on the bell to ring for assistance.

In their last interview the subject had set her back to the door and forced

her sovereign to hear her at the risk of fisticuffs. Now, to her own consternation, the Duchess's wrath broke in rout. She burst into stormy tears and fled, conquered, to the long gallery where she strove to staunch the tears she could not control, a sorry spectacle for passing giggling pages and waiting women, all lightfoot to trip with the news to Masham. 'T was unbearable. One more dying effort.

Returning, all bewept, to the royal cabinet, she broke forth once more. Raving recrimination. She was sure Her Majesty 'would suffer for her inhumanity.'

'That will be to myself,' replied the Queen stolidly, and closed the door on her friend and the last conversation they ever had together.

One may picture the pale Masham hiding in the background, too politic to triumph openly, greeting the fallen foe with her most obsequious curtsy as they passed in the long gallery.

A last frantic attempt the once-favourite made, in writing, to retrieve her empire — an all but incredible letter. The Duke would have stopped it had he dared.

There was something very unusual in the manner of the last conversation I had with Your Majesty, in your declaring you would give no answer to whatsoever I said, and in the disorder that appeared by your turning from the candle. I can't but think you are ashamed of the company you generally have, and sensible of the ill consequences of having such a favourite and of the reflections that are made over all the town about it. If there can be a pleasure in anything one is ashamed to own (for which I have no taste), I am sure you will pay very dear for it. I never heard of any Prince that kept little company that was not unfortunate. I beg you, Madam, for your own sake, to think what the world must say upon your showing your real confidence and kindness to Mrs. Masham, her sister, and a Scotch doctor, and others one is ashamed to name,

and, in short, to anyone that will make court to *her*, who must always be contemptible wretches, since they can condescend to such *lowness* in order to compass their ends with Your Majesty.

The sighing Duke dared not even say 'I told you so,' when dead silence greeted this firebrand.

The Duchess threatened to publish the Queen's intimate letters. The Queen demanded the gold keys of her office and ordered the Duke to procure them from his tigress. She seized and flung them savagely at his head and he crawled with them to the Queen, gentle and touching in his submissiveness to the last. 'T was all over and no help for it, he thought. His Duchess thought otherwise.

But a thing stranger than strange happened when the indomitable Duchess returned for the last time to the charge. She arrived at the palace and sent in her name. Answer: 'Her Majesty is indisposed.' Pale and furious, she retreated to the long gallery to consider her plan of attack, and presently stole up to the door of the Queen's room and scratched softly — royal doors being amenable to scratching rather than knocking. Masham opened it, curtseying to the ground.

'I beg ten thousand pardons, Your Grace, but Her Majesty's so unwell that Dr. Arbuthnot orders perfect quiet and only the lower sort about her that she won't talk with.'

'Then I shall wait in the long gallery to be at hand. My anxiety won't allow me to depart and my office forbids it. I shall wait if it was a month, and probably Her Majesty will see me later.'

It would not have been well to remind the Duchess that she no longer held office, and Abigail only sighed meekly as Her Grace added: 'I shall scratch every two hours to know how she does.'

The door closed softly and Sarah of Marlborough, going along the gallery, sat herself in one of the deep window-seats looking out into the ghostly trees seen only by snow-light and a veiled moon. The page in waiting had fallen asleep at the far end and was lost in flickering shadows, and by order of Dr. Arbuthnot the gallery was empty.

She was not accessible to the influences of nature and stared unseeing into the white night, her mind raging through the humiliating scenes of the day. But Lord, how quiet 't was, she thought presently. All in the palace asleep like the child's fairy tale, and what a sleeping beauty would the Queen be on her pillow! That thought tickled her to a bitter smile. But how quiet! The snow drifted down like silence shed from clouds of peace. The trees were ermined with cold whiteness — the earth muted and lost. She had never sat alone in the night before — her life brimmed with noise, bustle, and intrigue. Plotting — plotting and nothing else. Now how still the snow eddied across the windows in its own ghost-light. Insensibly the tossing waves of her mind calmed, and she laid her chin on her folded arms on the window sill, looking out as time stole by.

Did she sleep? Certainly a chilly torpor crept over her, the numbing frost-sleep in her brain. But dimly she saw on the terrace what the sentries must have been drunk or drowsy to permit — a man standing and looking up at the Queen's windows. And was she herself drowsy that she did not rush to call assistance? He looked up in fixed immobility, holding by the hand a very little boy, who gazed as fixedly as he. His face was in profile, but his figure and attitude seemed perfectly familiar and filled her with a vague tremor of anxiety. She sat erect now, leaning on her elbows and watching. It was observable that the snow

was above the child's ankles and feathering on his bare head. Somewhere deep down below the crust of iron the Duchess had a touch of the mother, and it pricked her to see the fair head and the snow settling on it, though the child himself could not have been more quiet had he lain beneath the grass with the snow mounding above him. But the young man must have felt it, for he stooped and lifted him into his arms for shelter, the little head pillowed on his arm. The two resumed their watch.

The Duchess pressed her face against the pane. She wanted more light to be certain, but yet — No, no! Impossible madness! The snow must have got into her brain. It could never be — and yet! The moon held on her way, sickly and weary, and for an instant the light was on the child's face and she saw.

It was the Queen's son, the little Gloucester, her dead hope, the last and dearest. But — he, so strictly guarded, out in the night and snow? She had thought him dead — No, she must have dreamed that. Dreamed that he was laid away, sealed and coffined in the splendid glooms of the Seventh Henry's chapel at Westminster. He was here, looking up at his mother's window. Here. A nightmare horror seized her for the first time in her life. She struggled to rise and could not, to shriek and had no breath; would have fled and could only cling staring to the window; her whole being, sight. And who held him clasped in strong arms? Who stood looking down upon him with infinite tenderness? Had the worlds of dead and living broken bounds to mix in that breathless stillness? For she knew — she knew! The light fell in a shaft on their faces now as from the Queen's uncurtained window, and it was the Queen's young brother, the man she herself had helped to

ruin, the young Pretender, inheritor of all the sorrows of his unhappy line — James Stuart. The little king that should have been, with the king never to be! Something broke in the woman's brain. Her head slipped down on her arms. She had fainted.

Abigail, hearing no scratch, looked out at the appointed time, fearing some strategic entry. The long gallery was still as death. She stole back to the Queen.

'She's gone. We've tired her out, Your Majesty.'

'Then give me some chocolate and get to bed. I shall sleep now.'

The Duchess told that story to two persons only. One, her Duke. He laughed. What dream more natural after late events? The other, a bishop who shall be nameless. Did she need ghostly counsel? She received it.

'Such dreams, Madam, were vouchsafed to godly persons in times past for their encouragement and edification, and sure 't is a reward of my Lady Duchess's great services to the Church in the appointment of bishops and other such faithful servants of God. And if I am not mistook it had also a political significance, for what more natural than that the child should attempt to warn the mother against a weakness of affection to her brother (if brother he were) that should plunge the country in the horrors of civil war. This vision should be carried to the Queen.'

She fixed him with her eye.

'And the Pretender, my lord?'

'There Your Grace must have been mistook. The Pretender is a living man; the child is dead. There were no footsteps on the snow when you enquired next day. I should omit the Pretender. It would naturally be the child's guardian angel if such are permitted to our faith. Her Majesty ails, and mention of that young man might unsettle her.'

The Duchess went to court and demanded to see Her Majesty on a matter of life and death. She was refused. The Queen preferred either to that meeting. There the matter ended and Her Grace's power with it.

She sat no more in the long gallery.

# V

St. Germain's and the Pretender thrilled as the Queen's infirmities increased and she passed more and more securely into the downy keeping of Masham — now Lady Masham and a peeress. But there was an honesty in Abigail which Sarah lacked, and her down was kept to soften the Queen's hard lot and not to feather her own nest. She had a human heart beneath her stiff stomacher and pitied the poor lady.

But Death, who did not favour the Pretender, was a better plotter than any of them and got his own way in the end, after his ancient habit. One would think that for the sake of a Queen's atonement he might have delayed until her party's plan was made and the train laid for the lighting.

Not he! He struck Her Majesty down with as little consideration as if she had been Mrs. Abrahall, her laundress. She was found one day standing in the Presence Chamber in the Palace — she who could not move her heavy person without assistance! Alone — staring at the great clock, dead silent. How had she got there? Did she see the hands slowing to the stop? None knows, nor ever will. But when Mrs. Danvers screamed out at the terrifying sight, half thinking it a spectre, the Queen turned, staring still, but at Death himself — so said the woman later. And so they carried her away to her deathbed.

There she lay moaning: 'Oh, my brother! Oh, my poor brother! What will become of you?' — him she had ruined with a lie. Once she rallied for a mysterious word with the Bishop of London, who left her grave-faced, declaring: 'Madam, I will obey your command. I will declare your mind though it cost me my head.'

She sighed, relieved, yet apparently the head outweighed obedience, for that message was either not given or unheeded. 'Authority forgets a dying king,' and if a woman would atone she must not leave it to others.

So for a day or two her breath fluttered and a stupor took her faculties, and the Jacobites hoped and feared as Masham reported the slow, inevitable end.

'She dies from the feet upward.'  
'She's half dead already. I'll die for her if she lives four-and-twenty hours.'  
'T is all over. The cause is lost.'

And still the Queen moaned for her brother, and still the Jacobite nobles held distracted counsel without the courage either to strike a bold blow or to scatter and flee, and as Masham glided to and from the deathbed it seemed the very world stood still to see what would be.

But on the Sunday morning, when the world moved again to its pains and pleasures, something else had stopped that would go no more while the world lasted. And Masham was a mere waiting woman once more and of no consequence to any but herself, and Marlborough was writing obsequious letters to Hanover and the Duchess triumphing. For the Pretender's hopes had blown away like smoke from the Kensington chimneys, and so dissolved and vanished forever. The game was won and lost.

Queen Anne is dead.

## WAIT FOR ME!

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

Wait for me! Wait for me! I am coming!  
A bramble caught me and tumbled me down;  
I heard a little wild bee's hot humming  
Close in the clover's pink and brown.

I saw a bobolink toss and tinkle  
Over a waft of strawberry scent;  
I saw a cloud like a long fish ripple  
Over the moon's chip, blurred and bent.

Dragon-flies bluer than flax amazed me;  
Drowned in daisies I lost the hours;  
Wind from a hundred hilltops dazed me,  
Dappled with light wings, laced with flowers.

But wait for me! Wait for me! I am coming  
Home to the little house in the town.  
Twilight muffles the wild bee's humming.  
And you — you know where my heart lies down.

## BIG BUSINESS SEARCHES THE INFINITESIMAL

BY ARTHUR POUND

### I

FARADAY, describing his experiment which established a fundamental law of electrical science, — the induction of electric currents, — was asked, 'What use is it?' To which he gave the classic rejoinder, 'Of what use is a newborn babe?'

Since Faraday and the discovery of his infant law — or rather since his statement of a relationship as old as matter and time — his idea has grown into a giant mighty in labor. This giant helps to turn alike the wheels of mammoth factories and domestic washing-machines, carries trivial and world-shaping messages through wastes of ocean and ether, drills tunnels through solid rock, and browns the family toast. An amiable giant, he has lately been impressed into entertaining the masses through the radio. Upon these services has been reared a mighty structure of finance, with billions invested in steam and hydroelectric power plants, and other billions invested in the distribution and use of the tremendous energy so generated.

A paramount lesson of history, stated by Spencer and simplified by Leavenworth, is this: 'Discoveries in the realms of knowledge or art produce civilization. Defects in human nature or the inadequacy of environment are causes of its decline.' To which might be added, with some optimism, 'Discoveries may offset enough of the defects of human nature and reclaim sufficient resources from a supposedly

exhausted environment to stave off decline indefinitely.' The future of civilization, therefore, depends upon the outcome of the race between the science-and-art team and the defect-and-want team. Clearly this race to-day proceeds at headlong pace. The World War resulted from defects in human nature and levied cruelly upon natural resources; but on the other hand we see art struggling to express sentiments nobler than the bellicose, and science seeking to repair war losses.

Faraday's baby, a child of pure science, was slow to mature and get to work. That was in the nature of things. Those who had him in charge, the inventors, were mostly of small means though great faith, and often they had to go begging at Dives' door that their child might satisfy his growing appetite. And the rich men, interested in sugar or ships or what not, seldom could see that here was something — this intangible called electricity — that had more in it financially and materially than anything else under the sun; that it had all things in it, and in due time would be doing the world's work more efficiently than it ever had been done before. So the electrical industry languished for support in its youth. How changed our world might be to-day if the hundreds of laboratory workers who contributed to its early struggle for existence had possessed the means to set up all the apparatus and conduct all the researches they desired, and if



capital always had been eager to bring the results to market in quantity!

The academic quarrel between pure science and applied science is not entirely ended; witness the recent exchange between the editor of the *Scientific American* and Professor Fessenden over the encouragement, or lack of encouragement, given to inventors by industry. No doubt there is much still to be done toward fair play for isolated laboratory workers, not only in the way of giving them adequate and deserved rewards, but also in the way of getting such of their findings as have practical value into use promptly. Nevertheless the factory and the laboratory are unmistakably drawing together. Successful industrialists of scientific bent, like Rockefeller and Eastman, are endowing research institutions. These donors, as practical men, are not troubled by caste distinctions in science; they know that, while years may be required to work out a research problem, soon or late the fruits of knowledge come to possess utility. And we also see great industrial corporations maintaining laboratories and staffs which laboriously conduct expensive investigations in pure science, even though the directors know that years must pass before the researches will return dividends — if ever.

An example of these farsighted efforts, perhaps the best example in America, is the General Electric Company's researches into the infinitesimal and indivisible. Here is a corporation that on its material side marches to the tune of bigness. It has an army of employees, occupies enormous factories, sells vast quantities of intricate goods; and yet there is vision enough in the enterprise to perceive that the hidden basis for the whole structure is the smallest thing yet identified — the electron. The more the corporation

knows about electrons, the more economically its goods can be made and sold, and the more secure is its future. While it is ready to learn about electrons from anyone, the General Electric Company is not willing to leave its future to chance. So it daily and systematically studies the riddle of the electron, just as daily and systematically it pushes the sales of articles through which, in their mysterious ways, electrons work for the owners of those mechanisms. Through the whole realm of the unseen, which no eye can pierce even with the aid of the strongest lens, through crystals, molecules, and atoms, this corporation's scientists continue a search every whit as determined as any other corporation policy. And whatever of sale value they find on the way to the ultimate can be promptly applied to production and marketed. In this case the contact between science and capital is immediate, and General Electric descendants of the Faraday baby idea need not languish for opportunities to prove their utility to the world.

## II

Considering that the infinitesimal escapes direct application of the senses, we know surprisingly much of its make-up and habits. Indeed, it is man's knowledge of the infinitesimal that most fully exhibits both the persistence and the reasoning powers of the human species. That claim is sometimes made for astronomy, for the realm of infinite distances and vast bodies. Truly our accumulated body of such knowledge is a credit to human intelligence; yet of the two the pursuit of the infinitesimal seems to me the more difficult. The speed of the chase after the elemental little is relatively much faster than that after the elemental great. Man has been conning the stars since first

he lifted his eyes, and computing their distances no doubt since ever he invented figures; but it was not until 1803 that Dalton gave the atomic theory quantitative form, and thereby cleared the way for physicists and chemists to think their way through the infinitesimal toward the inside of the atom.

The mind staggers before astronomical distances, yet calculations of the infinitesimal produce figures even more unnerving to the layman. If a drop of water were enlarged until it assumed the size of the planet Earth, each of its  $H_2O$  molecules would be the size of a baseball, and the electrons would be no larger than pinheads. Yet, in spite of the extreme minuteness of these divisions of matter, their properties have been measured. The weights of the various atoms are known to a few tenths of one per cent, and are published periodically in the International Table of Atomic Weights, using as a unit of weight .000,000,000,000,000,000,001,649 grammes. Even the important properties of the electron have been measured. Science knows how much the electron weighs, and how fast electrons travel, and is beginning to find out how they are arranged in the atoms of the chemical elements.

As indicating how far the mind can probe the minutiae of the infinitesimal, I cite but one example, and for the rest will leave exactness to the brochures through which scientists talk to each other of such important trifles. The mass of an electron is .000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,901 grammes. What electrons lack in mass, however, they make up in number, since enough of them pass through a fifty-watt lamp each second to keep the entire population of Chicago — 2,500,000 persons — busy 20,000 years counting them, even though each of its 2,500,000 persons counted four electrons per second.

Electrons are of equal mass, which encourages scientists to believe that in finding them they have isolated, even if they cannot yet solve, the age-old riddle of matter. Atoms are believed to contain a tiny 'sun' of positive electricity (proton) at the centre, surrounded by a sort of solar system of electrons (negative electricity). The number and arrangement of these electrons in the atom of a chemical element presumably determine all the chemical properties and most of the physical properties of that element. Thus, while electrons present uniformity both in kind and conduct, and come obediently forth from their atomic lairs whenever any atom is broken down, the atoms themselves present an engaging variety. There are more than eighty elements, each with its characteristic atomic structure. Combinations of these elements — their atomic unions being known as molecules — form the broad field of chemistry.

But to the physicist the crystal adds still another field for exploration, since not all compounds crystallize molecularly. One of the tasks undertaken by the General Electric Company scientists has therefore been to recheck, using the X-ray method of measurement, the atomic dimensions of common metals. The result is a revision which revealed noticeable errors in the commonly accepted figures of the densities, based upon older methods, of the following metals: aluminum, nickel, silver, tungsten, gold, and lead. Dr. W. P. Davey's findings, reported to the American Society for Steel Treating, and since reprinted under the title 'X-Ray Crystal Analysis,' are likely to result eventually in better alloys, not only for the company financing the research, but for the fine-alloy trade generally.

Another development of crystallographic research at Schenectady which,

while in itself incidental to the continuing search for knowledge of the infinitesimal, holds out at least possibilities of commercial utility is the discovery that single crystals of pure copper are fourteen per cent more efficient conductors of electricity than the many-crystaled copper of commerce. It has long been known that slow cooling produces large crystals, and by extreme precautions in that direction the General Electric laboratories have produced copper crystals six inches long and seven eighths of an inch in diameter. These large crystals are so ductile, however, that they bend of their own weight like so much wax, and, once bent, remain as rigid as ordinary copper. This is because the bending breaks up the large crystal into small fragments and at the same time rotates these crystal fragments, giving them such a direction that the planes of atoms can no longer slide easily over one another. Whether this extreme ductility can be overcome sufficiently for the product to be used and still retain its superior conductivity remains to be seen. It may be that science has found only a fact and not a commodity, but even if single-crystal copper never comes into use the fact of its ultra-conductivity may explain other phenomena and lead indirectly to serviceable adaptations in other lines.

Once a fact like this gets going there is no telling where it will stop. Watt's steam engine remained a laboratory toy for nearly a decade, until Wilkinson's two-way borer made possible the boring of cylinders closely enough machined to hold compression. Then the steam engine was put to work, at first upon the relatively humble task of pumping water from coal mines; then it went on to running looms, driving ships, and otherwise instituting the Age of Power. I would not for an instant compare single-crystal copper

with the steam engine in social or economic importance, and yet if ways and means could be found to save even ten per cent of the electricity now lost in transmission through inefficient conductors the annual saving of energy would be far greater than that wrought by the steam engine at the start of its revolutionary activities.

So much for the possibilities that lie on the way to the electron — in this fascinating search for the final reality that lies at the heart of both the infinite and the infinitesimal.

### III

Let us follow science into the heart of the infinitesimal by degrees. The smallest interval on an ordinary school or office ruler is one sixteenth of an inch. That is close enough for most of us. Engineers' scales, however, are graduated to sixty-fourths of an inch, which is about as close work as the eye can stand in steady study. But industry needs ever and ever more precise instruments. It was a notable achievement when the micrometer screw was developed to the point where a spider web could be measured. But that seems like the Dark Ages to a modern machinist with a Johanssen gauge at his disposal, accurate to five hundred-thousandths of an inch. The 'master-flat' of a Van Keuren light-wave measuring outfit is accurate to twenty-five hundred-millionths of an inch. Moreover these superprecise instruments function, not merely in laboratory experiments, but in quantity production. They are necessary to hold up the standards of quality in large-scale production. They had their part in building your automobile, and your house is probably lighted by current generated by a dynamo in which the allowance between the bore of the commutator and the shaft upon which

it is shrunk is only five ten-thousandths of an inch.

In measuring distances between atoms, expressed in terms of hundred-millionths of an inch, all of the above methods fail. Science has found a way of measuring such distances, with an accuracy of hundred-billionths of an inch, by using X-rays. If a substance is crystalline in its structure — and most substances are — its interatomic distances can be measured by this means with ease and dispatch. The distances between atoms, and the arrangement of the particles, are specific properties of the substance, just as are its weight and other characteristics.

Small distances can be measured most easily by measuring some larger distances related to them by a known law. As an example, the movement of the head of the screw of a micrometer permits measurements of thousandths of an inch, since the pitch of the screw and the diameter of the head are known. The deflection of a beam of X-rays of known wave-length is used similarly in measuring interatomic distances. Bragg's law gives the relationship between these distances, the wave-length of the X-rays, and the angle of bending of the waves. In the X-ray crystal-analysis apparatus used in the research laboratory of the General Electric Company, the wave-length of the X-ray is known, and the angle of bending of the rays is calculated by measuring distances between lines on a photographic film. Thus, with two of the three unknowns of the equation determined, the third — the distance between atoms — can be found.

Laue discovered that single crystals caused beams of X-rays to be deflected, and it was found that interatomic distances could be measured by calculations based on measurements of the deflections. Later, Dr. A. W. Hull of the General Electric Company, and

Debye and Sherrer in Germany, independently developed a more convenient method of obtaining like results — by using a finely powdered substance rather than large crystals.

X-rays are produced by a water-cooled Coolidge tube which is capable of running continuously without variations. X-rays of many wave-lengths are given off. Those characteristic of the metal molybdenum, which is used as a target, are produced in much greater amounts than the rest of the wave-lengths. Only one wave-length is desired, so a thin sheet of a zirconium compound is placed in the path of the rays to absorb all rays except those of the particular wave-length desired. The Coolidge tube is placed in a metal housing to protect the experimenter from the X-rays. This housing contains a 'slit-system' which allows the X-rays to emerge only in one definite, predetermined direction. The powdered crystal is mounted in a holder in the path of this beam of X-rays, and a specially prepared photographic film is mounted in the arc of a circle whose centre is the specimen of powdered crystal.

When the X-rays strike the powdered substance, some pass directly through and are recorded as a line on one end of the film. Others are deflected according to Bragg's law, and recorded as lines on the film in different positions. Each family of planes of atoms in the crystal will deflect the X-rays, thus causing a line on the film if the planes make the correct angle with the direction of the incident X-rays. Since a fine powder is used for the specimen under examination, the crystalline particles face in all directions, giving a chaotic arrangement which results in every atomic plane having some representative at the correct angle. In this way a large number of lines are recorded on the film. Then,

by measuring deflection distances on the film, distances of millionths and billionths of an inch may be calculated with ease. This work has been so systematized that the determination of the crystalline structure of a substance is relatively simple.

In the early days of crystal analysis, the results were of scientific interest only. But now the all-penetrating eye of the X-ray has been focused on the metals, laying bare basic facts regarding the arrangement of the particles. Who can say that at some future time it will not be possible for metallurgists to produce alloys on demand to meet specifications now impossible, for they will be equipped with newly discovered information made available by the X-ray.

Dr. W. P. Davey, of the General Electric Research Laboratory, has offered an explanation of why some metals are brittle and others are not. In ductile metals, like copper and lead, the atoms of the crystal are arranged in cubic formation, with one atom at each corner of the cube, and another in the centre of each face of the cube. When such a metal is bent, the planes which contain the more closely packed atoms, and which are relatively far apart, slide on each other, like children's blocks, and the planes hold tightly to each other. There is very little tendency for the crystal to crack open, and the metal may be bent, hammered, or drawn into wire without cracking.

Brittle metals, such as tungsten, also have an atom at each corner of the unit cubes, but instead of one in the centre of each face of the unit cube there is one in the centre of the cube itself. In such a structure the planes which contain closely packed atoms are not held together tightly. When such planes slide on each other, they tend to crack apart, and such metals, therefore, can-

not be worked mechanically so easily as the others.

X-ray analysis shows that in single-crystal copper, referred to earlier, all of the atoms are arranged in columns, equally spaced. When the bar is bent, the spacing is very slightly changed. The atoms on the inside curve are pressed together and those on the outside are spread apart. Strains are set up which cause the bar to become an ordinary piece of copper, made up of smaller crystals facing in all directions. If the surface of the large crystal is nicked, dented, filed, or polished, the structure of the crystal in the neighborhood of the abrasion is affected in the same way that it would be by bending.

No one has seen — possibly no one will ever see — a molecule, much less an atom or an electron. It has been pointed out that the molecule of starch, one of the largest known, is so small that the ultramicroscope will not permit its observation. The diameter of the starch molecule is about one two-hundredth of the diameter of the smallest particle the microscope will reveal, yet the starch molecule is far larger than most molecules.

Inaccessibility to visible study has not meant that molecules, atoms, and electrons have remained secrets. The electron has been conquered in more ways than one, and scientists can count the number of particles given off by a bit of radium with more ease and more accuracy than is possible in counting the population of New York City. In fact, the count can be made automatically with a photographic equipment. Yet the mass of the electron is only one seventeen-hundredth that of the hydrogen atom — the lightest of elements.

French scientists recently 'listened' to the star Capella, distant more than 216,000,000,000 miles from the earth. Its light, which had been traveling



more than forty years to reach our globe, was transmuted into sound by use of photoelectric cells.

In a similar sense, electrons may be heard. The hissing sound in the receiver of a high-power radio receiving-set, heard even when there are no signals in the air, is the effect of electrons striking the plate of the tubes as they are released from the hot filament.

Dr. Albert W. Hull of Schenectady and Professor N. H. Williams of the University of Michigan have made a careful study of this phenomenon, which was predicted several years ago by Dr. Schottky of Berlin and named by him the 'shot effect.' The sound is due to the electrical oscillation which is set up by the impacts of the individual electrons on the plate, and it is proportional to the number of electrons in flight across the tube and to the charge carried by each electron. Each blow is extremely minute, but since the impacts are separate and independent, like raindrops, the energies add, and their sum, when amplified and transformed into sound by telephone, becomes a roar. Hence science can produce out of the apparent silence of the infinitesimal a roar that equals, as far as the ear at the microphone can determine, the thunder of Niagara.

While discussing the possibilities of amplifying minute traces of energy by the millionfold through the use of the vacuum tube, it is interesting to recall the statement of Dr. Willis R. Whitney that a fly crawling up one inch on a wall uses enough energy to operate a radio receiving-set for twenty-five years. The vacuum tube amplifier makes audible this minute energy. Just as the physical world is filled with movements so slight that they escape observation, so it is likewise filled with sounds inaudible to our poor ears. The inadequacy of man's natural sensory

equipment for anything like a complete understanding of the physical universe has long been realized; but, by applying his sovereign mental powers to matter and force with the aid of the delicate mechanisms described herein, man little by little is drawing aside the veil that shrouds the fundamental realities.

#### IV

The research scientist, whether he works in a private, collegiate, or corporation laboratory, is primarily engaged in testing theories. He is an incorrigible skeptic, to the extent that he must proceed on the basis that any accepted theory may not be correct. If a theory has stood for a long time under many tests, he views it with greater respect than he does the theory born yesterday; nevertheless no theory, however old and tested, is sacrosanct in his eyes. In every way that he can conceive he proceeds to test it further, in the hope that his experiments and deductions may add to or detract from the sum of its probable correctness. This procedure he applies, not only to the theories advanced by others, but also, if he is a truly first-rate man, to those of which he is himself the author.

It is a fundamental of science that no theory can ever be proven. A single demonstrated fact that is contrary to a theory is enough to disprove the correctness of that theory and to necessitate a revision of the theory to the end that it shall be consistent, not only with all the facts known before, but also with the new fact. When new facts are discovered which are in agreement with a theory, they do not prove the theory; they merely make its truth more probable. A scientific theory is, after all, an analogy. Just as it was once said, 'The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven,' so a



physicist or a chemist says, 'Matter acts like a thing made up of atoms.' No analogy is ever perfect. There is always some point at which it breaks down. Although the Kingdom of Heaven is like a cake of yeast, it doesn't come wrapped in tin foil — the analogy holds only up to a certain point. It is the aim of research scientists to make their analogies — theories — more and more perfect, in the hope that sometime in the distant future the theory will express the facts so closely that it may be regarded as constituting absolute truth.

Professor Merritt of Cornell University used to say that an uneducated man had two mental pigeonholes, one called absolute truth and the other called absolute falsehood. Every idea that comes to such a man has to be put into one pigeonhole or the other. An educated man, and especially a scientist, has a long row of pigeonholes. That at one end is labeled absolute truth. It is always empty. That on the other end is labeled absolute falsehood, and it too is always empty. Every idea that comes to such a man is put in the intervening pigeonholes, and as occasion requires he moves them closer to one end or the other. In this way, by a succession of approximations, he approaches absolute truth. It is the same with scientific theories. They are only approximate, but constant research-work makes the approximation closer and closer. While this process is going on, the theory serves as a convenient device for remembering what would otherwise be a medley of detached facts. When we come close to absolute truth our command over nature becomes greater, and our position of 'dominion over the earth' is better

entrenched. However, we do not have to await the final discovery of absolute truth to make all this of use to the human race. Every new fact has its practical application. The study of the arrangement of atoms in crystals is of immediate value in metallurgy. The study of electron-emission has given us the radiotron and radio broadcasting.

This more immediate result of scientific research is the justification for spending the money of corporation stockholders — millionaires, universities, trust funds, widows, and orphans — on large research-laboratories. The approach to absolute truth is a less tangible thing, which keeps up the enthusiasm of the scientist for his work and makes him feel that his job is, after all, the most important that the human race has ever undertaken.

Man still extends his knowledge chiefly by trial and error. Until he has exhausted all the possibilities of going wrong, he can never be quite sure that he is going right. That, definitely, is the attitude of the research scientist as he marshals the facts about the unseen and probes deeper into the mysteries of the electron. But industry stands hopefully by, providing the sinews of investigation and determined that whatever trial and error may find that is worth selling shall be speedily brought to market. The trials of at least one great industry have convinced it of the error of leaving discovery to chance, in so far as money and brains can offset luck. To that extent the search for electronic knowledge is being prosecuted more keenly than ever before. Big business has undertaken to read the riddle of the elemental little of which all things are made.

## UNIFORMS FOR THOUGHTS

BY MARGARET LYNN

THE little boy next door is calling to his mother. He is saying 'Moth-aar, Moth-aar,' over and over, apparently to unhearing ears. I know that he wants something very special or else is in a tender mood, because ordinarily he says 'Mother,' or even a conventional 'Mama.' On the other hand, when he is called in unwilling from absorbing outdoor occupations, I can easily guess the mood of his response when to a 'Hen-ry!' from the window he returns an impatient 'What-tee!' When he is feeling merely masculine and independent he retorts a brief and businesslike 'What?' Or, since he has begun to play with the other boys a little, 'Wut?' Henry's manners in response are very imperfect. When he is entirely good-natured and is intending to come in a minute anyway, or when the call seems to hold a promise instead of a bare command, he says 'What-ty' in a tone of pleasant repartee and trots in.

Henry probably thinks that he is solving normally a problem which even thus young he has met — the problem of saying completely what he wants to say, with the resources at hand. Little does he yet know of the unadaptability and insufficiency of language! He thinks he controls his speech and makes a word say what he wants it to, like his friend Humpty-Dumpty. In his infantile assertiveness he sees himself a despot of words. There is 'what,' the most prosaic of words, meaningless as a paving-brick. But does Henry wish to express pleasantries or easy familiarity, he achieves it lightly by adding a

diminutive. Does he want to embody impatience of feminine control and haughty assertion of right, he adds an emphatic *ee* or breaks the word in the middle into an impudent 'wha-at.'

The tyranny and inflexibility of language have not yet irked him. A word is an obedient thing which in his mouth takes the shape he wishes and on his lips must say the thing he would say. He is a very monarch among words. When he says one he means what he thinks. He is at the stage of egotism of childhood, when his own will and himself are half of what he sees. So far as he yet knows, the whole world is malleable, flexible to his will. As soon as he can lay hands on it he intends to manipulate it, as he does his words. These he is acquiring daily, each one an asset. I can guess from the frequency of their appearance, as they float to my window, which one is the newest. Yesterday it was 'gawky.' I heard him say it a dozen times, in all degrees of inaptness — some unrecognizable charm in the clumsy word having taken him. Another new word will come the next day and the next — the resources the world is opening to him are endless. And he thinks that words are commensurate with ideas.

No one has yet told him that the big morocco-bound volume on the stand among the bookcases contains all the words he is ever likely to know and more, and that other men have already determined his vocabulary for him. The whole limit of his transferable ideas is defined on those pages. All his means

of expression are already laid out for him, and he can never say what is not provided for there. Does he have a rebellious though dim forecast of this when he says 'wha-at' or 'what-ty'?

Henry cannot yet know what a box of limitations he has been born into, or that its rigidity is to be continuous. There is no force stronger than language — unless it be mere convenience — to keep man in the paths of uniformity or likeness. He may do things which no man before him thought of doing, but he can never, after he reaches the stage of complete articulateness, make use of a word absolutely his own, one which does not bear the mind and creation of other men. And not only the word but the relations of the word, its inflections and its syntax, its external and internal relations, are all fixed already in the habit of other speech-makers. If anything in the world should be a man's own, it is surely that by which he himself speaks. But the form of his phrase, the order of his words, even the rhythm of his voice and the tune of his sentence, are all racially determined for him generations before he opens his mouth in speech. The sound by which he says 'music' may not naturally express music to him at all; and the sound by which he says 'love' or 'hate' may not be any natural voicing of love or hate. Many times he will thumb dictionary or gloss or thesaurus to find a word to say his idea, and discover that the word does not exist, because no man before him has needed it. But he will use the words of other men and in the end cease to question or rebel. When he wishes to say the most intimate, most personal thing, the thing most his own, he must do so in a phrase which would have been chosen as well by a stranger to him, by a man unlike him in any way. When he wishes a term of endearment he must use one

which has served millions before him — and his feeling will be different in grade and degree, he will think, from what all the others have felt.

For everyone in the world a worse limitation is added to that. Not only is your whole language handed to you at your birth along with your race and your parentage, but your expression in any moment of speech-using is largely determined for you. It is not merely yourself, but the man you speak to, who in the end chooses your words. For you cannot communicate anything to him except in words he knows and understands. When you use a novel word you leave, for him, a blank in your sentence. He finds an unknown locution for your predicate, and for him the whole sentence fades away. Yet you had every wish to say that thing to him, and he could understand your thought if he knew your phrase. Henry thinks he is choosing his words out of a limitless well, but every man he meets will help to put a limit on his source.

There is an unfairness in it. We furnish ourselves with what should be legal tender and then find that no one is obliged to accept it at our offering. And there is a worse thing than that, which is that others can and do deplete and damage the exchange value of our hoardings. Word after word slips away from us, or we are made to use it shamefacedly, stealthily, because of the mal-aroma it has acquired in the speech of others. Do you easily say 'refined' now without a semblance of consciousness? With what meaning and in what tone do you speak of 'culture'? How long is it since you have used 'genteel' with any seriousness? And yet it is not so long since 'genteel female' was a term of compliment, a form of praise which pleased genteel females. 'Elegant' and 'cultivated' are slipping or slinking gently

from you along the same path. In another quarter-century the use of them may be a sign of affectation. And yet each of these words, not so very long ago, wrapped up an ideal by no means unworthy. Insincere and uninstructed handling has robbed them of their fineness. The more exquisite a word is initially, the more tawdry and dragged it becomes when misused and ill-applied. You cannot use honorably a term which has become a hireling of ideas less fine or less honest than yours.

Thus one phrase after another is stolen from you, and you must acquiesce.

Bright is the ring of words,  
When the right man rings them.

Bright is the ring, indeed — when the honest man rings them. But how quickly the tone loses its clearness when the great body of slack or indistinct writers and speakers strike it. Before our very eyes we see a fine word losing its definition. What a good figure 'gesture' was when it moved into current writing! Now where is the penny-a-liner in Grub Street who can get through his column without it? Where is the Slope or the Mr. Collins who can finish his pulpit half-hour without 'challenge'? A good word that, but it has lost its ring.

Scientific or semiscientific terms should be above such warping, but they are not. The eternal sophomore has laid hold of 'moron,' of 'complex,' of 'psychological,' and the scientist is fain to look aside when he hears them. Some men want words for their speech; others are content with baskets — loosely woven and leaky ones at that.

Uniforms for thoughts we have. If we are not alert and wary we fall into triteness and conformity, using phrases and whole sentences that are trade-manufactured. It looks like a proof of object conventionality and similarity

in ourselves and our thought-processes that we submit naturally and mechanically to such likeness of phrase. Perhaps it is not more curious than our similarity of dress, of house, of habit. And yet that is but a matter of convenience, while a man's speech is himself. His thought and feeling are all he really has. How can he bear to put them into the phrases used as public carriers — characterless as seats in a railway-train, adapted to everyone and to no one? A man brings himself hardly to the wearing of secondhand clothing, even of a rented garment. But he clothes his thoughts — of whatever fineness he may attain, or preciousness to him, or seriousness — in old secondhand phrases, faded and dulled, mouthed by thousands before him. Nothing is more repulsively pathetic, more a summary of the humiliation of poverty, than the sight of one buying old shoes — things shaped already to other feet, worn to their type, having done their errands and gone on their journeys and borne their loads. How can his feet wear them? How do one's thoughts fit to the long-used clothing of other thoughts or the common phrase of the multitude?

But there is a converse to this. There are times when one is impatient with the snobbishness which is zealous to discard a term when some undesirability in its actual meaning has come to be recognized too completely. Strangely, it is in practical matters that such snobbishness appears chiefly. Just when we are well used to a serviceable term it is whisked away, and another offered which, it is hoped, will render the notion involved more respectable and less a thing to be concealed. 'Secondhand' becomes 'used,' to save the feelings of one who can be only a second owner; 'cheap' turns to 'less expensive' as one takes her thrifty purposes down to basement buying-

regions; and the less expensive hotel becomes 'unpretentious' in the guide-book. Every verbal effort is used to make the path of the saver respectable and to have it seem one of choice rather than necessity.

The euphemist is an apologist always. He may be making an apology for you to save your feelings, as when he offers you a used car instead of a secondhand one, or clothes your necessities in the language of desire. But commonly the euphemist apologizes for himself or for what pertains to him. He acknowledges much, in his seeking for attractiveness of phrase. Subtle deductions are to be made from his niceness. It is a constant puzzle to one looking abroad on the present branches and forms of education, for example, that so much euphemistic terminology is necessary. The constant rechristening is bewildering to the outsider. Grammar, for instance, ousted from its once honorable place, tries to sneak into a curriculum with all concealment possible as 'practical English.' Chemistry has been chemistry ever since it ceased to be alchemy, and physiology is physiology; but one-time elocution, of multisonous memory, passed into 'expression' and then into 'speech arts,' and no man knows what it will yet be. Didactics became 'pedagogy' and no one objected; but pedagogy became 'education,' if you please, to the establishing of eternal ambiguity. Cooking, a valuable combination of science and skill, no sooner got itself a place in curricula than it scurried shamefacedly into 'application of heat to food products.' In our so-called practical education, Mr. Yellowplush seems to occupy a pedagogical chair.

But it is not in pedagogy alone that man is found desiring unwarranted attractiveness of phrase. He has always sought a sweeter name for a spade; and in doing so he has some-

times deceived himself or others into conceiving that it has some charm of form or aesthetic purpose, or is to be used from choice and not from necessity. But after all everyone has moments of knowing that it is used for turning earth and is commonly dirty and frequently needs scouring. It is the courageous ones whose words never suffer discounting.

Behind language our minds move, but it is often merely the veil of expression. We see each other through it and get a dim semblance of thought rather than the thought itself. We are always hoping to puncture the veil with a new-found word, or with one coined urgently, impatiently. But the next time we want to use it we find it limited, closely defined, or else spread out to be commensurate with past uses. We are helpless, not knowing whether another ever gets our meaning exactly or not. It is as if each man had his own kind of money, all legal tender, but with scales of value that cannot be reconciled. The marketing of the world would be sadly hampered in such a case; the exchange of thought is.

'The magic of the necessary word,' one said in a fine phrase. It is a rare magic, truly. But when will that again be the necessary word? Or when necessity arises will there be a word to meet it? When you say 'blue,' how many who hear you see the same color you do? When you say 'beauty,' their responding ideas are miles apart. When men say 'goodness,' one means benevolence, and one means good-nature, and one means not breaking the law, and one means righteousness before the Lord; and one means something different from all these. All our speech is only an approximation, and an approximation determined by two elements which no man can measure. We speak darkly, dissatisfying to ourselves

and dim to others. 'All words are jingles,' said speculative Samuel Butler.

The higher we go in the scale of ideas the more uncertain we are of understanding or of being understood. Even the Christian world — or especially the Christian world — has been in a mell always because minds do not meet on religious phrases. At the best we can hardly tell whether we are agreeing or differing, whatever we think. Do any two understand the same by a religious phrase, even the commonest? Our fathers made Heaven and Hell concrete and momentous, since they could so be sure of understanding one another in that much at least. Through all time bodies of people have met together in worship, thinking their worship the same because they subscribed to the same terminology. But who could say what that terminology meant to each one? A thousand men call a Bible 'the word of God' — and what does each one mean? What of 'salvation,' of the 'Holy Spirit,' even of 'God' — or of scores of terms of doctrine which sound exact but are interpreted by the users according to their own mental capacity and tradition and imagination and egoism? 'Communications between God and man,' said Butler again, 'must always be above words or below them; for with words come in translations. . . .'

The large area of content possible for a religious phrase is responsible for the brotherly agreements in faith no less than for the bloody disagreements. Could we have had mathematical exactness of terminology for the last two thousand years, the history of the Church would have been very different. There might have been more or fewer holy wars, or more or less persecution, but the occasions would have been other than they were. Lion and lamb sometimes lie down together because, in the list of words

in which their faiths exist, they do not discern their differences. Or, in another pasture, lion is tearing lion and lamb rending lamb because they do not recognize their own beliefs when they hear them expressed in unfamiliar forms. If in the end we reach a place of absolute accuracy and precision, when religious terms are as definite as ellipse and parabola, what a reassorting of sects there will be! Trinitarian and Unitarian, Calvinist and Arminian, Romanist and Anglican, will be classified according to their own definition — and how astonished some will be at the bin in which they find themselves!

But, on the other hand, how a man's thoughts may be bound by his locutions — how they can keep his theses from growing! A man is impoverished by his finished phrases. Certain terms have been handed down to him, or acquired by him when he first acquired ideas, and have served to define those ideas ever since. If he were required, every time he referred to them, to do so in new phrases, how hard he would find it to define them thus — but how those ideas might expand! The best thing that could happen to the word-bound man would be to have a limited aphasia suddenly sweep away his whole set of phrases. He has had his special outfit of eternal verities as well as his temporal pragmatics tied up neatly and unchangeably in finished and satisfactory phrases. His ideas have no penumbra, no nebulous edge, no ragged fringe, — advantageous, certainly, — and no future. They have been put once for all into a suit that allows not for growth and has been sewed up and buttoned up for all time.

It would be a valuable exercise for one to require himself for a day or for a week to avoid every fixed familiar wording and to say everything, even the most commonplace statement, in a new way. There would be practical



loss, doubtless, but what gain in truthfulness! Useful mental activity would be involved. And how old ideas would take on new freshness and new light, and ideas which had been masquerading as new show themselves to be merely old ones, and others vanish into nothing when no longer stayed by a good stiff phrase!

What a pleasant thing it would be to waylay a speaker we have just been listening to — a preacher or lecturer or propagandist of some sort — and require him to redeliver his address all in new wording! Think of the case of the sermon-maker, possibly, with all the long-repeated, time-solidified phrases which he, perhaps, brought from his seminary with him, and has been using ever since. How it would tax his intelligence, and recrystallize his belief, and strain his energies, to define his long-familiar theses in any but long-familiar combinations of words! Perhaps he would also bring himself to a new stage of genuineness in belief. The teacher deprived of his phrases — bane of banes in teaching — might come to a new acquaintance with his subject.

The genuine scientist can set forth his theory in as many ways as are necessary for your understanding; but too often the religionist, the proprietor of new thought, the forwarder of a cult, dins your ears with his catchwords, which he never defines or replaces with others. The campaigner, evangelist, and politician set pathetic faith in a slogan, thinking that without it they cannot win money or souls or votes; and in fact it is rejected by the ears of the thinking man, who waits for a real definition. 'Let me make the slogan of my party,' they seem to say, 'and I care not who makes its platform.'

No wonder Henry tries to make words his own, taking the sound that has

been given him and fitting it to his little mind and purposes. He is born to so many things which he never had a chance to choose for himself — houses and clothes and customs and occupations. He may submit to them, or he may rebel always and excite wonder at his recalcitrance. But language — already he is meeting the problem of its domination. He shows great promise to be an individualist, for he is trying instinctively to master it before it masters him. It is not simply vocabulary that is given him, mere glosses to limit him, but congealed phrases which can never again be flexible, dead metaphors, mere carcasses of ancient fancies, syntax from which spirit and even logic have gone, compounds once rich in imagination and now only an economy of sound — things which will warp his thought instead of expressing it. With all the beauty and clarity which come to him in part of his inheritance, he must accept clumsy opacities also, to do with them what he can. Will he always be able to discard them, or among them all to keep his need for truth?

Through all his utterance — of fact or thought or emotion — he will chafe constantly against his steady problem — to make the language of all speak the mind of the one. Can he continue to revere his own thoughts of greatness or to feel sweet enthusiasm for them when they sink to platitudes or maxims in his words? The history of a race is in the richness of language, but one may wish not for race but for himself in speech — or for his friend. Henry will often desire the certainty of understanding as well as the surety of being understood.

Man has pierced so far what lies between himself and others — but only so far. He is hoping always to discover in words an open door — and finds them often at the best only a grating. \*

## RELIGION AND CIVILIZATION

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

It is a common enough thing nowadays to find it maintained that what we must have is more religion. No end of bright and clever people say that, by word of mouth and in articles and books. It is not always clear exactly what they mean by it. A careful study of these numerous utterances leads one to the observation that by religion they generally mean a spirit of respectable geniality and law-abiding humanitarianism. There must be no dogma in it, they usually tell us; it must speak as one of the scribes and in no wise with authority. One draws the impression that there must be no ritual in it, either, or very little. It is rather the sort of thing which people feel who listen, in an atmosphere of respectability, to urgings that we should all help one another to pursue the good, the true, and the beautiful. And we are told that if we all drink of this thin and somewhat saccharine spiritual beverage a wonderful thing is going to happen. We are going to preserve civilization.

I should like to devote a few paragraphs to the saying of two things: first, that this sort of genial good-humor is not religion, but quite another thing, of which we have too much already and not too little; and second, that the purpose of real religion is not to save society but to do something infinitely more worth while.

A wise and Christian woman who teaches in a New England college has described, in words bitter but searching, this modern thing which masquerades as religion. It is 'suave-

mannered,' she says, 'pleasant-voiced; endangering nothing in particular; an ornament of the Sunday pew; devoted to good causes in proportion to their remoteness; intent upon promoting safe philanthropies and foreign missions, but, as far as affairs at home are concerned, ignorant alike of the ardors of the mystic or the heroisms of the reformer; cheerfully assuming that whatever is innocently agreeable is religious . . . careless dependence upon an affectionate God; a domestic religion, calculated to make life pleasant in the family circle, and curiously at ease in Zion.'

It is a harsh quotation, but not much exaggerated.

What is wrong with this very modern, humanitarian, nontheological, non-liturgical religion is not difficult to see. What makes it banal, what makes it to many people and especially to young people often a bit of a bore, is that its devotees actually suppose that man himself is the centre of the universe. It is more truly anthropomorphic than even the most crude savage superstition. Superstition tells people to worship a God who is like man. This new conception of religion bids us worship man himself.

It is a faith for people without a sense of humor, devoid of imagination. Science has long ago upset the notion which our fathers naively had, that physically everything — sun, moon, and stars — revolves around the earth. At such an idea the modern man smiles indulgently. But our fathers would

have shouted aloud with body-filling laughter at the even more ludicrous notion held by the modern man, that spiritually everything — cherubim, seraphim, and God Himself — revolves around the human race. The older day knew better. Human life is fast-flying and full of uncertainty. Man is a child, searching for something of truth; brave and beautiful, it may be, and to be respected, but tragic and pathetic too. His life is a search for reality, for a love which cannot be satisfied by earthly things, or even by human affection. There is a meaning to things somewhere. There is Someone who can love and whom to know and to love is life. There is a Being behind and within and beyond the little that we see and feel. He alone can satisfy a man's hungry heart. He it is who is Truth. He is the centre of all spiritual reality. To find Him is enough. To have all else and to miss Him is to find all else but dust and ashes. The search for Him is what life is for. To know God, who passes knowledge, that is to find one's self.

All the religions of the earth have taught that much. From the days when the primitive savage knelt before some supposedly sacred tree or some possibly holy stone and thrilled at the thought that somewhere within created matter lay and vibrated a force, a power beyond his knowing, into contact with which he must somehow come, on through the ancient religions into the great faiths of Zoroastrianism and Brahminism and Buddhism and Mohammedanism and Judaism and Christianity, men everywhere have understood that God is all that really matters and that religion is the pathway by which they humbly and hungrily draw near that they may live. It has remained for the modern world to conceive of man as in himself constituting the sacred centre of things, and of God as a dear, helpful sort of

maiden aunt whose chief business is to coddle the children. To say that God loves man is a wonderful thing in the mouth of the religious people of the ages, for it has meant that the creative Eternal had compassion upon man, His creature. There are a good many people nowadays who think it is a gracious act on their part to permit the Deity to love them at all.

In the name of the great mystical souls of the past, in the name of the millions of men and women who have sought humbly after God if haply they might a little find Him, it needs to be said that this anthropocentric, sentimental benevolence, which will have no teaching about the Eternal, no theology, but insists that God must be an amorphous influence surrounding and serving humanity, — which in its approaches toward God has little of awe, little of humble adoration, of mystery and solemnity, and reduces worship to the level of a pleasant Sunday at the club, — is not religion at all, but may very easily become mere pride, vainglory, and hypocrisy, from which we ought to pray to be delivered just as much as from envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

It may possibly be that this sort of lofty humanitarianism is destined to save the world. It seems hardly probable. The cult smacks somehow of the privileged classes. The great multitude of working people do not love humanity. They do not even think about humanity. They love their brothers and have compassion on one another. It is the man who is isolated from his brothers, by accident of class or misfortune of occupation, who goes in for the higher humanitarianism, loves the human race as such, and, usually, is fretfully impatient with human beings. However this may be, even supposing that humanitarianism, perfumed faintly with the odor of sanctity, is

going to save the world, let us at least be honest enough not to call it religion, the high and humble search by man for God, or to ask that the Church devote her time and effort to its promotion.

A great new building in New York we are told is to be 'a house of prayer for all people.' Some have attacked this statement, saying that it is not for all people. However that may be, it *is* a house of prayer. It will not stand through the ages on the top of its high hill for the autoelevation of humanity by its own genial boot-straps. It is to be what every church ought to be — a house of prayer, where men and women shall in deep humility and with hungry hearts lift themselves up toward Him whom truly to know is the only life that matters. As David the king said of the ancient temple, 'The palace is not for man, but for the Lord God.' If to believe that God is infinitely greater than man, and more worth loving and seeking and knowing, be superstition to this age, then the Church must continue to be a house of superstition. The ages past and the ages to be have a different name for it. That God is all, and that man has as his chief end to know Him and to enjoy Him forever, is not superstition. It is religion. No baser coin can take its place in the high commerce of men.

It is quite natural that people who think man is the centre of the cosmos, and therefore of religion, should suppose that the end and aim of the Church is to save civilization, to preserve the social order. I am told that there are people who give wealth to the Church on the supposition that it will ensure the status quo. I have even been told that a few people have given money to build cathedrals with the notion that somehow they will be fortresses of social conservatism. It ought to be obvious enough that money so given constitutes a poor investment. The Church

has not been successful hitherto, or indeed much interested, in preserving the status quo. Nor is it concerned with trying to overthrow the status quo. Why should it be?

The Church has seen several kinds of social order succeed one another, flower, rot, and die. The Roman social order was the first one. The Church was born into that. It was a militaristic world-empire, built on coercion and law. It rotted with selfishness and crumbled away. The Church went on. Then came the chaotic time of readjustment, and out of that emerged a feudal social order, at first more Christian than that which had been before and than any that has come after. It flowered and it withered and it died. And the Church kept right on. Then came a world built on private enterprise and trade. It lasted for about two centuries and a half and it became impossible and was supplanted, leaving behind it curious survivals like Jeffersonian democracy and the idealism of the 1840's and that talk about the abstract freedom of man of which one still hears a bit. That Adam Smith sort of social order died, too, about a century ago. But the Church kept on.

Our present civilization is based upon capitalistic control of the stores of the earth and of the power-driven tool. It is developing at great speed, growing out of hand, pushing the mobs into the cavernous cities, taking from the individual the joy of craftsmanship, penalizing family life, and generally running amuck. It creaks and groans in labor disputes, smirks in divorce and misdirected sex, and occasionally crashes in world war. The Church of the living God did not make it. Man made it. Whether it can be tamed by its creators no one can be quite sure. It may prove a Frankenstein monster which turns to rend its makers. At any rate, everyone admits that the present social

order is a bit shaky. The Church does not care whether it survives or not. If it perishes the Church will go right on, religion will go right on. God sitteth between the cherubim, be the earth never so unquiet. The great Ecclesia will stand on its heights long after capitalism has gone to join feudalism and imperialism and bolshevism and has been supplanted by some other interesting notion in the way of social order.

But, perhaps it may be asked, has the Church no social message at all? To be sure it has. Through the ages God has revealed with ever-increasing clearness that only those who love their fellow human beings can approach the glowing heart of God. 'For he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?' The prophet of old said that one must do justly and love mercy before he can walk humbly with his God; and that to do those three things is the whole duty of man. And Jesus Christ says that we shall love God with all our heart and soul and strength and mind, with *all* our power of loving, and that this will involve loving our neighbor as ourselves. You must love God and be loved of Him to have life mean anything, says the Church, and the experience of the ages gives agreement; and, in order to be acceptable with and by God, you must love men and women and little children.

That was ever the message of Jesus, who by His incarnation has made God comprehensible and lovable. You can search His sayings through and find no command to be humanitarian. You will find no urging that we should seek any such abstract impersonalities as the good and the true and the beautiful. You will find awe and reverence and humility both practised and prescribed toward the Eternal, and charity and human kindness and sacrifice and true affection both prescribed and prac-

tised toward men. You will search and search in vain for any pleas for the necessity of preserving civilization, that of His earthly day or that of any other day. To Him, if men would act humanly toward other men, and would humbly and reverently seek God, civilization would take care of itself. He knew that as long as any civilization made those two things easy and natural it would live, and that when it ceased to make them possible it would perish. That was all there was to that.

If our civilization continues to develop along lines of the sacred rights of property instead of along lines of the sacred rights of men, if control of wealth is given to people who lack imagination, if men are to be divided into masters and servants, capitalists and laborers, instead of united as brothers and friends, it will not be long before capitalism is as dead as the dodo bird, and a captain of industry will be as curious an antiquarian figure as a feudal knight in armor. It will not be the Church which overthrows. It will simply be another case of men who have defied the Lord and built a city on another than the Lord's commanded bases. And as for preserving, as for keeping the ins in just because they are in, that surely is too much to ask. If civilization is decent it will not need the Church artificially to buttress it. If it is not decent it would be blasphemy for the Church to seek to preserve it.

We must not confound human destiny and contemporary civilization, with its ins and its outs and its classes and its settled order of things. Otherwise we may be in the foolish position of the imaginary bishop in one of Mr. Sitwell's poems, who fell asleep in his garden one warm afternoon. While he slept there came the Judgment Day. The bishop woke to find the second housemaid going by in a robe of glorious iridescent silk with a crown of

glory on her head. 'I warned people,' said the bishop, 'that the first thing we knew we'd have bolshevism.'

Let us by all means have more religion, but let it be real religion—theo-centric, awed, a thing of beauty and of deep humility. And let us not seek it for the sake of preserving civilization, that relatively unimportant incident. Let us seek it because we have lost our way, in a maze of sin and pride; because

we are lonely and life is dull and the world's gaudy baubles seem like tinsel; because God is our lost treasure; because we would be shriven; because we are children and the Father's house is home; because we have too long been clever and self-sufficient; because worldliness is drab and stupid; because we would eat again the bread of God and drink once more the purple wine of Heaven.

## SEX, ART, TRUTH, AND MAGAZINES

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

### I

THE connection between sex, art, truth, and magazines may not seem close to some Americans, but that can only be because they have not examined lately our urban news-stands, or visited their village drug-store. Had they done so they must have become conscious of the rise of a great new American literature, 'throbbing with personality,' 'baring the human soul in all its elemental passions,' letting in the light upon all mysteries of sex, and serving its country by brushing aside the last of our mid-Victorian reserves, reticences, and retirements. Prudery lies slain, false modesty has expired, truth and frankness are enthroned upon their proper pedestals; the human form, too long hidden, has come into its own as in classical antiquity; another precious bit of Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy has died a-strangling. This is revolution, indeed, and what must commend it to all good business-men is that here reform, like virtue, brings its own

reward. Our newborn literature pays its snappy way. The dollar has, metaphorically, struck hands with Truth, Progress, Art, and the Revelation of Personality. Overnight a dozen readers grow where but one grew before. No low-descending sun but beholds the rise of a lodestar of the new monthly journalism. The reception of each one leaves no doubt that the little red schoolhouse is at last coming into its own; its graduates are proving in large numbers that they are ready for the high school of the sex magazines.

Let any Doubting Thomas go on a tour of inspection and see for himself. Mr. Frank Kent took a venturesome journey last summer into a hitherto terra incognita—the 5000-inhabitant towns between the *Baltimore Sun* office and San Francisco, our only bulwark against the unmoral Japanese. Here is his testimony: 'Between the magazines and the movies a lot of these little towns seem literally



saturated with sex. . . .’ The small-town people, he explains, respond more keenly to the new literature because they, having more leisure than big-town dwellers, are always more avid readers of all sorts of periodicals. In Steubenville, Ohio, he reports, ‘out of 110 publications in a single store 68 were either out-and-out smut or bordering on the line.’ In Fairmont, West Virginia, ‘1800 copies of a single monthly, exclusively devoted to sex experience and the nude in art, are sold of each issue, says the dealer, mostly to women.’ The principle upon which the new magazine producers act, declares this hostile critic, is that there is no such thing as satiety in sex literature in moral America. Hence a new magazine appears just about as quickly as the last to arrive is well established. In defense of the large city, it must be pointed out that in the leading hotel of Mr. Kent’s own beloved Baltimore the up-to-date news-stand groans with the new literature, while the old-line, back-number magazines with their historic names are represented only by two or three copies each. What Mr. Kent reports of the 5000-person town is true all the way up. The new publications are to be found everywhere.

What are these novel high lights of press and pen? They fall into several categories. The rage for unadorned truth as to personal experiences finds its expression in the ‘true story’ and the ‘confession’ group, where veracious narratives of titillating human experiences thrill literally millions of readers. Then there is the ‘snappy story’ group, in which the sex motive is the invariable leitmotif — always, of course, for the sole purpose of guiding the footsteps of the unwary into proper paths. That is the point that the unkind Mr. Kent failed to note. Not a publisher of these stories is moved by any mercenary desire — dear, no. It is their duty

to safeguard our youth from pitfalls, and more than one of them, after delightfully portraying the pitfalls, makes his characters turn to virtue and repentance. Next we have the ‘artists and models’ group of magazines, in which we see how the inartistic Americans have suddenly developed a thirst for undraped art quite unprecedented in our history; and finally we have the out-and-out vulgar group which describes itself by such titles as *Hot Dog*, *Hi-Jinks*, *Happy Howls*, *Whiz Bang*, *Paris Nights*, *Red Pepper*, and so forth.

The first of these groups, that of the ‘true story’ magazine, was originated by a certain Bernarr Macfadden, as to whom we shall have more to say later. Mr. Macfadden, the successful publisher of the *Physical Culture Magazine* and writer on many sex problems, received such a mass of letters from men and women who, in his own words, were ‘seeking relief from all manner of troubles, — physical, mental, spiritual, — so poignant, so real, so unlike any other stories I have ever heard,’ that he felt that a magazine made up of them would have a ‘great public appeal’ and ‘would do a tremendous amount of good through saving others from making the same mistakes.’ Fortunate prophet! As so often in his career, uplift and dollars came into harmonious partnership. *True Story* became not only the forerunner of its group, but, as he modestly suggests, ‘the outstanding publishing achievement of the century.’ It made him a millionaire, its sales now approaching 2,000,000 monthly. He followed it with *True Romances* and *True Detective Mysteries*. At once there were imitators: *True Marriage Experience*, *I Confess*, *Young’s Realistic Stories Magazine*, *True Experiences*, *True Confessions*, *My Story*, and *Secrets*. Of these *True Romances* sells 650,000 copies, *True Confessions* (now *Fawcett’s*) 176,000, and *True Detective*

*Mysteries* 150,000. Others appeared, only to die quickly. At first these 'confession' and 'true story' magazines were all filled with the sex appeal. But the original clichés are disappearing in the best of them. Some retain the story which goes straight to the border-line, but Mr. Macfadden has set the standard in *True Story*. Whether that was brought about by his experience with the law and lawsuits, or whether he has found, like others, that the sex appeal does not sell so well as 'heart throbs,' is not easy to determine. At any rate, word has gone out to the writers for some of these publications that the heart throb is what the reading world now pulsates to.

The writers? Well, Mr. Macfadden makes each of his writers sign a skillfully drawn statement to the effect that the story he has written is a true human experience, and he boasts that he has a committee of ministers to pass upon the manuscripts accepted for his various magazines. The other publishers are not outwardly so noble-spirited or so conscientious. The simple 'truth' in their cases is that most of the veracious personal experiences which appear in their pages are written by small groups of industrious workers who turn out from 30,000 to 50,000 words a month and are paid from two to six cents or more a word. Hence most of the sad wives and disillusioned flappers whose touching narratives appear every month are in reality mature gentlemen residing in Harlem or Greenwich Village. Often they get their clues and some of their stories from the letters that pour in upon them. To receive several thousand letters from fascinated readers of a single article is no novelty. They come from all over the country, and many are from kind-hearted and benevolent persons who offer the reformed sister or abandoned wife a home and the indefinite use of

their best parlor-bedroom. If she will just telegraph they will meet her at the train, ask no questions, and receive her as a daughter. One magazine is said to be made up entirely of stories sent in by the unskilled public and edited. *True Story*, it is declared, now gets most of its material from articles received from the general public in response to an annual award of \$50,000 in cash prizes. The resultant flood of manuscripts, or such as are selected by the editors, are licked into shape for publication.

In all justice it must be said here that the 'true story' group succeeded because there was a real need of simple, straightforward — if you please, melodramatic — stories such as the public also consumed in great quantity in the days of Robert Bonner and the publishers of melodrama in the eighties. In a sense it is a readers' revolt against the conventional and sophisticated story which ornaments the pages of the more sedate and conservative magazines.

People whose lives are restricted have their dream world; they wish to live in it, or to live life as they see it, and not as it is in reality. A highly successful writer of 'true stories,' who frequently gets a batch of five hundred letters which his publishers believe to be the best in the thousands received, declares that they are extremely touching and illuminating epistles. Not even the *Saturday Evening Post* reaches this stratum of our reading public, he says, and he is profoundly impressed with the extraordinary loneliness in life which these letters reveal. The writers of such letters are not after salacious stories. They are not afraid to have a spade called a spade, but they want a thrill, an emotion — they wish to sympathize with the unfortunate, or to rejoice in the misfortune of the very rich and of the villains they love to hiss in the movies. They do not object if

the stories they read have now become serious and moral, with conventional endings and conventional preaching. If the career of *True Story* should come to an early end one wonders whether some sort of improved substitute ought not to be offered to this group of readers who, in their primal desire for 'truthful' personal narratives, differ but little from their aspiring brothers of the business world who in all our cities and towns pore over the narratives of successful business-men, especially bankers, that rejoice us all in *Success* and the *American Magazine*.

## II

As for the second group, the 'snappy story' magazines, that is frankly the type to which Mr. Kent particularly objects. They go as close to the line as they dare, and they are very daring. Their readers are willing to pay well, for *Snappy Stories* sells for \$4.50 a year and has a circulation of 125,000, and *Breezy Stories* costs \$4.00 a year, with a circulation probably nearly as great. They are published on cheap paper at a very low cost, and carry a few pages of advertising of the familiar type that appears in cheap magazines, from which you can find out how to get a perfect-looking nose, cure your tobacco habit, clear your skin, reduce your weight, and beautify your thick lips. You may also cure deafness, or get a permanent wave or buy cut-glass diamonds for ten cents apiece. They have many suggestive illustrations, and usually print equally suggestive poems and 'pearls' of wit. Here too, we regret to say, there is with some of the group not a little deluding of the reader. That is, headlines and pictures mislead; you find that what appears to be a 'red-hot' story develops into a perfectly proper tale with an altogether moral ending. Even when the heroine con-

fesses to a false step she is penitently returned to her husband or her mother to live happily and properly ever after. A careful student of this group of magazines declares that the great bulk of the stuff published in them, while extremely common, is not really dirty, but that there is usually one story which goes over the line. The chronic readers know that there is always something off-color hidden for them somewhere, and the quest for that lures them into purchasing magazine after magazine.

The newfangled 'artists and models' magazine needs but a simple recipe; anyone may create such a concoction. You take a certain number of nude classical pictures from the Metropolitan or the Louvre, or some less-known gallery, and intersperse them with full-length pictures of scantily clad show-girls from 'Follies' or 'Vanities' or 'Revues.' Add reproductions of the work of some unknown Austrian or Belgian painter or sculptor, and mix in as text the story of how Gilda Gray felt when first she appeared in a cabaret, or how a Ziegfeld beauty climbed to success and kept herself undefiled. You can bring this out twice a month and sell your January issues early in December — the conversions to art for art's sake go on amazingly. As these little magazines often contain only thirty-two pages, cost probably two or three cents a copy to produce, and sell for fifteen or twenty-five cents, your profits are so great that you can afford to dispense with advertisements. So generous is its devotion to art that one of these magazines in its January 15 edition prints twenty-seven nude female pictures (some of them slightly draped). You get around any officious post-office censors by sending your edition, which speedily runs into the hundreds of thousands, by express. Thus art and truth triumph over prudery and puritanism.

What makes your task the easier, if you publish one of these contributions to frankness and to nature, is the presence in the metropolis of at least four theatre companies in which practically nude women appear nightly. One smiles to remember the days when attendance at the 'Black Crook,' the first conventional ballet attired in skirts and tights to visit New York in the early eighties, was almost a cause for divorce. Tights, skirts, and stockings have gone, and much beside, and the 'art lovers' magazines profit thereby. How can you be raided for reproducing faithfully what anybody can pay to see on the stage, plus paintings by Rubens or Bouguereau? The other day a trio of judges in New York dismissed four cases in which those arrested were charged with giving information as to where the *American Art Student and Artists and Models* could be purchased. That, the judges ruled, was no crime; since these magazines are openly displayed on hundreds of stands they could hardly do otherwise. Counsel for one prisoner at once pointed out that some of the objectionable pictures 'were reproductions from celebrated paintings in art galleries.' Justice McInerney, evidently an old-fashioned gentleman, declared as to one of the magazines that it would do no harm if it circulated only among art students, and then he truthfully added: 'I don't think this magazine could be given away unless it contained nude pictures.'

Again, the standard has changed in the daily press as well as on the stage. Nearly every Sunday there appear in the illustrated supplements of our most staid and respectable dailies pictures of women athletes or of Palm Beach bathers in scanty costumes that would have raised a storm of protest in the 'gay nineties' and even at the beginning of this century. Beauty-

contest winners, women shot-putters, and champion swimmers display their charms in the *Times* or the *Tribune-Herald* or the *Boston Herald* without let or hindrance. The caption under a particularly revealing picture clipped from one of our family papers explains that the lady portrayed is 'the possessor of the most beautiful legs in the world.' No daily would have dared to print this picture twenty-five years ago. There is every evidence, however, that the on-coming generation takes no undue interest in one-piece bathing-suits or their wearers. When one has never seen anything else the element of piquancy does not exist; to moralists and sociologists must be left the question whether frankness in these matters is or is not better than the mystery which was supposed to shroud the female figure for bygone generations.

There remains the *Hot Dog* group. It may be dismissed in a few words. It is the acme of vulgarity; its pages are lined with the kind of jokes commercial travelers have always reveled in, and the coarse humor to be found in low music-halls the world over. These are a type of publication that has always existed, to be passed around on trains and in livery stables when garages were unknown.

At this point it is necessary to call attention to the fact that this promising, but infant, magazine industry is meeting with such serious foreign competition as to compel the wonder why Congress and the Home Market Club are doing nothing about it. While saving the world for Horthy, Mussolini, Hindenburg, and the Bolsheviks, hordes of our young Americans in uniform visited Paris and there acquired various tastes for—well, acquired tastes. Among them was a liking for that standard of French contemporary literature, *La Vie Parisienne*, and other delectables of the boulevard kiosks.

The American troops said good-bye to Lafayette, but *La Vie Parisienne* came home with them and now ornaments news-stands in our largest cities. With it have come *Le Sourire* and — one regrets to record such a sad fact — the similar, but clumsy, publications of our late enemies. *Reigen* and *Der Jungeselle* are at their old tricks of seeking their place in the sun — as, for instance, on Forty-second Street, New York. Now there is no denying that *La Vie Parisienne* affords effective competition to our American products. It goes further, it is franker, it invariably opens wide bedchamber doors after people have retired, and it has wit and humor as well as ability. This is serious for us, although intended to be wholly amusing. With all due respect to our late Ally, and with every desire to help France to pay her debts, Americans should none the less insist upon an 80 per cent *ad valorem* duty if our home industry is to stand upon its own nude feet. The competition grows hourly more serious. It is not offset by the fact that our publications of this type 'dump' their unsold copies abroad at ten cents apiece.

### III

It is the evil, not the individuals who batten on it, we would attack. But it will serve this purpose to dwell for a moment on the foremost figure in this field of true 'literature.' Bernarr Macfadden — born, as the French say, Bernard A. Mcfadden — is a native of Missouri who came to New York in 1894, equipped with much muscle, an extraordinary chest-development, a shock of hair, and the power to impress his personality upon others. True to the best established American precedent, he arrived in the metropolis friendless and with comparatively small means. A physical-culture matinée,

advertised with him in the stellar rôle, attracted few besides a reporter of Dana's *Sun*, who recorded for posterity that Professor Mcfadden — even boot-blacks were 'professors' in those days — 'chatted and posed in an interesting way for over an hour.' But the cruel and heartless metropolis failed, as in so many other cases, to recognize genius at first sight, and so the Professor, then twenty-six years old, was compelled to take a job at fifteen dollars a week as assistant to the physical instructor of the Manhattan Athletic Club. Soon thereafter he established his own studio for the business man anxious about his weight and his wind, invented a Mcfadden pulley for muscle-building, and shortly after took his first plunge into the literature he both adorns and dominates. The time was ripe, for, with the coming into vogue of golf and football, prosperous America turned to sports and founded the country club; a new generation was at hand which declined to be as flabby, or as thin-chested, as its elders.

The professorial champion of physical culture from Missouri — who, like Theodore Roosevelt, had built himself from a weakling into a man of great physical power — rode the modern athletic craze to great financial success. If he has not been a hero to his valet he has been one to himself. More than that, he has been a typical American social crusader, and he is touchingly convinced that single-handed he, this Bayard of the body, has achieved great things. 'The fight I have made against the use of drugs has been felt in every drug-store, by every doctor, and in every home,' he modestly wrote on September 15, 1924. 'The campaign I have conducted against prudery has helped to force that monster evil — venereal disease — into the daylight where it can be intelligently attacked. It has taken the ridiculous malforming



swimming-costume that women formerly wore and has replaced it with a suit that enables women to use their bodies as God rightfully intended.'

Fortunate Mr. Macfadden! He, too, discovered the relationship of science to health, but unlike other scientific pioneers he was enabled to advance his cult by the unveiling of the human body. Beyond all question he was right in protesting, in an era in which the Boston Public Library rejected Frederick MacMonnies's nude Bacchante, against a 'lascivious and obscene attitude toward the human body,' and in asserting that the naked human body is to be neither feared nor regarded as something at which people should look askance. He was but in keeping with his generation in demanding better, more comfortable, and less clothing, and the abolition of the corset. But while physicians and teachers and experts in body-building, from Dio Lewis to Dudley Sargent, could only preach these things by word of mouth in their gymnasiums, it was given to Bernard — beg pardon, Bernarr — to prove that reform and the amassing of a huge pile of dollars could go hand in hand. Nudes sell better than anything else on the news-stands.

It was his rare flair for publicity that gave Macfadden his self-bestowed title of 'professor' and made him change his name — 'I decided to make it a name out of the ordinary.' The excellent financial results of his early and earnest preachments led to his establishing his first publishing venture, the *Physical Culture Magazine*, in which he fought unending fights with popular indifference to physical development and with those monstrous creatures who really wish Americans to be a race of puny, ill-developed, and ill-nurtured men and women — one does not know who such are, but Mr. Macfadden is never at a loss to tilt at them. That

flair for publicity early called for Macfadden pure-food restaurants and for beauty shows to help propagate the doctrine of the physical uplift of American manhood and womanhood — with model specimens of the latter attired in what in these days seem like extremely modest union-suits. But never, of course, is the path of the reformer smooth, especially if it is the business of the reformer to reveal the human form. As far back as 1901 the postal authorities in Washington ordered his arrest for the character of his advertising of his beauty show of that year. In 1905 the spotless soul of the late Anthony Comstock was shocked by similar pictures, and Mr. Macfadden and two of his assistants were arrested, just before the show of that year. Needless to say that Mr. Comstock was in considerable degree responsible for the throngs that pushed and jostled their way — for purely scientific reasons, of course — into Madison Square Garden to see the 'bathing beauties' on exhibition. It is to the credit of Mr. Macfadden's consistency that among his exhibits at latter-day meetings have been his own daughters.

On October 23, 1907, our physical culture hero came into serious conflict with the law, a jury in the United States District Court in Trenton, New Jersey, finding him guilty of publishing and sending through the mail in his *Physical Culture Magazine* an improper story entitled 'Growing to Manhood.' The Government declared that the advice and discussions in the article were wholesome, but that the narrative was well calculated to increase evil habits rather than to retard them. So our unselfish crusader was sentenced to two years at hard labor and a fine of \$2000, and would have gone to prison had not the kind heart of President Taft been reached. The President remitted the prison part of the sentence.



A year later a young woman whose picture was printed by our iconoclast as proof of the desirability of much luxuriant hair — those were benighted pre-‘bob’ days — obtained a verdict of \$3000 against Macfadden for using her picture to her hurt and harm, and without her permission — indeed, a month after she had requested in writing the return of the picture.

None of these mistakes of the courts deterred our champion of humanity. Like many another such, he early turned his thoughts to education as the final solvent. So, like Dowie, he founded his Zion, the ‘Physical Culture City’ at Spottswood, New Jersey. Here, too, this pioneer met with the ingratitude which is the lot of all good men. Students, those who paid and those who worked their way through, flocked to the City, only to find that the workers were paid six dollars a week, worked ten hours a day, and received only seventy-five cents a week in cash, at which rate they discovered that it would take them five and a half years to earn their diplomas. Patients there were, too, and some were unkind enough to demur at paying eighteen dollars a week for food when they were immediately made to fast for one or two weeks! ‘It was all work and no study, and the contract provisions were so arranged that graduation was virtually unobtainable,’ declared the unkind *New York World*, after a lengthy description of life in Physical Culture City, in the course of which it allowed the allegation to be made that some of the researches of the students went too far into the personal and intimate. Mr. Macfadden sued the *World* for \$50,000 for libel, but the power of the press triumphed — the jury upheld the *World*. Physical Culture City exists no more. Three Macfadden restaurants still go their

triumphant way; as their organizer modestly says, he has helped to revolutionize the restaurant business, and so ‘you can get wholesome health-building foods most anywhere.’

#### IV

Striking is the record of this prophet’s publishing achievements. *Physical Culture Magazine* has 400,000 readers. To it Macfadden gave ‘practically his entire life’ for twenty years. Then in 1919, as already related, he founded *True Story*. That pointed the way to other successes: *Movie Weekly* (440,000 copies are now printed monthly); *True Romances* (650,000 copies sold monthly); *Dream World*, a magazine of love and romance (200,000 circulation); *Fiction Lovers* (175,000); *Dance Lovers* (85,000); *Radio Stories* (125,000); *True Detective Mysteries* (150,000); *Modern Marriage*, the ‘be happy magazine that will not preach, will lay down no rules, will not theorize — but rather will show, by means of amazingly human and interesting stories and splendidly written intimate articles, how others have met the problems that now or will confront you’ (circulation 150,000); and finally, *Muscle Builder*, which has not yet built its circulation above 80,000. Mr. Macfadden’s own figures are quoted here. The trade figures are lower.

As for his dividends, since January 1, 1920, the apostle of the physical uplift has paid \$10,340 in stock and cash for every \$1000 invested; his gross revenue from his magazines in 1924 was no less than \$8,866,800, an increase of \$4,202,700 over 1923 — the figures again being his own. Indeed, so rapid has been the development of his business philanthropy that it has had two important results. He has gone into the daily-newspaper field, and he has generously turned to the public and placed with it some of the stock of his \$10,000,000

company, Macfadden Publications, Inc. A supreme motive for this unselfish desire to share his good fortune is that in his judgment the rental of money has not advanced adequately, — 'it remains at the old, antiquated rate of 4 per cent or 6 per cent,' — and therefore he is determined that believers in physical well-being shall have the advantage of 10 or 12 per cent, to say nothing of alluring stock-bonuses. All of which is set forth in a circular offering this opportunity unparalleled in publishing annals — which circular, one hesitates to say, has also encountered official envy and intolerance, for it has been held up by the authorities in Illinois as not conforming to the 'Blue Sky Law' for the protection of innocent investors.

As for his venture into the daily field, it is the *New York Evening Graphic*. New York obviously needs moral as well as physical uplift, and there were the one million New York City readers of Macfadden publications. They were entitled to see daily their beloved city and the universe through Macfadden spectacles, and so are the 650,000 New Yorkers who read no evening dailies. Founded on September 15, 1924, the daily *Graphic* on October 1, 1925, had 96,598 readers. But here we must needs chronicle a genuine backset to the onward march of the Macfadden publications. On May 3, 1925, the *New York Sunday Graphic* was established, carrying in that issue more than thirty thousand lines of paid advertising. But let the prophet's circular tell the story in its own words: 'Over two hundred and fifty thousand copies were sold in New York and vicinity. Subsequent issues have been so well received and widely circulated that we can unqualifiedly say that the *New York Sunday Graphic* has scored a success unprecedented not only in the history of New York

journalism but for the entire country.' Incredible as it may seem, this 'unprecedented success' lasted only two months. In July the *Sunday Graphic* breathed its last; prodigy that it was, it succumbed to two infantile diseases: inefficient nutrition and inadequate circulation — which leads to the suggestion that Mr. Macfadden is less well versed in prenatal care than in after-birth upbuilding.

As for his daily, he has told us in editorials just what it is that he is after. Here again we come across the dominant uplift motive: 'I believe that such a paper can be made to appeal to the masses in their own language; that it can be made so true and real that it will penetrate the hearts and souls of the readers.' And again: 'You have to dramatize the news and features that you present in such a manner as will not only interest your readers, but will have an uplifting influence mentally, morally, and spiritually.'

It is interesting to note just how this magnificent programme is being carried out. For the week of November 16 to 21 inclusive, the *Graphic* gave 183½ inches of space to crime; 82½ inches to sex crime; 203½ inches to divorce and annulments; 472 inches to general news; 167½ inches to local news; 1178¾ inches to sports and radio; 554½ inches to beauty shows and contests; 132 inches to foreign news; 4071 inches to advertising; 243 inches to contests other than beauty; 144½ inches to editorials; 1848½ inches to special departments; and 355 inches to fiction. Taking the six issues from October 14 to October 20, inclusive, we learn the following from the front-page headlines: 'Pretty Girl Has Three Hubbies'; 'Cop Dying, 4 Bandits Shot'; 'Heiress Penniless in Cell as Check and Jewel Crook'; 'Why Donohue Jewel Thief Got Protection and \$68,000.' The next issue bore the legend, 'Donohue Gem Thief Known,'

and the final headline read, 'Inside Story of Coal Plot.' This is an average week, chosen at random. It illustrates clearly how our crusader (for health and the right) appeals to the hearts and souls of his readers, and presents his news in such a manner as to uplift them — mentally, morally, and spiritually. Especially uplifting was the front-page picture published in the *Graphic* of November 25 portraying the unfortunate woman in a recent sensational annulment case appearing disrobed before the jury, a picture which the *Editor and Publisher*, trade journal of journalists, declared to be 'the most shocking news-picture ever produced by New York journalism.' The photograph was, of course, faked; a chorus girl was paid to pose for the occasion.

Finally it is to be noted that Mr. Macfadden's unselfishness has led him to 'expose' the recent bathing-beauty contest at Atlantic City, which he declared to be a 'gigantic, nation-wide fraud.' He is being sued by the Atlantic City Chamber of Commerce for \$2,000,000, by its president, Mr. S. P. Leeb, for \$1,000,000, and by Earl Carroll for \$1,000,000. Once more are the wicked seeking to put this righteous man out of business.

Announcement has recently been made that the *Philadelphia Daily News*, an afternoon tabloid, has been taken over by the Macfadden Newspaper Corporation: it will be interesting to observe this 'uplifting influence' upon the city of brotherly love.

## V

Well, what is to be done about our new literature? It is Mr. Kent's belief that, if its spread is not checked, it will be possible in another year or so to say of the United States one of the worst things that can be said about any nation — 'that its people are steeped in

dirty literature.' The National Council of Women has resolved against the menace and so have the leading organizations of Catholic women. Priests and preachers, chiefs of police and prison heads, have sounded their warning and called for a return to the Bible. It is no answer to say what is true, that no period has been without its pornography — witness Pompeii. There has probably never been so wide a distribution of this sort of thing as is now made possible by modern publishing methods. But a special censorship, — usually the first glib suggestion, — whether Federal or state, should be unthinkable. We already have laws against obscenity which serve in many states, and the censorship of the Post Office Department is steadily at work, sometimes wisely and sometimes otherwise — as witness the recent suppression in New York of a copy of *Judge* which, while a bit shocking, was but a clever take-off of *La Vie Parisienne*. Naturally the street sales of this issue were very great, just as it is reported that the suppression, not so many months ago, of an issue of the *Harvard Lampoon* sent the price of certain outstanding copies to high figures.

In his field the Postmaster-General is supreme. The courts will not interfere to control any executive official in the discharge of a duty involving the exercise of judgment and discretion. The action of the Postmaster-General has been held to be absolute and conclusive on any material or relevant question of fact (*Branaman vs. Hill*, *Federal Reporter*, volume 189, p. 463). In another case the test had been defined as 'the tendency to deprave and corrupt the minds of those who are open to such influence, into whose hands the publication may come' (*Rosen vs. U. S.*, *United States Reporter*, volume 161, p. 29).

Since, however, the publications

under consideration are delivered through other channels than the mail, the question arises as to what further steps shall be taken. Self-appointed censors of the John S. Sumner and Anthony Comstock type are the last persons to realize that standards are changing, that clothes and social standards — yes, the moral code itself — are constantly being altered. Only censors seem never to change, and never to win popular approval, wherever they may be. Not all of England by any means likes its British censorship of the stage. In the field of books censors may usually be counted on to pick the wrong book to suppress. Few are wise enough to judge, especially to judge genius, and few are tactful enough to do the censoring cannily. When one thinks of the calibre of the officials in many of our towns and cities one shudders at what they might do if the censorship of pictures and publications were placed in their hands. Certainly not many would have the wisdom of the chief of police of Des Moines who abandoned his plan to compel news-dealers to abide by an official magazine 'white list,' whereupon the news-dealers agreed to ascertain official desires and voluntarily guide themselves thereby. In Hudson County, New Jersey (opposite New York City), the authorities indicted three news-dealers for distributing and selling *Hot Dog*, *Whiz Bang*, *Artists and Models*, *Art and Beauty*, *Flapper Experiences*, and *Follyology*. They were convicted, but received suspended sentences after promising to discontinue the distribution and sale of these magazines. Every community can, if it so desires, similarly protect itself against the public sale of such publications where they are plainly obscene, or where it is obvious that they live for no other purpose than to market smut.

As for the 'snappy story' and 'true

story' groups, there is every evidence that they are passing phases of a post-war period, at least in large degree. The fact that some of the publishers are already finding out that heart throbs pay better than sex appeal is very much to the point here. Much can be done by quiet influencing of news-dealers, through local committees, in the direction of better wares. But anything like wholesale suppression would be a fatal mistake. They will run their course in due time. Or, if they establish themselves firmly and make as much money as Mr. Macfadden's *True Story*, they will become more conservative in direct proportion to the capital invested and the sum-total at stake. Times change with extraordinary rapidity in the American magazine field. Witness the tremendous influence of the religious weeklies in the sixties and seventies, which have practically disappeared — or changed their garb — except in a few instances where they are directly church-sponsored. What could have been more phenomenal than the rise, at the turn of the century and soon thereafter, of the muck-raking magazines? They had years of tremendous influence. Where are they now? *Collier's*, the *American Magazine*, *Everybody's*, and the *Cosmopolitan* still survive — how changed! He would be rash, indeed, who would prophesy where *True Story* and *Breezy Stories* will be a few years hence. *Follyology* is already reported dead, and *Flapper Experiences* may be nearing its demise. It is better that *Live Stories*, *I Confess*, and *Art Lovers* should run their course than that a permanent censorship should be fastened upon the country, which could be so easily extended to cover opinions and political doctrines in addition to racy stories and suggestive pictures. The price of liberty is often some license — and it is a cheap price.

## A LETTER FROM JACQUES BONHOMME

### THE SITUATION IN FRANCE

BY ABEL CHEVALLEY

TO THE EDITOR, ATLANTIC MONTHLY  
DEAR SIR, —

I write in English to save you the trouble of translating. Also because I want to speak direct. If you publish my letter, do not scrub and polish it too much. I am not ashamed of my Gallicisms.

We are old acquaintances. You have seen me, gray-haired but still active, in my own surroundings on the banks of the Loire. I own there a few acres of land and a small house filled with books, some of them American and English. You remember: I learned your language during the war. In my safe I keep a bundle of French securities bought before and during the war. In the days of Verdun I brought my foreign stocks to our famished Treasury, and got ten times less than they are worth to-day. Small *rentier*, small landowner, I am Jacques Bonhomme, the typical Frenchman.

Before the war, I was getting my family's food from our bit of land; and all the rest of our expenses — clothes, books, the children's education, repairs, improvements, an occasional trip to Paris, the seaside, even abroad — all the rest was covered by the coupons of those gilt-edged securities in my safe.

Now my securities have long ceased being secure. Both gilt and edge are gone. The French 3 per cent, bought at 100 gold francs (\$20), is now at 45 francs paper — that is, less than two

dollars. The 'Great Penance' began for me, and millions like me, exactly seven years ago, just after the war, when the financial solidarity between the Allies was suddenly broken. Now I have lost more than nine tenths of my principal investments.

I do not complain. I consider myself as very lucky to have still a roof to die under, and a field in which to grow potatoes. Several million middle-class people like me are less fortunate. They conceal their shabbiness in the back streets of our town. Your compatriots will never meet them around the Ritz or the Crillon. Nor will you do as much as suspect their existence, and manner of existing, next time you motor through France. These middle-class people were the mainstay of social order. They had stamped our civilization with the characteristics of their life. Among them were many Bergerets *en sabots*. Their weight provided the necessary balance of power between the very poor and the very rich. Their presence had made this country intellectually radical, and socially conservative: not a bad mixture if you want progress within liberty. Now lift your hat. Their funeral is in progress. They are going, going — gone.

Their own fault? Of course. They ought to have gone bankrupt long ago, instead of pinching and dwindling. They would now be on the upgrade. The whole world would have come

to their rescue. Others have done it.

Why did they remain loyal to their French Loans? But, if they had sold, they would only have precipitated the movement toward their ruin as a people, and as a class. Was this their part to play? A few have, indeed, sold out. The many were doomed. For my part, if I had the choice, I would again do as I have done. Above all, I will keep from whining.

I have still in my ears that German wail, about two years ago, when the *Reich* had gone bankrupt. I still hear the world's cry of pity. Well, you have saved Germany and made us concur in her salvation. We have given up the Ruhr and relinquished most of our claims. What has happened since? The gold value of internal debts in Germany, including the State debts, has been consolidated at 15 per cent. My German middle-class fellow man, or what remains of him, can now rely on 15 per cent of his original capital. I, Jacques Bonhomme, have only 10 per cent, unconsolidated. He let loose the dogs of war, and 'hunned' my inheritance. I am, out of my own pocket, paying for his devastations. And he is better off than I.

However, I will not ask, expect, or stand your pity. I owe you money. I shall pay what you think I can pay. I have still one fourth of my reconstructions in devastated areas to finance. My internal debt is ten times what it was ten years ago. One part of it is dangerously 'floating,' and the ship threatens to capsize. I have lost nine tenths of my principal investments. However, I shall try to meet my liabilities. What does it matter to me if, in the attempt, I lose the last tenth?

In order to tide my Government over its immediate difficulties, I have been asked, this bleak December, to contribute 150 per cent of my estimated annual income. That plan has not been

abandoned, and may be enforced any day. I am, then, expected to sacrifice one year and a half of my financial life to the Moloch of national and international indebtedness. All right. 'Tant que vous voudrez, mon Général.' Eighteen months' life, merely financial, what is that, in comparison with the thousands of young, real, and bleeding lives that were being daily sacrificed less than ten years ago on the battlefields of Europe? The only questions are: 'Can it be done?' and 'Will it be any good?'

The 10 per cent residue of what is the bulk of my securities cannot, of course, provide 150 per cent of the total of my estimated income. I shall have to mortgage my land or sell part of it — and barter away my last stocks. I am, indeed, allowed to spread payment over a number of years, but must pay more if I accept, besides encumbering my children's future. Six million other 'Jacques Bonhommes' are in the same situation. They will also mortgage and sell. I do not speak here of all the industrial mills and wheels that will stop in consequence. What shall we get for our scattered bits of land in a glutted market? What will be the good of a mass of depreciated and unnegotiable mortgages in the hands of our Government? Capital levy is a sorry remedy for financial disease. It consumes the patient. The doctor gets no fees. All the profit, if any, goes to the undertaker. Now, who are the undertakers behind our quacks?

I know your answers to all my arguments. (1) You are still lightly taxed, Mr. Jacques Bonhomme. (2) You shirk taxation. (3) You spend too much on luxuries — for instance, militarist, colonial, naval, and other imperialistic enterprises. (4) Your commercial balance is favorable: you are getting rich. (5) Anyhow, we Americans only want our due, or a reasonable



part of it. The rest of your debt does not concern us.

If, on this last point, I consulted only my own particular interest as a French middle-class small *rentier* and land-owner, I should at once say: 'By all means, let us deliver into their virtuous English and American hands everything we still have in our possession. *Tu veux ma chemise, tu l'auras*. Let us ship to London and New York the twenty-five thousand million dollars in gold we can still scrape together. This will not repay one twentieth of our Interallied debt. But it is our only asset immediately transferable. Then the franc falls to zero. Then the whole of our internal debt is wiped off. Germany did that trick. I lose the last tenth of my "gilt-edged." But half my burden of taxation is removed. I keep my land and house. My industrial and commercial brethren keep their factories and warehouses. Next year you and others will lend us fresh millions, as we all did Germany, to start us again with a clean slate.'

But I know the shame and miseries and complications entailed by the apparent simplicity of this childish process. My own particular interest, in this case, is against the interest of all other classes in my nation, of all other nations in the world. This is not the way out.

But I do not think it fair to be told, even by a Senator and Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, that because I have kept my head and avoided bankruptcy; because I have no unemployed, owing mainly to reconstruction and falling exchange; because I am holding on against the Riffs and Druzes, subsidized by you know who; because I produce as much food and coal as ten years ago, in spite of my war losses; because I still make my wine, silk, pipes, motors, in spite of their prohibition in other countries; because, in fact, of the long, silent, but now tottering

resistance of my spirit of work and economy against dreadful odds — because of all that, I must repay not only the thirty-three hundred million dollars I borrowed from you, not only the sixty-two hundred million dollars I offered in settlement last October, but the nine thousand million you kindly demanded after, I grant it, rebating a large part of what you might still have demanded. The cause of the world was, after all, fought on my soil. My sense of equity rebels against the fatalities of compound interest in dollars and cumulative depreciation in francs. Not even the 'borahcic' argument that my vintage returns and corn crops are in some years higher than expected can yet convince me. I am not Joshua, nor Borah. I cannot stop the sun.

Can I bear more taxation? In the financial chaos just now prevailing (December 1925), when cabinet upon cabinet has fallen and will fall on successive plans of impossible action and still more impossible inaction, I, Jacques Bonhomme, still keep my head. You have not heard, yet, of one single bank-rush or collective tax-refusal. But, remember, there are forty million French men, women, and children. They pay, in 1925-26, forty thousand million francs in taxes only: that is, one thousand francs per head — more than 25 per cent of their average individual income. The American pays 11½ per cent, the Englishman 23 per cent, the Italian 19 per cent, the Belgian 17 per cent. (Cf. Henry Bérenger, *Le Matin*, October 14, 1925.) The German is inscrutable in his mist of figures. We have reached the top of taxation and are dangerously leaning over the ridge.

Do I shirk taxation? Yes. As much as I (and you) dare. But this is not much nowadays. The net is tightened, and what escapes would not materially alter the situation. I grant we might sell State monopolies. Perhaps we

ought to. I grant we might draw more from the peasant's distillation of alcohol. *But we are, like you, in the hands of the voter.*

Do I spend too much on my army, navy, colonies, little wars? The whole of my naval and military disbursements amounted in 1913 to eighty-seven dollars per head; in 1925 to sixty-eight. Imperialism? Do you prefer the Bedawin to rule in Syria, and Abd-el-Krim in Morocco? San Domingo, Cuba, Haiti, and other countries, are more easily and cheaply held under control. But we also have our burden and duties.

Am I getting rich? I told you about my State investments. The Stock Exchange list shows that the value of *all* French securities, calculated in dollars or gold francs, has fallen by more than 60 per cent since 1913. My exports are growing in value when you reckon them in paper francs, but dwindling in volume. A falling exchange always causes an apparent surplus of exports, a factitious soaring of foreign trade, a miserable prosperity, a prosperous misery. You know the story: more and more francs, less and less value. A snake was found the other day, dead in its cage. It had grown so fat — eating its own tail. Rich foreigners swarm over France, and bring us millions of dollars. True. Before the war those millions remained in the country, and, though invisible, they righted the balance in lean years. But we have, since the war, imported two million foreign laborers to replace our two million men killed and maimed, and they remit abroad as much as you spend in our hotels and shops.

Such is, then, my economic situation. Now, American friends, do not say your last word without considering most seriously my capacity of payment. You have done it for Germany.

The mention of Germany always crops up in my cogitations. How could it be otherwise? At the bottom of my

mind this thought remains: 'Our common and former enemy does not pay me one tenth of what he has undertaken to pay. Why am I compelled to pay to my former allies so much more than I get from our former enemy? And if he defaults, what then?' This is a moral rather than a judicial way of looking at the problem. But if you want to know how I feel, there you have it in a nutshell.

You see, I understand the American taxpayer's point of view. But I wish he would understand mine. I do not discuss the profits you made on your own soil out of the money I borrowed from you, and whether or not you had got the spoils of victory before entering the conflict. It is enough for me that you loaned and came. I only want you, when you have decided in your mind how much I can pay, and how long, to surround my franc with the same precautions as you have surrounded the mark, and to provide for transfers in the same spirit. Otherwise all our arrangements will fall to the ground, sooner or later.

One word more. The economic situation of France, however serious, is perhaps less disturbing at the present moment than its moral and political state. For all its beauty, the spirit of Locarno is only a spirit hovering on the sea of events. Deep realities are still rolling their way under the surface.

I hear of a great progress toward the United States of Europe. My former allies have pushed me toward my former enemies, and I was not at all undisposed to go. But let us beware of premature constructions. If Europe coalesced to-morrow I should have to become more of a European and less of a world citizen. I am not sure that I like this prospect, or that the change would be for the good of those eternal causes of humanity on which you and I have founded our spiritual lives. The

United States of Europe? Will they develop on the same lines, for better or worse, as the United States of America? If not, what then? And where will the European majority lie? In Russia or in France? In the Balkans or in England?

I am an inveterate individualist. After all the compulsions, moral and physical, consequent upon a long war and a wretched peace, I badly want a spell of my beloved intellectual liberty. But the pressure of economic necessities and financial misery leads me the other way. As if the universal mechanization were not already unbearable, I see growing around me, on the débris of Europe, the enormous bulk of new social machinery of all sorts. At the same time, we are all losing faith in a form of parliamentary democracy that lends itself so easily to internal misgovernment and international maladjustment. So that I am sometimes afraid of what is taking place within my own conscience. The belief in force,

numbers, automatism, is slowly permeating my outlook. The total disparition of middle classes, more calamitous in my country than in any other, would make that change of horizon almost inevitable. Since their funeral dirge began to sound, I hear of nothing but dictatorship, revolution, or revolutionary dictatorship. Last year a pack of place-hunters drove, in my own country, a President of the Republic from his high office. Last month still more decided elements did all but succeed in wrenching the helm from a distracted Parliament and establishing mob tyranny — in order, forsooth, to save our financial situation. In opposite quarters educated, disciplined, enthusiastic factions of well-to-do people are avowedly preparing the advent of an Armed Savior, financial and social.

In a highly prosperous country like yours, such regressions are unthinkable. Do not alienate, do not abandon, your spiritual fellow — Jacques Bonhomme.

## THE PHILIPPINES: AN EXPERIMENT IN DEMOCRACY

BY RALSTON HAYDEN

ON October 15, 1921, Major-General Leonard Wood took the oath of office as Governor-General of the Philippine Islands, and a new period in the history of America's great Oriental possession began. From the crowding events of the ensuing four years it is now possible to form some conception of the outstanding constitutional and political developments of this period. These developments cannot, as yet, be fully appraised, but their trend can be clearly perceived. Already they constitute an

important chapter in the story of American colonial policy and in the epic of Philippine national development. They are of vital concern to Americans because they are essential incidents in the great rôle which the United States is playing as the Occident and the Orient are being forced into close contact in the area of the Pacific; and because they witness the travail by which a new nation whose destiny is linked with ours is being brought to birth.

In the Philippines the East and the West meet under conditions most favorable for mutual understanding and coöperation. In these beautiful tropical islands representative democracy has been accepted by almost 12,000,000 Malays and has been made the corner stone of the state which they are attempting to build. This is the cardinal fact in the political development of the Philippines, and in the relationship between the United States and the Filipino people. From the inception of this relationship the aspirations of the Filipino people have been for a self-governing, democratic commonwealth. Democracy, as well as independence, has been their goal. The political education they have received since 1898, whether through participation in actual government or in the national public-school system, has been designed to prepare them not only for self-government but for democratic self-government. The building of a Philippine nation under American auspices possesses significance to the world chiefly because it is the most promising attempt which has yet been made to adapt the institutions of representative democracy to the needs and desires of a subject Oriental people. It is, then, in their relation to the great project of building a democratic, self-governing state in the Philippines that the several periods through which the government of the Islands has passed since 1898, and especially the most recent one, should be understood by the people of the United States.

## I

The Philippine policy of the United States may be divided into three periods with reference to the development of self-government in the Islands. The first began in 1899 with the cession of the Archipelago to the United States,

and ended in 1913 when the control of the American government passed from the Republican to the Democratic Party. The second coincided with the Democratic tenure of power from 1913 to 1921. The third was inaugurated when President Harding appointed Major-General Leonard Wood as Governor-General. It may be regrettable that colonial policy should be dependent upon the vicissitudes of domestic party politics; but in a certain sense and within certain limits it has always been so determined in every country governed under the party system. It is quite true that partisanship should 'end at the water's edge' whether in colonial or in foreign policy. Party responsibility, however, cannot do so. Inasmuch as the two major American parties have always held widely divergent views as to the proper course for this country to follow in the Philippines, the Philippine policy of the United States has been party policy, and has undergone radical changes as one party has succeeded the other in power. Recognition of this fact will go a long way toward enabling Americans to understand what has happened in the Philippines since 1921.

During the first of the three periods a definite policy as to Philippine self-government was set forth and consistently carried out. There is no clearer authoritative statement of this policy than that made in 1908 by Mr. William Howard Taft, then Secretary of War, in a report to President Roosevelt. Secretary Taft declared: —

Shortly stated, the national policy is to govern the Philippine Islands for the benefit and welfare and uplifting of the people of the Islands and gradually to extend to them, as they shall show themselves fit to exercise it, a greater and greater measure of popular self-government. What should be emphasized in the statement of our national policy is that we wish to prepare the

Filipinos for *popular* self-government. This is plain from Mr. McKinley's letter of instructions and all of his utterances. It was not at all within his purpose or that of the Congress which made his letter a part of the law of the land that we were merely to await the organization of a Philippine oligarchy or aristocracy competent to administer the government and then turn the Islands over to it. . . . Another logical deduction from the main proposition is that when the Filipino people as a whole show themselves reasonably fit to conduct a popular self-government, maintaining law and order and offering equal protection of the laws and civil rights to rich and poor, and desire complete independence of the United States, they shall be given it.

It is generally recognized in the United States and throughout the world that the administrative achievements of the first fourteen years of American sovereignty in the Philippines are unparalleled in the history of colonies. These accomplishments need not be recounted here. It should be recalled, however, that American administrators of this period had two definite objects in view: to discharge American responsibility to the Filipino people by giving them as good a government as possible; and to educate them for democratic self-government by allowing them to participate in government with Americans who would throw all possible responsibility upon them but at the same time hold them up to high standards of honesty and efficiency, accustom them to the methods of Western administration, and indoctrinate them with American political ideals. Throughout the period, despite a steady development of local autonomy, powers commensurate with this dual responsibility were retained in the hands of the American officials, Insular and provincial, of the government of the Philippines.

The policy which has been described

was based upon the convictions that the Filipino people were, as yet, incapable of self-government, and that the United States was under obligation to give them a genuine opportunity to establish a stable, democratic state. From these propositions the controlling Filipino political leaders dissented. When defeated in the field they accepted as much self-government as they could obtain and coöperated with Americans in the modernization of their national life. At the same time they utilized the political powers which they were granted to obtain an ever greater control over their own affairs. Many of their measures bear a striking resemblance to those by which Anglo-Saxons have always resisted political authority imposed upon them without their consent. After the establishment of the elective Philippine Assembly in 1907 this body became the centre of Filipino opposition to American domination. The *Americanistas* who had been given places on the Philippine Commission were, perhaps, the most distinguished Filipinos of their day, but they did not control this intensely nationalistic chamber. Its outstanding leaders were men who used it to increase Philippine autonomy and as a forum from which to demand independence. For the last three years of the Republican régime in the Islands the Assembly refused to pass any appropriation bill that the Commission would accept, thereby placing the American and the Filipino elements in the Insular government in serious deadlock.

Whether any concessions that a Republican American government might have been willing to make to the Filipino demands for an immediate increase in power would then have allayed the rising tide of anti-American feeling and ensured the continued success of the general policy thus far followed is a matter of speculation. The

Democratic victory in the elections of 1912 took the Philippine problem out of Republican hands and put it in those of men who from the beginning had proposed a different solution.

## II

The Democratic platform of 1900 declared that the party favored 'an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose to give the Filipinos, first, a stable form of government; second, independence; third, protection from outside interference, such as has been given for nearly a century to the Republics of Central and South America.' Nothing was said about the establishment in the Philippines of good government, of democratic institutions, of what President McKinley, in his instructions to the Philippine Commission, had called 'certain great principles of government which have been made the basis of our governmental system, which we deem essential to the rule of law and the maintenance of individual freedom.' The Philippines were to be given 'a stable form of government,' then independence and protection; and, as it was postulated that 'the Filipinos cannot be citizens without endangering our civilization,' the implication was that this form of government would not be democratic. Certainly it would not necessarily be democratic.

Mr. Bryan sought to make 'imperialism' the paramount issue in the campaign of 1900, and in the only national election which has ever in any sense turned upon Philippine policy his party was decisively defeated. The Republicans called their policy in the Philippines, thus accepted by the American electorate, a national policy, reaffirmed it in subsequent platforms, and put it into effect. The Democrats denounced this policy and restated their initial position, without substan-

tial change, in their platforms of 1904, 1908, and 1912, and in 1916 they wrote it, without the guaranty of independence, into the preamble to the Jones Act, a new organic law for the Philippine Islands. This famous preamble declared that 'it is, as it always has been, the purpose of the people of the United States to withdraw their sovereignty over the Philippine Islands and to recognize their independence as soon as a stable government can be established therein.' As an historical statement of the national purpose as to the Philippines this declaration was erroneous in two particulars. During fourteen out of the seventeen years of American sovereignty over the Islands the Government of the United States had consistently declared that the ultimate granting of their independence would depend upon the establishment of a government which should be not only stable but also democratic, and upon the desire of the Filipino people for independence when such a government should have been established. Two of these prerequisites to independence were ignored in the preamble to the Jones Act. The statement made therein simply represents Democratic, as contrasted with Republican, policy. Between the two are differences which may be fateful both for the Philippines and for the United States. The preamble further declared that 'it is desirable to place in the hands of the people of the Philippines as large a control of their domestic affairs as can be given them without in the meantime impairing the exercise of the rights of sovereignty by the people of the United States,' and the bill proper provided for a government in which Filipinos should exercise greatly increased legislative powers.

The historical antecedents of the Jones Act, as well as all of the circumstances of its passage, warrant two



conclusions concerning its character: its preamble was narrowly partisan; the act itself, although some of its provisions were considered by Republicans as 'unwise and dangerous,' was in general harmony with the accepted national policy of progressively extending to the Filipinos the largest measure of self-government which they are able to use to their own advantage. The vitally significant fact in the subsequent history of the Philippines, however, is that the measure was actually applied wholly in the spirit of the preamble and not in accordance with the letter or the spirit of the law itself.

There can be little doubt that in enacting the Jones Act Congress intended to provide for the Philippines a government essentially similar in form to that with which Americans are familiar in their states, their nation, and, historically, in their Continental territories. Certainly the terms of the law describe a government preëminently of the American type, one based upon the doctrine of separation of executive, legislative, and judicial powers. The legislative branch of this government was given almost completely into Filipino hands, and the legislature was authorized to organize the executive departments as it saw fit. On the other hand, final American control over the executive branch was retained by investing the governor-general with all of the usual American executive powers, together with additional authority not given to any other chief executive in the American system. The new organic act not only greatly increased the powers of the governor-general, but it explicitly provided that the heads of executive departments should be appointed and removed by him, and that 'all executive functions of the government must be directly under the governor-general or within one of the executive departments under the supervision and control of the

governor-general.' Neither the Jones Act itself nor the Congressional debates and hearings which preceded its passage afford the slightest warrant for the assumption that the powers thus granted to the chief executive were not to be exercised to the full and maintained in their entirety in the face of possible legislative encroachment. On the contrary, when Secretary of War Newton D. Baker forwarded the new law to Governor-General Francis Burton Harrison he informed the latter that the governor-general had been entrusted with unusually wide powers for the express purpose of preventing the Filipinos from obtaining more self-government than Congress had given them in the law itself, and urged him to permit no legislative encroachment upon those powers.

Between 1913 and 1916, however, Governor-General Harrison and President Wilson had proceeded in action much faster and farther than their party colleagues in Congress had progressed in thought. Construed and enforced in accordance with the ordinary rules of constitutional interpretation, the much heralded 'autonomy act' would have diminished rather than increased the amount of self-government actually enjoyed by the Filipinos when it was finally passed. From the outset the Wilson-Harrison policy was based upon the belief that the best and quickest, perhaps the only, way to teach the Filipinos self-government was to allow them to govern. In the execution of this policy the Filipinos were at once given a majority on the Philippine Commission, and hence complete control of the legislature; practically all of the Americans who had been the instruments of supervision and control over the Philippine government were replaced with Filipinos; and the Governor-General habitually — not always, but habitually — exercised the powers of his office

in accordance with the advice of the dominant Filipino leaders. Through this policy Mr. Harrison, long before the passage of the Jones Bill, had shifted the emphasis from good government to self-government; had transferred the responsibility for good government from American to Filipino shoulders; had discarded the means which his predecessors had considered indispensable for guaranteeing that the people of the Philippines should enjoy a reasonably good government of the American type while they were preparing for self-government. He had, in short, almost completely turned the government of the Philippines over to the Filipinos.

In these circumstances it is not altogether surprising that the government established under the Jones Law differed materially from that contemplated by the act. In it the principle of the separation of powers was discarded and the governor-general was reduced to the position of a figure-head, or of the titular chief of a parliamentary state. More than eighty statutes were passed by the Philippine legislature which curtailed or made impossible of exercise the powers vested in the governor-general by the organic act. Many of the acts in question placed final authority in administrative matters in the heads of departments, and the theory was advanced, and tacitly accepted, that these officials were responsible to the legislature and not to the governor-general.

The creation and development of the Council of State completed the establishment of this parliamentary system of government. For some time Mr. Harrison had regularly acted in governmental affairs upon the advice of Mr. Sergio Osmeña, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Mr. Manuel E. Quezon, President of the Senate. These two men completely

controlled the dominant political party of the Islands and unquestionably were the popular leaders of their people. Neither of them held executive office, however, or was under any legal or official responsibility for political advice which he might give to the governor-general. Upon the suggestion of Mr. Osmeña their position was regularized by the creation of the Council of State, comprising the governor-general, the heads of the six executive departments, and the presiding officers of the two legislative chambers. Thus were brought to the council board officially and openly the two men who actually controlled the government, Messrs. Osmeña and Quezon. Theoretically the arrangement provided for the expression of the will of the Filipino people regarding the administration of their government through officials who, in their capacity of councilors to the American governor-general, were responsible to the legislature. Actually it put the executive power in the hands of the two men who were the absolute masters of the legislative branch of the government.

Thus, with the coöperation of an American governor-general and the approbation of an American president, the Philippines obtained practically complete autonomy under a system of government which had never been authorized or even dreamed of by the American Congress. The feat compels admiration for the political sagacity of the Filipinos who accomplished it. It made easily workable an organic act that contemplated a form of colonial government in which friction and ultimate deadlock have almost invariably developed. The powerful chief executive provided by the Jones Act is responsible to the American Government. The legislature is elected by and responsible to the Filipino people. Such a complete separation of

powers does not exist even in the United States, where a common responsibility to the American electorate and, ordinarily, a common political party bridge the constitutional gap between the president and Congress. In the Philippines there is no historical precedent for the doctrine of the separation of powers. Even during the previous years of the American régime, executive and legislative functions had been united in the hands of the Commission, upon which Filipinos had served. In an unwilling dependency in which a tremendous spirit of nationalism had been deliberately developed the abrupt establishment of such a juxtaposition of powers as that provided by the Jones Act could hardly have failed to produce trouble. The system of government built up between 1916 and 1921 solved the dual problem of executive-legislative and Filipino-American coöperation to the satisfaction of the Filipino leaders and of the American Government of that day.

In 1921 the report of the Wood-Forbes mission gave to the American public a fair estimate of the quality of the government thus established from the standpoint of honesty, efficiency, and probable stability. It remained for one of the two outstanding Filipino leaders to describe it from the standpoint of democracy. During 1921 Senator Quezon broke with Speaker Osmeña and established a new political party, chiefly to avoid the anticipated displeasure of the people in the approaching elections. In the political struggle which followed Mr. Quezon wrote to the Speaker as follows:—

Since the government of the Philippines was established by the provisions of the Jones Law . . . it may be said that practically all measures which received your approval were transformed into laws, and no law could be approved without your consent. The department secretaries,

individually and collectively, guided their course of action under your inspiration, and nothing against your opinion was ever performed by them. Recommendations on appointments made by the secretaries to the Governor-General were made upon your initiative, at least with your consent. Your veto in these cases was final and definite.

Such practices put the executive and legislative powers of the government of the Philippines in the hands of two men. I say two because all this was allowed to go on with my knowledge and consent, or at least with my tolerance. Thus there was created without provision that would authorize it, and merely with our consent, not as legislators, but as members of the same party, a truly supreme authority over the Cabinet and the legislature.

And possession of the government carried with it means of perpetuating the power of the possessors. Of patronage, the *Nacionalista* party controlled the appointments, not only of executive and administrative officials in the central government, but of the judges of the courts of first instance and of all the justices of the peace throughout the Archipelago. It likewise named the provincial fiscals, or prosecuting attorneys, who long have been key men in Filipino politics. It dominated the government of every province and of every municipality. In one district this meant that the humble followers of a local rival of the organization senator repeatedly lost their carabaos, only to be laughed at when they appealed to the authorities for aid in recovering their indispensable work-animals. When they saw the light politically the depredations ceased and their stolen property was returned to them. The election machinery itself was almost everywhere in the hands of the *Nacionalista* organization, so that the president of the *Democrata* party declared, 'In the provinces election frauds were the rule rather than the exception.'

To these quite usual means of political control were added, during the last few years of the Harrison régime, the disposition of vast sums of money voted by the legislature for the development of the national bank, and the nationally owned railway, sugar centrals, cement plants, coal mines, and coconut-oil refineries. These public enterprises were put in the hands of a board of control upon which the governor-general could be outvoted by the president of the Senate and the speaker of the House of Representatives—Messrs. Quezon and Osmeña. In one year the Manila railroad, comprising some six hundred and fifty miles of track, issued eighty thousand annual family-passes to the political supporters of its president, Senator Quezon. The story of the Philippine National Bank is familiar to most Americans. Finally, in 1920, the legislature made an annually recurring appropriation of one million pesos to defray the expenses of the 'Independence Commission,' composed of all the members of the legislature. The expenditure of this fund was entrusted to the president of the Senate and the speaker of the House without the requirement of publicity as to the purposes for which the money was used.

In a tropical country of 11,500,000 population, in which the daily newspaper circulation was not more than 150,000, and in which the people had been accustomed from time immemorial to the absolute dominance of a small ruling class, the situation which has been described could hardly have been expected to result in *democratic* self-government. The plain facts are that between 1913 and 1921 'an oligarchy or aristocracy' was thoroughly entrenched in control of the government of the Philippines. For this result it would be exceedingly unjust to blame either the Filipino people or their leaders. No

matter how much they may have desired a democracy, they did not possess the materials from which one could be created in less than a decade. Despite the great powers given over to them, they did not have final authority or final responsibility. In the actual conduct of the government Mr. Harrison occasionally asserted himself as Governor-General, usually at some unexpected moment, and upon such occasions was apt to have his way. The situation was artificial and abnormal, and both the Filipinos and their critics have attempted to prove entirely too much from it. Assuming, however, that the government of the Philippines was 'stable' in 1920, President Wilson's recommendation to Congress that the Islands be granted immediate independence was in perfect harmony with the traditional Philippine policy of the Democratic Party.

### III

The appointment of Major-General Leonard Wood as Governor-General of the Philippines and his acceptance of the office were generally considered as evidence that the findings and the recommendations of the Wood-Forbes mission were approved, at least by the executive branch of the American government. Within less than a year, however, President Harding officially declared to the Filipino people: 'No backward step is contemplated, no diminution of your domestic control is to be sought.' Whatever Mr. Harding may have meant by this statement, his words were accepted at their face value by the Filipinos. The phrase gained a currency equal to that of 'the Philippines for the Filipinos,' of twenty years ago. Americans and Filipinos thoroughly acquainted with local conditions and residing in widely separated parts of the Islands have informed the

writer that this promise perceptibly eased the tension in Filipino-American relations which developed in their localities immediately after the appointment of Mr. Harrison's successor. As the policies of the Wood administration developed, accompanied by startling repercussions in Filipino politics, President Harding's declaration became one of the outstanding factors of the situation in the Islands.

Filipino opposition to the Wood administration, culminating in the resignation of the native members of the Council of State in July 1923, was based chiefly upon two grounds. It was asserted, first, that General Wood's policy violated President Harding's promise and resulted in a curtailment of the autonomy enjoyed under Governor-General Harrison; second, that the Governor-General's policy and many of his specific acts were tyrannical, arbitrary, illegal, subversive of the best interests of the country, or all four of these things. For real understanding of what has happened in the Philippines during the past four years it is absolutely necessary to differentiate between these two categories of criticism.

As to the first category, there cannot be the slightest doubt that 'backward steps' were taken, and that diminution of the 'domestic control' exercised by Filipinos in 1921 was sought and achieved. General Wood took the position that the organic act, which is, in effect, the constitution of the Islands, cannot be modified except by action of Congress itself in express language; that no act of commission or omission on the part of the governor-general or the president, working in conjunction with the Philippine legislature, can operate to change this fundamental law. In his inaugural address he declared that it was his purpose, so far as lay within his power, to conduct 'a government of the people by their representatives, to

*the extent provided in the Jones Bill'* [author's italics]. In pursuance of this policy he consistently exercised the powers of his office after the manner of an American chief executive, and not in accordance with the previously accepted European theory of parliamentary government. In so doing he did reduce the autonomy which had been enjoyed by the Filipinos during the term of his predecessor in office. Prior to the break of July 1923, however, General Wood had not ignored or overridden any of the Philippine statutes limiting his authority as Governor-General. He considered them unconstitutional, and had recommended that if the Philippine legislature did not repeal them Congress should annul them. Meanwhile, he did the best that he could under the limitations which they imposed.

With reference to the second category an exactly opposite answer must be given. General Wood's attitude and acts were neither illegal, arbitrary, nor tyrannical. Indeed, one of the most striking features of the government of the Philippines between the inauguration of General Wood and the resignation of the Council of State was the coöperation between the Filipino members of the government and the chief executive. This coöperation resulted from two main causes. The first was the eagerness of General Wood to coöperate with the Filipino leaders in the manner contemplated by the law. Far from being overbearing or high-handed in his dealings with them, his course of action was so conciliatory that it was criticized as hopelessly weak by many local Americans, by most of the foreign colony in Manila, and by the Filipino opposition party. In so far as administration was concerned, it was the policy of the Governor-General never to enter any department for the purpose of



inspection or to intervene in its affairs. As chief executive he secured agreement in the Council of State upon the broad general policy of government and then called upon the department heads to carry it out, leaving to each complete autonomy, subject only to the broadest supervision in order to secure adherence to the general plan. During the entire period he did not appoint a single employee or official in any department or bureau without reference to the unit involved, and in practically all cases appointments were made upon the recommendation of the department secretary or bureau chief.

General Wood did not, of course, blindly approve all departmental recommendations. Where there was doubt in his mind he conferred with the secretary concerned and succeeded in getting the matter put into proper shape, or received an explanation which enabled him to carry out the recommendation. Needless to say, his influence was often decisive. It rested, however, upon a perfectly legitimate basis: that of the legal authority of his position, plus incessant industry, an intimate knowledge of the problems to be solved, wide administrative experience, sound, independent judgment, and strong character. Instead of sitting in Malacañang, the executive residence in Manila, or in the Mansion House at Baguio and receiving reports, the Governor-General went in person wherever the work of the government was being done. Shortly before the Filipino leaders broke with him Speaker Manuel Roxas declared to the writer:—

The inspections which he has made all over the Islands have produced remarkable results in the improvement of the government service. The people and the officials feel that he knows what they are doing and that he has a personal interest in it. His approval is eagerly sought and his disapproval is a thing to be avoided.

Granting that the governor-general was to exercise any powers of supervision and control whatever, General Wood exercised them in an absolutely unexceptionable manner. In point of fact, the chief executive and the department heads worked together harmoniously to the end. The break which finally came was engineered by the legislative leaders, whose unconstitutional control over the executive branch of the government had been greatly reduced by the Wood policy. After the resignation of the Council of State the records of every branch of the government were combed for something that would indicate a lack of consideration or courtesy, or an infringement upon the rights and privileges of some Filipino official or body. No letter or endorsement was found which the Governor-General's opponents cared to publish.

The second explanation of the two years of coöperation which preceded the break between General Wood and the majority leaders is, perhaps, of greater practical significance. From the Filipino standpoint there was no immediate necessity for coming to grips with the new chief executive, because, in those larger matters of policy concerning which he and the Filipino leaders differed, they and not he were in control. General Wood sought to 'get the government out of business' by transferring the operation of the Manila Railroad to an American corporation expert in such enterprises; by closing up or changing the character of the Philippine National Bank; by selling or leasing the government sugar centrals on the best terms possible; and by terminating the other business enterprises undertaken by the State prior to 1921. He failed, in whole or in part, at every point of this programme. His hands were almost as effectually tied in other directions. After the election of 1922 he announced his



intention of giving the strengthened minority party some representation among the department secretaries and hence on the Council of State. The majority leaders objected on the ground that the heads of all departments should be selected from and responsible to the party enjoying a legislative majority. After a prolonged struggle their objection prevailed. It was well known that the Governor-General wished to replace the Filipino governor of the Mountain Province with an American, and to place either Americans or strong Filipinos in certain other key offices. It was also understood that the Senate would not confirm such appointments, and they were not made. In short, in 1923 the powers of the chief representative of American sovereignty in the Philippines were largely negative in character. He could prevent many abuses, but he could not put through any programme requiring the appointment of important officials, the appropriation of money, the control of the business enterprises of the government, or the passage of legislation, without the consent of the Philippine legislature, over which he had neither legal nor political control.

An examination of the actual relations between the Governor-General and the Filipino leaders between his inauguration and the resignation of the Council of State leads, then, to the conclusion that the real grievance of the men who dominated that body was not that General Wood used the powers of his office arbitrarily, or harshly, or even unwisely, but that he exercised them at all. The two parties held absolutely different conceptions of that office. If General Wood's conception were to prevail, the system of parliamentary government under which the Filipinos had gained virtual autonomy between 1913 and 1921 would disappear. If, on the other hand, the

governor-generalship were to remain permanently what Mr. Harrison and the Filipinos had made it, the actual control of the American Government over the government of the Philippines would be reduced to something closely approaching zero; and, without the sanction of Congressional act, there would be permanently 'established in the Philippine Islands a situation which would leave the United States in a position of responsibility without authority.' This fundamental conflict was recognized by Secretary Weeks when he declared: 'The controversy with the legislative leaders and certain executive officers is at bottom a legal one.'

#### IV

More than once has the unexpected demise of a ruler altered the course of history and affected the fate of a people. When, within a month of the dramatic resignation of the Council of State in July 1923, death abruptly ended the presidency of Warren G. Harding, the Filipino leaders knew that they had lost their appeal from Malacañang to the White House. To President Harding they had appealed by cable on the day following their break with General Wood. They had been informed that the President could not be consulted until after his return from Alaska, and Fate had decreed that he could never be consulted upon the issue which they had raised.

The first official pronouncement of the Coolidge Government upon the situation in Manila came on October 11 in the form of 'an authoritative statement of the views of the administration' cabled to General Wood by Secretary Weeks, 'after personal conference with the President.' General Wood was declared not to have exceeded or misused the powers of his office, and it was stated that 'if the

legislature has enacted legislation violative of the provisions of the organic law, such legislation is to that extent null and void, and, in so far as it provides for encroachment on the authority of the Governor-General, is in no way binding on that official.' The delegation of legislative power by the Philippine legislature in violation of the principles of constitutional government was said not to effect a modification of the organic act, even though Congress had not annulled the statutes involved. The veto power of the governor-general was declared to be applicable to all legislation, whether local or otherwise.

Secretary Weeks's cablegram definitely stated the position of the American Government on the legal aspects of the controversy between General Wood and the Filipino majority leaders. On March 5, 1925, in reply to representations made to President Coolidge by the Philippine legislature and Filipino Commissioners in Washington, the President set forth at length the Philippine policy of his administration. This statement is, perhaps, the most important executive document with reference to the Philippines since the instructions issued by President McKinley to the Taft Commission in 1900. The communication undoubtedly sets forth principles of action which will not be deviated from lightly so long as the Republican Party remains in power.

Practically every sentence of President Coolidge's carefully prepared letter is an expression of the Philippine policy established by McKinley, Root, Roosevelt, and Taft, written into Republican platforms for a quarter of a century, and translated into deeds when the Republican Party has controlled the government. Every phase of that policy is there: a frank determination to brook no unlawful challenge of American sovereignty over the

Islands; a recognition that a large and substantial element of the Filipino people regard the indefinite continuance of the American tie as a blessing; the intention not to leave the Philippines without having fully discharged America's obligations to the Filipino people and to civilization by giving to them an opportunity to establish themselves as a nation; the establishment in the Philippines of a permanently stable government based upon the fundamental ideas of the democratic-republican state; the support of worthy American officials in the Philippines, and the encouragement of Filipinos to coöperate with them; the extension of self-government to the Filipino people as rapidly as they are able to exercise it for their own good; the grant of independence if the Filipino people desire it when, in the opinion of the American Government, the Philippines are able to meet the responsibilities of an independent nation.

The President's statement as to independence was a direct quotation from the Philippine plank in the Republican platform of 1920. 'If the time ever comes,' the platform declared, 'when it is apparent that independence would be better for the people of the Philippines, from the point of view of their own domestic concerns and their status in the world, and if when that time comes the Filipino people desire complete independence, it is not possible to doubt that the American Government and people will gladly accord it.' To these words Mr. Coolidge added the sentence: 'Frankly, it is not felt that that time has come.'

Since the publication of President Coolidge's letter to Speaker Roxas, Governor-General Wood's legal and political position has been further strengthened by the disallowance of the million-peso independence fund as unconstitutional, and by strong presi-

dential support of the governor-general's authority to veto acts of the Philippine legislature of purely domestic concern. Thus the Harding and Coolidge administrations have done practically everything that the executive branch of the American government can do to substitute the sort of government provided for in the body of the Jones Act for that which was established in the Philippines during the preceding eight years, and to reapply the traditional Philippine policy of the Republican Party.

### V

For the past four years, as during every other period of Philippine history, the unusual, the sensational, and the more obviously significant political events of the day have constituted nine tenths of the news received in the United States from its most distant possession. The continuous, fundamental processes of government and of the life of the people in the Philippines have been, as always, quite beyond the ken of the American public. Hence it is easy for Americans to miss the outstanding fact of the period: the steady development among the Filipino people of the capacity for democratic self-government. If Governor-General Wood has talked little of independence, he has labored ceaselessly and effectively to aid the Filipinos in laying the social, economic, and political foundations without which national independence can never become a reality. And if the protests of a few Filipinos against a restriction of Philippine autonomy have made discord and strife seem to be the outstanding characteristics of the period, the vast majority of the people, official and unofficial, have gone quietly about their business, confidently and steadily growing in those habits of thought and action which

form the indispensable basis of the democratic state.

One notable result of the combined efforts of Americans and Filipinos during the past four years is a very great improvement in the administration of the government. Every year of good government has made the people of the Islands, especially those who are just coming into political power, a little more intolerant of bad government, a little less inclined to accept a government 'run like hell,' even though so run by Filipinos. Furthermore, administration, like most other human activities, is largely a matter of technique. Under the inspiration and guidance of General Wood, who is both a master technician and a great leader of men, the thousands of Filipinos who are actually carrying on the government of the Philippines are acquiring a technique in administration that eventually may compensate, in a measure, for the political inexperience of the masses of the people.

The efficiency and momentum of the governmental machine which has been built up in the Philippines and the political stability of the Filipino people have never been better shown than during the two and a half years since the crisis of 1923. Despite the withdrawal of the political heads of the several executive departments, and the repeated declarations of Senator Quezon that the Filipinos had ceased to coöperate with the Governor-General, the government proceeded harmoniously and efficiently. The undersecretaries of the departments, 'the real technical men of the government,' as acting-secretaries, automatically took the places of their resigning political chiefs. No administrative official resigned his office. There was no spontaneous popular outburst of resentment against the United States, although observers familiar with the Islands noted that in the less advanced

communities more anti-Wood feeling was stirred up than in the more educated and sophisticated centres. Local government, which is almost entirely in the hands of Filipinos, proceeded practically unaffected by the political storm at the apex of the official hierarchy.

Even more significant than the failure of Senator Quezon and his associates seriously to embarrass the Government were the developments that followed the support which Washington gave to the Governor-General. Upon the return of the all-party mission which had borne the protests of the Philippine legislature to the United States, the *Democrata* members of that body accused the *Nacionalista* leaders, Senator Quezon and Speaker Roxas, of having betrayed the cause of immediate independence at Washington, and of having misled the Filipino people as to the course which they had pursued at the American capital. The mission was also boldly criticized for having recklessly squandered the people's money, much of which had been raised by popular subscription, during their journey. Eventually it became evident to the general public that the attack of Messrs. Quezon and Roxas upon the Governor-General not only had failed to change his course or effect his removal, but had actually resulted in regularizing his position and confirming his powers.

The results of the immediately preceding events and of the developments of the entire Wood period were fairly reflected in the general election of June 1925. This appeal to the people confirmed the outstanding tendencies shown by the momentous election of 1922. In this latter year the Filipino people destroyed the fifteen-year political monopoly of the *Nacionalista* party and gave the formerly insignificant *Democratas* sufficient strength to make

them an important factor in Philippine politics. In so doing they revealed the existence of an unsuspected amount of political independence and of a real public opinion in the Philippines. They also returned a significant proportion of liberal candidates to the lower house of the legislature and unmistakably approved the parties which stood for liberal and democratic principles of government. In both elections a large proportion of the qualified electors actually voted, and in many districts they cast their ballots with little regard for the instructions of their ancient economic and political bosses. As to the precise degree in which this happy result may be attributed to the presence in the background of a determined, impartial chief executive who everyone knew was ready to use the whole force of the government of the Philippines, and of the United States if necessary, to prevent or to punish serious infractions of the election law, opinions differ.

The most important result of the voting in 1925 was the continuance of the *Democrata* party as a strong, and probably permanent, party of opposition. In 1922 a number of *Democratas* won seats because the majority vote was temporarily split between the Quezon and the Osmeña wings of the party. In 1925, however, the old party was again united as the *Partido Nacionalista Consolidado*, and the election was a straight two-party battle. In this fight the *Democratas* lost some ten seats in the House of Representatives and gained three in the Senate. In a number of provinces the *Democratas* lost only by very narrow margins, the closeness of the votes indicating that in those districts their strength was almost equal to that of their victorious opponents.

The figures, moreover, do not tell the whole story of the *Democrata* rise

in influence. In both 1922 and 1925 this party carried the metropolitan districts of Manila and Cebu, the two largest cities in the Philippines, by safe majorities for both its local and its Insular tickets. In a number of other notable cases it was victorious in more advanced and better-educated districts where the common people are relatively free from coercion and other improper influence. There thus seem to be good grounds for believing that the *Democratas* are in the field to stay and that they are strong enough to perform the indispensable functions of an opposition party, or to take over the government should the majority group lose the confidence of the people.

Another important result of the elections was the rise in political power of new and vigorous national leaders, men whose success already gives hope for the termination of the monopoly of power so long held by Messrs. Quezon and Osmeña. Outstanding among these growing figures are Camilio Osias, Dr. José P. Laurel, and Speaker Manuel Roxas. In addition to these three outstanding figures, some thirty-five graduates of the University of the Philippines were returned to the House of Representatives, as well as numerous other young men whose formative years were passed under the influence of American institutions. It is interesting to observe that the adherence of the 'younger generation,' which is much talked of in the Philippines, has not been given to any one party or leader.

Since the elections, politics have pursued a comparatively placid course. But although there is now little open friction between the Governor-General and the legislature, neither Filipinos nor Americans are satisfied with the present situation. There is a gulf between the executive and the legislative departments which is not conducive to

good government or to good feeling. Public statements made by President Coolidge and Governor-General Wood have indicated that the American Government has definitely decided upon a course of action intended to bridge that gulf. General Wood has declared that with Filipino coöperation, or with 'certain amendments,' the present organic act is adequate to carry out the administration's policy in the Islands. President Coolidge, in his letter to Speaker Roxas, earnestly appealed to the Filipinos to 'coöperate fully and effectively with the American Government and authorities,' in the manner contemplated by the law. At the same time he intimated that such coöperation would result in further concessions of self-government, and that its absence might cause the withdrawal of powers previously granted. In his annual message of December 8, 1925, the President declared: 'From such reports as reach me there are indications that more authority should be given to the governor-general, so that he will not be so dependent upon the local legislative body to render effective our efforts to set an example of the sound administration and good government which is so necessary for the preparation of the Philippine people for self-government under ultimate independence.' The Filipino leaders, therefore, are presented with the alternatives of genuinely coöperating to make the present organic law work as it was intended to, with the prospect of a future extension of local autonomy, or of having that law made workable by a decided increase in the power of the governor-general. Meanwhile the Filipinos are steadily growing to political maturity, and at no period of Philippine history has that growth among the people at large been more rapid or substantial than during the past four years.

## THE AMERICAN THEATRE IN ENGLAND

BY NEIL FORBES GRANT

THE English stage has always been one peculiarly susceptible to foreign influences. Whereas in France the drama has recoiled from every influence which was not classical, and whereas in Germany, greedy as the audiences are of foreign writers, the native dramatists have little connection with the outside world, English dramatists seem to find indispensable for the cultivation of their art the whip and spur of the outsider. We gave recognition to Ibsen, even if at first it was only the bark of abuse, and it is only now when England has absorbed all that was valuable in the Norwegian master that the *Comédie Française* is deigning to notice officially him and his works. Despite the fact that English playwrights and English dressmakers are probably as good as any in the world, we still persist in going abroad both for our plays and for our dresses. Despite our insularity, we are both curious and lazy. We wonder what the work of these other fellows really is worth, and it saves an infinite amount of trouble if we have ready for our inspection a really complete play — a play that has passed through the test of an actual production and been marked by the approval or disapproval of some particular audience — instead of a cold, formidable, lifeless thing lying stiff within the covers of a manuscript. And so, whatever may be the future of the immigrant and the alien manufactured article, the alien play will probably always find a welcome in London.

Of late years, however, the stream of

Continental influences has declined in vigor. The great Ibsen invasion has waxed and waned, and there is little left to remind us of him except Mrs. Patrick Campbell and an occasional performance of some one of his masterpieces in London. Neither France nor Germany has anything to give us. We are not at all interested in Herr Ernst Toller and his propaganda messages, and M. de Cœuvres leaves us respectful but cold. Vienna still sends us waltzes, but no plays. Čapek came and went and left merely a name, for his word 'Robot' has now passed into the English language. Sierra and Benavente serve to remind us merely that Spain has a modern drama. Only one modern European dramatist has really interested the English playgoer, and that is Pirandello. His visit has been too recent to judge of the impress he may succeed in making on English stagecraft, but that curiosity in regard to his metaphysical characters on the stage and his strange, uncomfortable analysis of personality has been aroused is undeniable. And curiosity in an Englishman often becomes submission. For all one knows we may all be Pirandellos in a few years' time, and exchanging a satisfying belief in the permanence of character for a delicious doubt as to whether character really exists at all.

But, Pirandello apart, dramatically speaking we are out of touch with Europe. Are we then thrown back on ourselves and exempt from alien interference? By no means, for the New



World has once again been brought in to redress the balance of the Old, and what Europe was to us yesterday America is to us to-day. Indeed, the growing influence of the American play, the American novel, and above all the American short story, raises many very interesting questions. The United States, seen through obstinate British eyes, has only in recent years emerged from the pioneer stage, and has existed for providing us with and buying from us material things, rather than as a reservoir of culture and as a community capable of dumping on us ideas. Recent exhibitions of Australian sculpture and Canadian paintings are reminding us that our own Dominions have souls as well as bodies, and that, having marched with the backwoods and the prairies, they are now engaged in exploring and cultivating their own minds. We have now been reconciled for some years to the impressive truth that Boston has an intelligentsia as well as Edinburgh, and that the desire to earn dollars is not the exclusive passion of the average American. These truths we meekly accept, but the sudden realization of the thought that the New World — Canada, Australia, South Africa, as well as the United States — may some day soon be flooding us with its art as well as with its foodstuffs raises a vision as staggering as that which confronted Balboa on his Darien peak. For centuries Europe has looked upon herself as the teacher of the New World. Has the lesson been taught, and has the stalwart pupil now started, on his return, to repay the benefit, and educate in his turn his former master?

Such speculations are for the future — perhaps, however, the not very distant future. But the influence of the United States on the British theatre is at this present moment a very evident fact. It is a moot point whether more American players and plays come to

England or more British plays and players go to the United States, but certainly the growth in the importations from the other side of the Atlantic has been very noticeable in the last ten years. And the influence of America is the more marked because outside London, if we exclude Birmingham, the British theatre can scarcely be said to exist, whereas New York cannot claim to dictate the theatre policy of the United States. It is not unusual to find seven American plays or musical comedies running in London at the same time. Many explanations, apart from the common language, might be given. Indeed, the language bond can be exaggerated. Many American plays, with their rich slang, would be as unfamiliar to the average Englishman as a poem written in Hindustani, and nearly all British dramatists know how often their plays have to be practically rewritten before they are considered acceptable to Broadway.

To the British manager the great advantage of the American play is that it has been acted, and that it can be seen under the conditions necessary to its life — namely, before an audience who, good but practical souls, have paid for their seats and have had their powers of discrimination whetted accordingly. The average Briton, I fearfully suggest, is lazy, and the supreme example of that happy and not unattractive indolence is the British theatrical manager. To read a play is not only a weariness to the flesh but also a grim adventure into the unknown — an attempt to reconstruct, from a pale ghost, the flesh and blood, the charm and movement, of reality. Will it act? And — even more agonizing thought — will it pay? How much easier is it to accept a play which has actually emerged from the chrysalis script stage into the full life of the theatre; has made a New York gallery roar

and Chicago stalls melt. There is, of course, a gamble all the time — the risk (how often proved) that what pleases one side of the Atlantic may not please the other. But our lazy friend will face the risk rather than the trouble of visualizing a drama from the manuscript. Moreover he argues, probably rightly enough, that American and British audiences have much in common, more so than those of any other nations. A French play, to pass the British censor, has almost to be rewritten, and a German play is either too heavy or so frankly indecent that its production is out of the question. There remains New York, — the great try-out place for the English stage, — and so our lazy friend takes a ticket for the States and returns with a portmanteau packed with scripts and contracts.

There is another reason why the American play finds favor in this country — namely, its superior technique. That blessed word can be given a mysterious significance which it scarcely deserves. Technique simply means that the dramatist has mastered his business; that he can give to the movements of his characters that verisimilitude to life which is the test of the successful play; and that, having aroused the interest of the audience, he can hold it to the fall of the curtain. Now the Americans pay more attention to technique than we do. From the country school up to Professor Baker of Yale, eager people are at work teaching the theory and practice of stage technique. The result is that in all these 'crook' and mystery plays where the actual movements of the personages on the stage, their entrances and exits, are so much more important than the motives which inspire those movements, the American dramatist and producer excel. *The Bat* and *The Cat and the Canary* may not be high types of theatrical art, but within their limits

they are exceedingly clever and efficient. The success of the film in America, with its concentration on what Mr. Vachel Lindsay calls 'speed and splendor,' is another instance of the skill of the American in appealing to the eye rather than to the ear, to the simple rather than to the complex, to the things which touch our emotions and do not agitate our minds. The result is that in that type of play America either has a monopoly or is simply copied (now being copied very strenuously and successfully) by British imitators.

If the influence of the American theatre in England were confined to such plays, we should be dealing merely with commercial and not with literary considerations. But the interesting feature of modern American theatrical enterprise in London is that it has traveled far from the 'crook' and 'vamp' thriller and that it is as daring and speculative in the realm of the mind as it is 'slick' in the mechanics of stage production. The literary influence of theatrical America in London is primarily the work of one man. Eugene O'Neill is the one American dramatist who enjoys a great reputation in England. Not only the critics and the highbrows, but a considerable portion of the theatregoing public, have seen and read his plays and rejoiced in that skill of his in probing what Mr. Ashley Dukes calls 'the motive of illusion — the study of that infinite capacity of self-deception which has been the despair of the moralist, the joy of the cynic, and the stumbling-block of the reformer.'

But Mr. O'Neill, though the most prominent, is only one of a number of American dramatists who are winning notice in England, because it is felt that they are breaking fresh ground and are even daring enough to seek a new mode of expression. They are

exploring the theatre as the pioneers explored the West. The distinguished authoress of *The Verge* has been hailed by some London critics as a genius, by others as a lunatic, but always with that respect or indignation which greets the efforts of those who are attempting something new. There is Mr. Richman, who in *Ambush* gave us Ibsen up to date—an attempt to solve a problem, which Sudermann and Pinero really shirked, by giving the brutal facts and sending us away depressed by the circumstances but exalted by the honesty of the play. There is Mr. Elmer Rice, who in *The Adding Machine* has made a new venture in expressionism and has sought to convey by a curious mixture of soliloquy and dialogue the subjective as well as the objective side of his characters. Or, to take one more instance, there is Mr. Stark Young, whose dramatic criticisms are well known on this side of the Atlantic and who had produced this year by the London Stage Society his play, *The Colonnade*. His drama, to our minds, was extraordinarily interesting, because we found him trying to give to his background the force of an actual character of the play, making that soft Southern environment almost as active and human as the characters who lived in it. The intellectual activity of many American playwrights, their daring, their curiosity, have made them a force in the modern theatre which cannot be ignored.

Now the American dramatist, who has higher ambitions than the mere 'crook' or 'vamp' play, enjoys, compared with his British confrère, two advantages. In the first place, the American theatre is not afraid of emotion. On the English stage, however, ever since it became respectable, ever since 'our best families' could look upon the stage as a not altogether ignominious and unprofitable profession for

their sons and daughters, emotion has been considered 'not quite the thing.' The whole array of the highbrows, with their critics leading the van, is invariably out against it. An audience may laugh, but unless it be seated in the Lyceum or some other ancient haunt of melodrama it must not weep. Its mind may be edified, shocked, tickled, and above all puzzled, but on no account must its heart be touched. It seems to me the negation of the theatre altogether to sterilize those emotions which it is surely primarily designed to arouse. The American theatrical public, more impatient of the dictation of 'superior' people, has in that respect saved its theatre from the aridity and barrenness of a snobbish pose, and the American dramatist is thereby given a field which his British colleague can enter only with diffidence and indeed with actual fear. The emotional appeal behind most of Mr. O'Neill's plays, and behind, say, *Ambush*, is enormous—positively Elizabethan. 'Back to the Land!' is the cry of our politicians, and 'Back to the Emotions!' ought to be the cry of our theatrical pundits.

A second advantage possessed by the American dramatist is that he is able so often to discover a fresh, unsophisticated milieu for his plays. In these tiny islands the restricted dramatist finds himself with no new country to conquer. The Irish playwrights have pegged the last claim from Cork to Antrim, and the Scottish Barrie has squeezed the last teardrop out of the kailyard. As for England, we know Wessex as well as we know Mayfair, and Lancashire is as familiar as the street round the corner. But the United States is so rich in strange types, in sheltered communities, in instincts, prejudices, beliefs, and institutions quite unfamiliar to its theatregoers who live in great cities, that the dramatist can always break fresh ground.

A play like *Sun-Up*, for instance, which is now running in London, owes its success primarily to the fact that the dramatist is able to present before our eyes a community so secluded that, though an integral part of the United States, its members had not the slightest idea if and why their country had gone to war. Mr. O'Neill too owes much of his vogue to the skill with which he can portray to us the unfamiliar fascinating life of primitive New England and of the sea. The American dramatist can so often plough virgin soil; here in sophisticated England it is so hard to raise a good crop from these wearied and familiar acres.

Now, in the wake of the American plays which are coming to London, American players are also becoming familiar to our London audiences. To contrast American with English plays is a comparatively easy task; to contrast American with English players is a much harder one. It is extraordinarily difficult to analyze acting. For one thing, it is an exceedingly technical business; for another, in the long run one always comes up against the elusiveness of a personality which escapes dissection. Most dramatic critics — even men of such ability as the late Jules Lemaître, for example — practically give up criticisms of acting as hopeless, and concentrate almost entirely on the play.

To contrast American with English acting is, then, somewhat of a hazardous venture, for there is so much in common between the two schools that it is difficult to recognize the differences. But one difference, to begin with, is surely to be found in the tyranny — or, if you prefer it, the domination — which the star exercises in America. Over and over again I have seen a tendency, in plays where American stars have a controlling interest, to subordinate everything, even such

things as clothes, to the glorification of the principal character. This tendency is the more noticeable, for there can be no denying the powers and the fascination exercised by those glories of the American stage firmament. Every star has a personality, but an American star, carrying the intense individualism of his race to a white-heat radiance, has almost a blinding effect. Who, for example, can forget the scholarly precision of John Barrymore getting the exact shade of meaning out of every adjective in the Hamlet soliloquies, or the keen intelligence with which Miss Doris Keane treats the sugary sentimentalities of *Romance*, or the way in which Miss Pauline Lord manipulates her hands, or the catch in the voice of Tom Douglas, or the exuberant kittenishness of Miss Peggy O'Neill, or the statuesque repose of Miss Lucille La Verne?

There they are, confident in the possession of at least one superior gift, and impatient of any absorption of that gift in any ensemble, however admirable. The chances are that the film, with its passion for stars, has heightened that tendency, with the result that not only is the part of the star heightened, but the star's particular gift is also fortified, leaving a durable but also disturbing impression on the memory. In England, on the other hand, the star is taking a smaller and smaller part in the average play, due to the absorption of the average dramatist in the theme rather than in the commercial possibilities of his play, and to the policy of managers in seeking to get a good company together rather than to subsidize expensive personalities.

A second difference between the two schools — and this second point in a way may contradict the first — is the keenness of the American school on teamwork. I cannot illustrate this difference better than by drawing

attention to the care with which an American production maintains the picture in each successive rise of the curtain at the termination of an act. There they all stand in the exact position demanded by the development of the play, artists determined to think rather of their art than of the applause of the audience. An English company, however, breaks up at once on the fall of the curtain; and when the curtain rises again, in response to the cheers, there they all are, bowing, scraping, laughing, nodding to one another or to the gallery. 'The show is over,' say those careless souls; 'now we can be ourselves.' The American is much more conscientious, more concerned with the picture, than his British colleague. Indeed, it is conscientiousness which is the most marked quality in all these American shows. There is no 'muddling through,' no amateurishness. A task has to be performed, and no one is at liberty until the audience has left and the lights are out.

A third point is that the average English actor speaks better than the average American. I had noted this point many years ago, but had always attributed my preference for English elocution to the unfamiliarity of my ear with the American accent. But I am told by American friends that they have noticed the same point. On the other hand, there is no mistaking the superiority of the American gesture. An American player can use his hands and his limbs in a way unknown to the average Briton. At the production of Mr. Somerset Maugham's *Rain* in London there were some American

actors in the cast, and I was amazed at the grace of their movements compared with the clumsiness of the average English player. Probably the explanation lies in the concentration of English schools of acting on elocution rather than on movement. Often at rehearsals in London I have seen old actors who had learned their job in the provinces literally manipulating the legs of some ingénue, in the manner of some surgeon fixing a dislocated bone. 'Now, dearie, don't stand like that — like this, please,' and so on. The girl, able to articulate clearly, had no control over her limbs. But, whatever the reason, there is no denying the superiority of the American in this respect.

I might mention some other differences, though in regard to them I do not care to be dogmatic. I think there is more poetry in English acting than in American. Barrymore's Hamlet was the scholar rather than the poet, and I have never seen any American player capable of the whimsical offhand grace of a Fay Compton or a Gerald Du Maurier. And I consider the average character actor in England is better than the average American, and there I believe Broadway is inclined to be with me.

However, I think I have said enough to show that the American stage is now a direct, potent, and beneficial influence in London. Technically it has always been good, intellectually it is making its voice heard more and more, and many of its artists are now entitled to call themselves London favorites. And London does not take everybody to its bosom.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### FROM AN INSTRUCTOR'S DIARY

AN interesting evening has it been. I had just settled down to an hour or two with Chaucer when my Cynical Sophomore dropped in with a theme called 'Why Is God?' and wished me to read it and talk with him. I laid aside my book and began the reading.

It was the usual cry of the groping, unfolding mind to infinite things — a cry that fears there is no answering voice and calls with a cynicism born of desperation. He proved — oh, quite logically — that we are all 'conscious mechanisms of a Master Mechanic,' born with unequal endowments and capabilities through no fault of our own, moulded in youth by circumstances beyond our control, and possessed of a very limited scope for conscious improvement. 'A man can judge good and evil only as he knows good and evil. An individual's point of view is beyond the control of that individual.' Therefore a man cannot be free to live, to accomplish truly great things, because of an error in his judgment of true greatness, born in him and made a part of him through no wish or fault of his own. He is the puppet of his own mechanism, which in turn is the product of chance and circumstance.

Ergo, why is God?

While I read, he slouched in my battered other armchair, reserved for evening visitors, his nervous hands rumpling his hair, his restless eyes glancing at me keenly from time to time to see how I was taking it. About nineteen, I should say. A thoroughbred; a bundle of incipient intelligence

and advanced emotion, head-shy and proud.

'Well,' I said when I had finished the reading, 'let's consider your case as proven. What's the answer?'

He looked at me defiantly.

'I don't know. Do you?'

He reddened at his abruptness.

'I'm sorry, sir, I —'

'Accepting your premises, the answer seems quite obvious. Life is n't worth living. Trouble is, no matter how we lay down the logic and law to ourselves, a sunny day or a good laugh comes along and throws out that answer. Do you believe life is worth living?'

'Yes — I guess so.' Slowly, reluctantly.

'Then you've missed a point somewhere, don't you think? If you believe all this' — pointing to the paper — 'and think that that is all there is to it, you could n't think much of life, could you?'

'No, sir, I suppose not. But — but — what is the answer, then? What's it all about — all this shouting about religion, and morals, and ideals, and — and — keeping clean, and' — he flushed hotly — 'trying not to do the things you feel sometimes like doing, and trying always to do the things you practically never feel like doing, and — and — oh, everything? I —'

He made a helpless gesture with his nervous hands and sank deeper into his chair, silent.

I said nothing, but offered him a smoke and took one myself. There was silence while we both lighted our cigarettes and inhaled slowly and gratefully the first relieving puff of blue



smoke, eyeing each other steadily the whole time.

After the second puff I answered, picking my words carefully.

'The answer I don't know. I have my answer, and it serves me well enough, but it won't do you any good, and I'm not going to give it to you. You've got to dig yours out for yourself. Secondhand answers to such questions invariably wear out or are outgrown. You've got to get yours' — I paused to put my ash in the tray — 'in the same way I got mine; and you're beginning to look for it.'

I tapped the paper.

'You don't really put much stock in this for an answer, do you? It does n't fit the facts, you see — the facts of life. You've left out entirely the joys, the dreams and aspirations that men of all kinds, good and bad, have. Dreams may not be facts, but the dreaming is. Hope is; though perhaps never the realization. You can't be contented with this answer, can you?' Again I tapped the paper.

He fidgeted in his seat. 'No, I suppose not, but —'

'Don't let's go beyond that "but" to-night. Take it slowly. Just check this answer as one of the things that fail to fill the requirements, and keep looking; and don't worry overmuch about settling the matter this week.'

He looked at his watch and rose hastily, grinding out the fire of his cigarette in the ash tray on the chair arm.

'I've got a chorus rehearsal in five minutes, sir. Got to be going.'

'All right. Glad you came around. Drop in again when you have found something that sounds good, and we'll thrash it out.' I rose as he moved toward the door.

'Yes, sir, I will. And —' He hesitated. 'About my mark?'

'Oh!' I looked at the paper blankly.

How does one mark a groping for the realities with A, B, or C? I sparred for time. 'It will be all right; yes. A good paper.'

'Thank you, sir. Good-night.'

He clattered down the stairs, the door slammed, and his whistle sounded in the street below.

I glanced through the paper again. The mechanics of the thing were bad. Spelling rather original in spots. Blast the mechanics! I put an A opposite his name in my red-tape book, and also a symbol of my invention that means 'If he does n't come back in two weeks, look him up for dinner.'

I turned again to my Chaucer; but he, dead and 'nayed in his chest' long since, could not compete with the picture of the Cynical Sophomore, appareled in the bright colors of youth, beginning his pilgrimage to some doubtful, unknown shrine far down the years — and I closed the book.

#### WHAT IS A POET, ANYHOW?

THE question arises because of the overabundance. There is, next door to each of us, a lady who, being well placed in life, well fed, well groomed, and well beloved, must add to these comfortable adjectives the embarrassing noun of 'poet.' There are hundreds like her, who apparently do not realize what an uncomfortable noun it is — always necessitating explanations or blushes at one's effrontery to the gods.

You and I, filled with awe before the muse, may venture that these ladies who are not so filled are not poets, but we will, in conspicuous cases, be proved mistaken. Many eventually write stuff that 'comes off.' So do unprepossessing individuals we had suspected of posing in order to cover their lack of the lady-next-door's amiable characteristics.

Now a poet is obviously a maker of poetry, and little else can be said. But

poetry has not been adequately defined. There is no common yardstick. Because of a tendency to look back to large figures as examples, the term 'poet' carries connotations of remoteness and excellence. This makes it awkward to deal with poets in the flesh, though they, poor souls, must live, go about, and learn their art in the flesh.

We are caught in a dilemma of words. Who with any respect for poetry is not amused or disgusted with writers of indifferent verse who call themselves poets or ask friends to do it for them? There are now hundreds, thousands of these. Every college has its group; every city, suburb, and nearly every small town. Poetry societies contain so much mediocrity that many people join them only for diplomatic reasons or to make fun of the meetings.

It has even become necessary when speaking of a poet of parts to call him 'a real poet,' a 'recognized poet,' and so forth. This is ludicrous. Taste demands greater modesty or more careful definition. Yet the difficulties in the matter of modesty almost justify the terrible ubiquity of 'poets.'

First, poetry is a commodity. Take for instance *Poetry*, the oldest magazine of verse. It has bought and published the work of some thousand writers. It rejects the work of twice that many every month. It needs a name for the goods in which it deals and another for the producer of those goods — even when the deal is a rejection. The same is true of scores of younger poetry-magazines and of every publication that prints verse. Both parties to the transaction must have terms designating producer and wares.

And what word can be used of any object, without insult or ridicule, except the name of the thing for which it is intended? 'Columnist' is limited to writers of newspaper verse, 'writer' is

too general, 'contributor' does not always apply. To call anything verse that is not intended for prose is hardly more accurate than to call it poetry. Verse is the very stuff of poetry, and to achieve it, as distinguished from doggerel or prose, is half the battle. But even were the term 'verse' agreed on, there would still be no name for its producers. 'Verse-writers' is long and unphonetic; 'versifiers' is ridiculous. 'Rhymers' lays emphasis on a matter often absent. 'Would-be poets,' 'self-styled' poets, are epithets used only by those who love their enemies enough to want more.

Limitations of language make it necessary to take the halo off the word 'poet' and put it to work with such self-respecting words as 'doctor,' 'lawyer,' 'plumber' — terms designating occupations, not excellence. 'Doctor' has historic dignity, but is used for both able and poor doctors, even for those who are not practising, having, let us say, killed all their patients. 'Poet' may be used as logically for the bard who has killed his readers.

But the professions and trades have the safeguard of defined formal qualifications, and there is no way of standardizing the education of a poet. The Meistersingers were admitted to the guild by examination, but that would be too artificial now. Neither is length of apprenticeship a criterion. Individual variation is too great. For a time it is enough for a student-poet to say he is 'trying to write,' but after he has started to publish he needs a noun to stand for himself in this endeavor. Nor does publication signify ripe ability. Emily Dickinson did not publish at all during her lifetime, though she tried once to place work in the *Atlantic Monthly* and was, in all kindness, discouraged. On the other hand much is published which signifies little except that the writer is sufficiently interested

in his work to seek the advantages of an audience, and to persevere until he succeeds — somewhere.

Here indeed is a point: writing for publication is the embryo poet's chief means of educating himself. When his work stands in type beside other men's, he may, if ever, see it somewhat as others do. Also he needs the comments from editors and readers. He must be a poet in the commercial sense to become a poet in the artistic sense. A writer, as Oscar Wilde said in speaking of George Moore, conducts his education in public. It is hard on the public and harder on writers, but ninety-nine out of a hundred will not develop any other way. Writing in secret is dangerously clandestine conduct. Man is social and garrulous — or he loses perspective. Nor are personal friends to be trusted for literary perspective.

In conducting his very public education — through publishing and talking to others in his craft — how can the man who seeks to know and overcome his poetic limitations manage at all without referring to himself as poet? He cannot call himself by an epithet. Seriousness is needed for his development. A student once handed Mary Augusta Jordan some manuscripts entitled 'Rhymes and Verses,' and that justly famous teacher said, 'Don't disparage your work. Take it seriously. Call it poetry, and write poetry.'

A belittled soul cannot be expected to stretch to the high magic.

So, within the brotherhood, a poet is known not by his work but by his intention, and it is permissible to miss

the paradox in the statement, 'His poetry is very bad.'

But on one point let us be firm: a poet is a poet only among poets and in literary transactions. Let it forever be bad form to introduce a human being as a poet when he should be introduced as a friend. In honoring a poet we too often insult a man. Likely enough he can earn his own dinner, though possibly not by his pen. Likely enough he has friends who can share it with him without treating him as a biological curiosity or a paid entertainer. A poet should be off duty at a party. When this is not the expectation the engagement should be frankly professional and remunerated. One does not invite the doctor to dinner to diagnose the guests' rashes.

Neither should a poet be expected to contribute gratuitous entertainment, even for clubs and causes, or to contribute to magazines that cannot pay him because they lack the circulation which alone might make them worth his while. There is room for club, magazine, or newspaper column that is a practice-laboratory for poets who can command no other audience — but in this case it is the poet who comes seeking. The other merely announces its policies.

As a final hint: most poets have another calling with which to confront the census man. Poetic activity can be treated as a private hobby and revealed only by chance or to others of like hobby. There is no excuse for flaunting the poetic ego in society. And if only among poets the poet walks revealed, surely he may make no bones about it.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

FROM three sources—from far-and-wide travels in the East, from an intimate friendship with Colonel Lawrence of Arabia, and from his reading of the latter's rare book, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*—**Edmund Candler** has drawn the materials of a fascinating record. Colonel Lawrence—now at his own wish a private in the Royal Air Force—is an Irishman of that line of Lawrences who saved India for the Empire in the days of the Mutiny. About him more mythology has gathered than about any man of our times. Through a friend's eyes we see the slim young genius as scholar, soldier, and visionary laboring in the cause of the Empire and the freedom of the Arabian tribes. ¶Penetrating as ever, **Agnes Repplier** has questioned the value of the recent Americanism, 'our moral support,' which, so often on the lips of publicists, at once betrays our hypocrisy and angers our friends. ¶English poet and missionary, chaplain to the South African Forces in France, **Robert Keable** in 1920 resigned his orders, turned schoolmaster, and wrote a first and highly successful novel. Recently Mr. Keable was invalided to California. ¶Professor of English at Johns Hopkins University, **George Boas** has taught for ten years and learned for thirty-three. His advice has a crisp and salty flavor. ¶Former times had not been dimmed when **Amy Lowell** wrote these present verses, nor shall the remembrance of her vivid art and personality soon fade from our minds.

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By day **Manuel Komroff** is in charge of the design and manufacture of Boni and Liveright's publications; by night and holiday he is the writer of short stories which have won him recognition here and in England. **Frederick J. E. Woodbridge** is Dean of the Faculties of Arts, Science, and Philosophy at Columbia, and editor of the *Journal of Philosophy*. ¶If, as the Frenchman said, 'the world is small but Chicago is enormous,' then **Mrs. Louise**

**de Koven Bowen** has enjoyed a wider experience than most. The third generation of a settler's family and now a grandmother, Mrs. Bowen has grown up with her beloved city. Of all its ways she prizes best those simple days before and after the fire. **Harvey Wickham**, a traveling essayist last heard from in Rome, was a young friend and schoolmate of Stephen Crane's. **E. Barrington**, whose kinship—identity, rather—with L. Adams Beck has finally been disclosed, is a versatile writer who for a decade has been sending us manuscripts delightfully characteristic of her many-colored mind. ¶For nearly a score of years **Fannie Stearns Gifford** has charmed our audience with her graceful verse as with her sprightly essays.

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Editor and author whose chief concern is with the world of business, **Arthur Pound** is preparing for us a series of papers on modern enterprise and industry. His last article, 'The Land of Dignified Credit,' a survey of the present proportions of the Installment Plan, was printed in the February *Atlantic*. ¶Professor of English at the University of Kansas, **Margaret Lynn**, on a leave of absence, is just finishing a book composed as she roved over the moors and along the coast of England. **Reverend Bernard Iddings Bell** is President of Saint Stephen's College, Annandale-on-Hudson. ¶Editor of the *Nation*, a journalist and historian of large experience, **Oswald Garrison Villard** has accepted our invitation to do some plain speaking on a public outrage.

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Retired from a long and important career in the diplomatic service, **Abel Chevalley** was at one time head of the American section of the Foreign Office and later Minister to Norway for France. M. Chevalley is now mayor of Vouvray and proprietor of a famous vineyard on the Loire. Both qualifications propose him as a man likely to

represent the broad and particular views of a thoughtful Frenchman. **Ralston Hayden** is Professor of Political Science at the University of Michigan. Eighteen months' residence and journeying in the Philippines as an exchange professor enabled Dr. Hayden to gather some sound observations and conclusions. ¶Formerly foreign editor of the *Morning Post*, **Neil Forbes Grant** is an English dramatist, one of whose plays has been scheduled for an early New York production.

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We are glad to present this kind and candid letter to our forum. The Italian situation to-day, with its suppression and propaganda, presents many difficulties to an inquiring editor. We regard Mr. Murphy's paper as one-sided in that it does not picture the very great benefits which the nation has derived from Mussolini's rule, but valuable in that it affords a corrective for what it is fair to call Italian propaganda. After all, a government which suppresses by force all criticism, both public and private, can hardly be permanent.

VILLA SENNI, ROME

EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC

DEAR SIR:—

Apart from my own copy of the *Atlantic Monthly* (I am an old reader), two others have been sent to me from New York with the article of James Murphy on 'Italian Tyranny,' one marked 'preposterous' and the other decorated simply with exclamation points. It really merits them; one hardly knows which part of the article is most deserving of ridicule—the account of the 'march on Rome,' or the 'Cheka,' or 'the court party.'

Anyone living in Italy under this 'tyranny' can smile, but it is rather hard upon American readers of such an intelligent review as the *Atlantic* to have such bosh served to them. I am not a Fascista. I have a strong dislike for many of its leaders and for the fire-eating eloquence of Farinassi, the secretary (or chairman) of the party, and a certain theoretical distaste for censorship and press restrictions, although practically many of these measures have done much good. But no one who loves Italy and has lived here all these momentous years can have anything but intense gratitude to Mussolini and to all the new and better spirit in Fascism which has set us free from the tyranny of 'parliamentarism.'

Why does the *Atlantic Monthly*, before giving such an article an honored place, not ask itself the question, 'Why has the opposition to Mussolini's government never succeeded in rallying to itself any measure of public support?' It started with plenty of means,—most of the great political names and all the widely diffused newspapers at its disposal,—but never once won the response and help of *public opinion*, and for that reason has disintegrated into tiny quarreling factions, although Mr. Murphy would probably think it had been throttled by the 'Cheka'!

To the thousands of plain people like us, who belong to no political party and ask only for order and peace and freedom from molestation in our daily lives, Fascism has brought this, and we feel ourselves infinitely freer than in the days of our 'Liberal' governments, when strikes followed each other in bewildering rapidity, and there was no such thing as *liberty* in daily life. We pay terrific taxes, but we do so gladly to a government which thinks of Italy and not of its own profit, and which has set an example of good management in reducing its staff, balancing its budget, and making taxation fall equitably upon the shoulders which can support it. There is a new breath in government offices; a man who was lately at a luncheon with some of the Cabinet ministers told me that one really noticed a difference in their talk—more of the country and less of the party. Anyone who has occasion to go to government offices or public officials notices this new atmosphere—the greater alertness, rigor, and *honesty*. One can no longer give bribes where one could four years ago.

No 'terror' could do this; it is the sane instinct of a strong and healthy race which has at last been saved from the lingering death of political corruption and incompetence to which its 'Liberal' and 'Parliamentary' governments were forcing it. Mussolini's personal examples of patriotism, disinterestedness, high-mindedness, and honesty have infused a new blood into all the members of the body politic.

There are, of course, thousands of enemies: politicians out of a job, discharged employees, people of a bound and rigid mentality to whom 'revolution' is anathema—and this *is* a revolution. But no one who lives among the people, in town and in the country, and travels up and down the land, has anything in his heart but gratitude and rejoicing for the new order.

That Mr. Murphy's personal experience has rendered him acid and embittered is more than evident from his article, but it is scarcely 'playing the game' to give it as a true picture of Italy to-day.

Yours truly,

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER

Here is startling proof that Mr. Anderson's account of our 'gentlemanly cracksmen' was true to form.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

EDITOR, THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEAR SIR:—

Upon reading 'Tramping with Yeggs,' in the December *Atlantic*, I called it to the attention of several citizens. None remembered having seen any tramps with the keen, peering eyes of a railway engineer, but only those of the bleary-eyed variety.

However, yesterday there occurred a robbery which makes me think that Mr. Anderson is right, after all, and that even now this species of gentlemanly cracksmen is making its last stand in the wilds of Arkansas, just as he intimates.

The incident was this: At four o'clock in the morning five yeggs surrounded a bank in a little inland town, blew the safe, and fled with the loot. In addition to the fact that this was taken to a hiding-place which, so far, neither dog nor man has been able to trace, all particulars correspond in every important point to the details given by Mr. Anderson.

1. The noise of the explosion aroused the whole town (with the exception of a deaf old couple), just as Mr. Anderson said would be the infallible result.

2. The robbers held off the burghers with volley after volley of shot, until the cracksmen appeared with the booty. However, he carried this, not in a 'keister,' or satchel, as he should have, but in an old bran-sack.

3. In spite of the fearful fusillade, not a single yokel was shot. Here again the robbery ran true to form, because these robbers either must have been of the gentle nature of Mr. Anderson's tramps, or they must have been using the sawed-off rifles instead of the full-length ones, which would naturally impair their marksmanship.

4. In the absence of freights, the get-away was made in an old Ford. Note the absence of a high-powered car, which would stamp the cracksmen as belonging to the new school of younger men, who care only for science and speed.

One of the robbers now languishes in the local jail, and I intend to suggest to the sheriff that he at once ascertain whether or not the prisoner is a 'tramp kid,' and if so to treat him with all respect, lest his bastille be blown up some night by the enraged master tramps.

PAUL H. MILLAR

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We, and not Mr. Chew, must stand corrected for this misinterpretation. Mr. Chew's diagnosis—as that of S. P. L.'s hospital steward—is applicable to one of

agriculture's ailments, but cannot, of course, cure the whole disease.

EVANSTON, ILL.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

In your November Column you state that you are sympathetic with Arthur Chew's article, 'Our Embattled Farmers,' and you observe editorially that 'Mr. Chew has diagnosed the trouble.' When you say that, I believe you take a position not in accord with that of the farm economists of the country, and not supported by the findings of such authoritative research bodies as the National Industrial Conference Board. I should like to point out two or three things that may lead you to recognize that there are some important factors in the existing agricultural situation which Mr. Chew failed to take into account.

Can we agree that the central thought which Mr. Chew interded to leave with your readers is that, while farmers *think* the trouble is that prices of their products are too low, in *reality* the difficulty is that the prices of their farms are too high?

The first point I want to make is that the number of farmers whose annual balance is materially altered by the increase in land values that took place during the war and early post-war inflation is relatively small. Very few young men have been embarking in the farm business in recent years; an overwhelming majority of operators who hold title to their land were farming in pre-war years. Obviously the increase in land capitalization has not affected them except through taxation.

With the Iowa tenant farmers, approximately nine tenths of the rent contracts are payable in shares. The share farmer does not have to pay a larger share of his crop when its price is down than he does when it is high. Neither has there been any appreciable increase of the landlord's share of crop rent during the period fixed by Mr. Chew's comparison between Iowa and North Dakota.

The reason why the centre of farm depression shifted from the wheat states to Iowa is simple. In 1924 there was a world crop failure of such extent that wheat not only in the United States but elsewhere had approximately its pre-war purchasing power—and North Dakota had a good crop. Prices for hogs and beef cattle did not show a similar trend, and while the corn price was fairly good, the yield was poor. In 1925, wheat again benefited from an accidental combination of circumstances, while the price of corn, due to excess production, has been far below production costs. It was the favorable price relationship of wheat in 1924 and 1925 that stilled the voice of discontent in North Dakota



to a greater degree than was the case in Iowa.

Every student of the farm situation recognizes that the overcapitalization of land is one factor that has figured in the post-war depression, but not the chief factor.

The National Industrial Conference Board in an earlier study, covering the period 1920 to 1923 inclusive, says that the farm products had during those years an exchange value or purchasing power only 53 per cent as large as they had in pre-war years. Land capitalization had nothing whatever to do with that. Secretary Jardine in his report to the President on December 8, 1925, stresses that the exchange value or purchasing power of farm products was still only 87 per cent of pre-war, notwithstanding the favorable but accidental improvement in wheat prices. Land capitalization had nothing to do with that.

Is agriculture overcapitalized? Read this paragraph from the January, 1925, *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, p. 27:—

'During the past quarter of a century our national wealth, as estimated by the Bureau of the Census, increased from 88.5 billion dollars in 1900 to 186.3 billion in 1912, and to 320.8 billion in 1922 (December 31). In these intervals the value of all agricultural property increased from 22.1 billion dollars in 1900 to 49.8 billion in 1912, and to 64.3 billion in 1922. Expressed as percentages of total national wealth these estimates for agriculture are respectively 25 per cent, 26.7 per cent, and 20 per cent. The decline in the relative position of agriculture from 26.7 per cent of the total wealth in 1912 to 20 per cent in 1922 is due almost entirely to the deflation in the values of agricultural real estate and equipment.'

Mr. Chew's article would be all right as dealing with one phase of the agricultural situation, if it appeared in connection with others that would round out the picture as a whole. As a 'diagnosis' of the farm situation, it is far worse that nothing at all.

CHESTER C. DAVIS

SHIRLEY CENTER, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the Contributors' Column of the November *Atlantic*, commenting on Mr. Arthur P. Chew's 'Our Embattled Farmers,' you say, among other things, 'Mr. Chew has diagnosed the trouble which has at times caused our most conservative farmers to see and be "red."'

This explanation of Mr. Chew's article reminds me, for reasons I will not attempt to define, of the diagnosis a colored hospital-steward made on a soldier of my company, at a remote station in Luzon, in the early Philippine days.

This soldier had been run down and trampled

by a thirst-crazed carabao. His body was covered with contusions; he complained of pains in the chest and groin; and he had one superficial cut of considerable length on the top of his head.

The steward 'examined' the injured man for at least an hour, consulting from time to time his little medical manual, and then reported about in these words:—

'Sir Captain, that man Jones is certainly mighty poorly. Ah looked him up and down and crisscross ways. Ah ain't sure just what all 's the matter with him, but Ah knows he 's got a awful bad headache, and Ah think Ah 'll give him what this yer manual says is good for that.'

S. P. L.

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Who will say that adventure calls for more courage than to be 'shut-in'?

CLEVELAND, OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

An anonymous article entitled 'Good-Night, All,' which appeared in the November issue of the *Atlantic*, was of great interest and help to me.

Eight years ago, after an attack of influenza, I developed a spinal difficulty from which I have suffered ever since. This particular kind of spinal trouble is of a slowly progressive nature. At first only some difficulty in walking was noticed. I still was able to get about and take part in the activities of life. I am very social by nature, and greatly enjoy the companionship of people. I also delight in being out of doors, and in taking part with the rest of the world in all that life has to offer.

At the present time I am cut off from all of these pleasures. As the disease has progressed, one activity after another has had to be given up. At the present time I cannot walk, and my sight is badly affected. I can get about somewhat in a wheel-chair, but I no longer see to read or write. I have seen many doctors, including specialists in nerve troubles; but they can hold out no hope for recovery. As I understand it, this disease does not of itself kill, but slowly cripples and destroys; and in time complete helplessness may come.

Now how can one best meet a situation like this? I shall venture to put down a few things I have found to be helpful.

I agree with the writer of 'Good-Night, All' that clear thinking will help in any situation. Half our fears come from meeting the unknown. We do not at any time have to meet the whole of life; it is gradually unfolded to us, and the unknown becomes the known.

The writer tells us that, as he had to face circumstances, the valuations of life changed for him. I believe this to be the experience of everyone who has tried honestly to face not only death but life. There are wonderful compensations

that have come to me. I understand people and the things that go to make up life in a way I once could not do, for I was too much a part of that tangle myself. Now that I must step aside, I can see the picture from a different angle; and sometimes I am sure I am now passing the best years of my life. I find the world and all its people kindly and loving. I never have had more friends, nor have derived more true pleasure from their companionship than I do to-day. There are many things I still can do, and the deepest desire of my heart is to be of some service to others who are meeting life with a heavy handicap. If one step of the way I have traveled has broken a path for another, it has been worth the price. I know what it is to go down the hill of discouragement and find despair at the bottom. I also know what it is to retrace my steps, and start the upward climb. One need never go down this hill; a little clear thinking and adjustment would save that suffering.

Our unknown friend speaks in his article of finding a new authority in his voice. I believe he has touched Reality; and when we have once done this we no longer think that something may be possible — we know it is. If I seem to feel sure of what I am saying it is because I feel it to be the truth. I believe the soul is immortal. What I am passing through now is merely an instant in my existence. I shall have further opportunities for action and development. I believe we can become so conscious of God that prayer becomes a real communion with the Father; an outpouring of the soul and an intake of Spirit. In this union we can draw soul courage and strength to meet life — or death.

E. E. C.

Anonymity again.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In a somewhat similar physical state as the writer of 'Good-Night, All' in the November *Atlantic*, I feel impelled, too, to self-expression, and like him can give no name.

The thing I must discuss, with no chance of getting the other side of the discussion, is the one which he has faced and apparently conquered. Perhaps I am not so experienced in suffering, or not so strong in character, or not so clear in vision as he, for I cannot face my rather short future with the stern equanimity he shows.

It is not fear of pain that bothers me; I think I am strong enough not to act the baby. It is not the future life I worry about; so far as that is concerned, 'I'd jump the life to come,' if in a somewhat different sense than the words originally intended. My concern is not even for my death, but for this time before death, which I must learn to manage before I can dare to spend any time on my soul.

First of all, with me there is the question of money. I know that I must live and work as long as I possibly can, to earn at least once more my three-thousand-a-year salary before leaving my family — a woman of sixty-five and a small boy — with a life insurance of only two thousand dollars, which now, of course, I cannot increase.

A teacher — this one, at any rate — has little time outside of school for any other type of work; besides, I am not equipped to earn money in any other way, for my eyes are not good enough to permit sewing after school hours, and any urge I may have felt for writing has long been realized as vain. So now the sole hope I have for tranquillity as to money matters is that some oil stock that I bought before I knew about myself will turn out to be worth something, or that I can fool the doctors and earn my salary a little longer.

Then, in the second place, my mind is bothered by the lies that are all about me — not that they bother my conscience, but that they are so much trouble and will soon be so futile. The lies I tell to the members of my family when I have to go away to the hospital; the lies I tell my school board and principal to account for these occasional absences; and not only the lies I tell, but all the lies I act, for so far I am apparently deceiving my little world of school and friends and family.

And behind these phases of the problem is the constant pondering on why these things should be; of course one can get used to anything, even cancer, but whether I can ever be willing to accept it as right is a question I can answer only in the negative at present.

The other day in one of my classes someone quoted, 'I am the captain of my soul!' The boy who used the phrase had caught the spirit of the poem and its indomitable writer, and he thrilled with imaginative response to its challenge. But as he glowed I could not help wondering about it all — wondering if even Henley with all his courage would have been able to look up clearly out of his black pit if he had been a woman.

Perhaps — no — just now all I can do is to try to go on without pitying myself, and to try to keep from thinking of anything except this immediate present. (Perhaps writing it down here in black and white and sending it far away will help me.) And maybe, after all, the miracle may happen and make me, too, see in what way lies peace.

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An old gentleman remarks, so one of our subscribers tells us, 'The *Atlantic* is the only magazine I read which I do not have to spread open in the middle of the floor and *jump upon* before I can handle it. I really do it,' he adds seriously.

